THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

MARCH 16, 1918

5c. THE COPY

The German in Spain—By Isaac F. Marcosson

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
FLOOR-COVERINGS

About the New "Art Carpets"

ALMOST every one is familiar with our famous sanitary Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings; in fact, the name "Congoleum" is known all over the world.

Now we have another wonderful Congoleum product to offer you. A new all-over floor-covering combining all the warmth of the best carpet designs in a wide and pleasing variety of patterns with the exclusive advantages of durability, sanitation, easy cleaning, and low price.

They are made in patterns of de luxe beauty in *twelve different colors*, something never before attempted in low-priced floor-coverings of any kind. The result is unusually attractive designs in Oriental, Chinese-matting, and conventional effects, suitable for any room in the house where a low-priced floor-covering is desired.

Another feature about these Art-Carpets is that they are *three yards wide* (108 inches), giving exceptional covering-capacity. Many rooms can now be completely "carpeted" with a single width—not a seam *anywhere* on the floor.

Like all other Congoleum Floor-Coverings, the Art-Carpets may be laid without fastening of any kind. They never curl or "kick up" *and are absolutely water-proof and free from burlap.*

Congoleum Art-Carpets come in rolls the same as our other Floor-Coverings, and your dealer will supply you with whatever yardage you need. Don't fail to see this line. Price 95c a square yard.

Congoleum (two yards wide)

This is our original line which thousands of housekeepers have been using with great satisfaction. These are made in a splendid assortment of handsome designs offering patterns in all the latest color-combinations. Made in *two-yard* width only. Price 90c per square yard.

Free Color-Folders upon Request

We will gladly send you upon request special folders which illustrate these Floor-Coverings. Specify which folder you want: the one showing the new Congoleum Art-Carpets (3 yards wide), or the one showing the Congoleum Floor-Coverings (2 yards wide). Either of these circulars shows you how to have beautiful floors for little money. Don't fail to get a copy of one or both before you buy your floor-coverings. Write for them today.

Prices in the Far West and South are 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices are 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Winnipeg — The Barrett Company — San Francisco Boston Toronto Halifax, N. S. Vancouver St. John, N. B.

Above Is the New Gold Seal

Here Is What It Does for You

The Congoleum Gold Seal protects you against counterfeit floor-coverings.

You know how disappointed you feel, how exasperated, when you discover that some one has "passed" you a counterfeit quarter? It looked like the real thing and you were satisfied it was worth 25 cents just so long as you thought the Government was behind it.

Well, the Gold Seal is our positive assurance that our big factory occupying twenty-five acres and actually the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to making felt-base floor-coverings is squarely behind every yard of Congoleum that is sold.

Look out for counterfeit floor-coverings. Look for the Congoleum Gold Seal on the face of the material and note the broad "money back" guarantee that protects you. If you don't see the Seal, insist that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

Congoleum Floor-Coverings are sold by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

The design shown on the floor is Congoleum Art-Carpet Pattern No. 5034. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.

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MARCH 16, 1918 — 5c. THE COPY

The German in Spain—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Westclox

Westclox is Big Ben's family name. *Westclox* is a name an alarm clock is proud to bear. *Westclox* is a mark of quality.

All *Westclox* must earn the right to wear it. Like Big Ben, they must be as good all through as they look outside.

The Western Clock Co. makes each one in the patented *Westclox* way—a better method of clock making. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. *Westclox* run on time and ring on time.

That's why *Westclox* make good in the home; that's why these clocks have so many friends.

Your jeweler has them. Ask to see the *Westclox* line. Big Ben is $3.00 in the States; $4.00 in Canada. Or, sent prepaid on receipt of price, if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*

Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

Holeproof— A Certainty

In These Uncertain Times

NO sacrifice has been too great for us to make in upholding Holeproof's coveted wear supremacy through every crisis that the war has brought. And it has been upheld.

All the shapeliness and all the fine, close-woven texture, all the charm of beautiful materials and perfected pure dye colors. Holeproof gives you these plus nearly twice the wear, remember, that the average hose contain.

Holeproof Hosiery is a certainty that you should turn to now more than ever. Millions of other prudent Americans are doing so, or have already.

Men's, 35c and Upward
Women's and Children's, 40c and Upward

Holeproof is sold through good dealers only. If you cannot get it handily, send us your dealer's name and we will mail an attractive booklet of styles and prices.

Only Hosiery bearing this Trade-mark is genuine Holeproof

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE GERMAN IN SPAIN

Propaganda in Terms of Salesmanship

By Isaac F. Marcosson

BACK in the thirties George Borrow journeyed to Spain as agent of the British Bible Society to print and circulate the Scriptures. He went everywhere spreading the Good Word. After many adventures he wrote the classic known as The Bible in Spain. Years afterward the Teuton propagandist followed in his footsteps, but on a less holy errand. He carried a sample case in one hand and diplomatic gold in the other. He made the land of the don and the duenna the target of such highly organized and intensive social and economic penetration that to-day, with the possible exception of Sweden, it is the only neutral German stronghold in Europe. The story of his achievement therefore may well be called The German in Spain.

No other Continental country presents such a striking example of German efficiency in molding public opinion as Spain. Ask any man you meet on the streets or in a club at Barcelona or Madrid who is winning the war and he at once replies, "Germany, of course." Go to a restaurant or a seaside resort and you hear German on all sides. Make a remark in English, and Teutonic ears prick up, sharp eyes focus you—you are a marked man. To quote an Englishman whom I met at San Sebastian: "Germany has lost all her colonies except Spain."

I went to Spain from Italy and therefore had an unusual opportunity to get a contrast in German exploitative methods. In Italy—a nation at war with the Kaiser—the boche propaganda is sly, secret and insidious. Officially under the ban, it works in a mysterious way its destruction to attain.

Diplomacy and Trade

IN SPAIN, on the other hand—a country outside the war—the German educational campaign is in full and open swing—defiant, aggressive, contemptuous. It not only assails American character and institutions, but, what is also important to us, it has developed during the last twelve months a bitter offensive against American business that, unless combated at once, will impair our hard-won and none-too-secure commercial footing there.

You cannot spend many hours in Spain without discovering that Germany has "got over" her message. In the light of the unutterable blunderings of Bernstorff, Dumba, Dernberg, Von Papen and Boy-Ed in the United States, this performance seems all the more remarkable. Analyze it and you find that the one reason why the German has intrenched himself so firmly in Spain is that he has regarded his propaganda as nothing more or less than salesmanship. He is a past master in the world-commerce game. Goodwill for his Emperor and his national aims has been sold just like boots, razors, machinery or shoes, and with every selling method known to the scientific disposition of merchandise. The German is a good salesman.

Why is Germany so keen about having the friendship and support of Spain? You do not have to search very long for the answer. When the war is over she will need an unassailable social and commercial jumping-off place. She will have to get in out of the wet somewhere because it will be raining anti-Germanism for a good while after peace is declared. She will require a country where her industry will be a going concern the moment that an armistice puts a stop to fighting. This will enable her to stamp "Made in Spain" on her wares and dispose of them in markets that will be hostile to any products with the Germanic trade-mark. That mark will be regarded in many quarters as the brand of a commercial Cain. Spain is part of a vast productive scheme that includes Holland and Switzerland.

Economic mastery of Spain, however, has peculiar advantages. It means a step toward the conquest of the Mediterranean, which would be a powerful link in the chain of a world-wide commercial control and a definite weapon against France.

Still another and equally vital reason that comes straight home to us is that Spain and South America are closely linked. Though the Latin-American republics are far removed and represent a totally different idea in national government, they still regard Spain as the mother country and take their pleasures and fashions from her. South America, like many other parts of the world, will find herself with bare shelves when the war is over. Germany has long had her greedy eye on our neighbors. Her whole propaganda in Spain has never lost sight of this golden goal that lies beyond the southern seas.

King Alfonso, Who is Really Very Democratic, Still Has a Strong Hold Upon the Great Mass of the Population

Now you realize how necessary it is for the United States to know what is going on in Spain, how the German is planting his usual seed of discontent, and the methods he has adopted to poison the Peninsular mind against Yankee goods and the Yankee himself. We shall have a dose of the same destructive medicine if we do not protect ourselves with a proper trade preparedness. The first stage of this preparedness is knowledge of enemy tactics.

You cannot understand Spain's present attitude toward Germany, and more particularly her susceptibility to Teutonic penetration, without first probing into the reason for her decline in prestige among the nations. Know this and you can readily comprehend why this ancient dictator of civilization—now a second-rate power—came to line up with the Kaiser and become a cog in his world-wide machine for political and commercial authority.

The Spain of to-day is not the Spain of your tradition or your imagination. It is remote from being the colorful and romantic domain which was once the mainspring of great adventure and the inspiration of poet and painter. The glories of Velasquez and Cervantes have not been revived in our day. She presents the spectacle of sad contrast with a departed splendor. Once a treasure house of art and wealth, the haven of mighty armadas, the nerve center of a far-reaching power on land and sea, she finds herself rent with disorder and a tool for Germanic conspiracy.

She has no twentieth-century Cortés to re-create her one-time world vision; she lacks a contemporary Castelar to win the multitude with the magic of his eloquence or to guide her ship of state with steady hand through the perilous waters of uncertainty. There is not even an up-to-date Don Quixote to tilt at the windmills of discontent fanned by Teutonic hot air!

Life with her is still one plot after another. To a degree greater than existed in the Russia that was, she is like a national bomb factory. Spain always has a pretender in her midst. Worst of all, the ruling classes—that is, the classes that rule to-day—are hand in glove with a vast, close-knit and effective German propaganda that, aiming at the root of Hispanic economic independence, is subtly reaching out to influence the whole world that thinks, works, buys and sells in Spanish.

Why is Spain so readily assimilated by the German? For one thing she has not kept pace with the march of events. *Mañana*—to-morrow—represents the effort that always will be made, and never is. *Quién sabe?*—who knows?—is the undoer of the national will. Moreover, the Spaniard of other days took to intrigue as naturally as a duck takes to water. His descendants have not quite lost the habit. When the German came along armed with money and malice to rear a new trade and political outpost for his empire he found in Spain ready and willing co-workers.

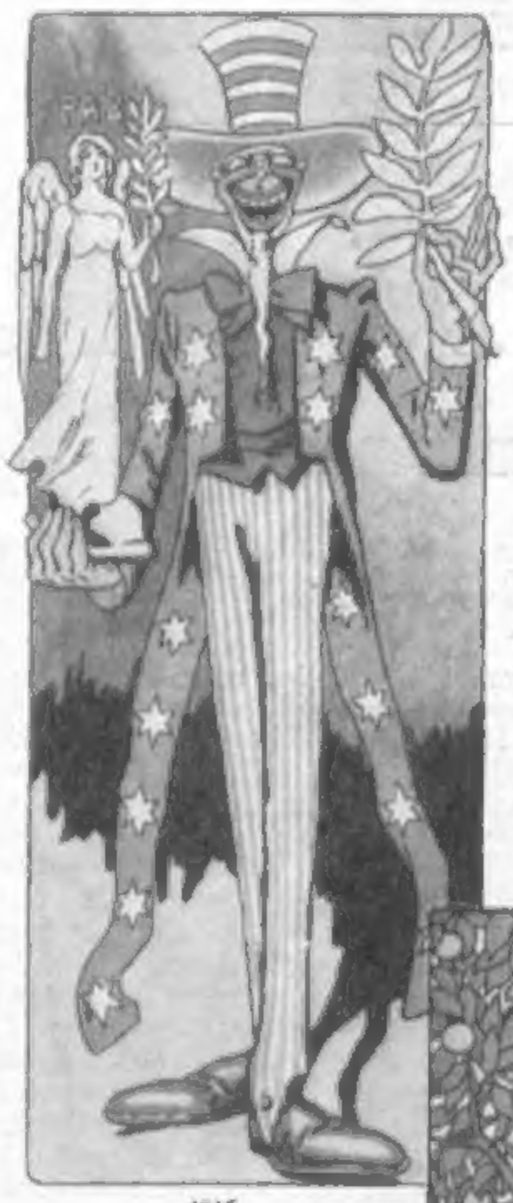
Every German Salesman an Agent for His Government

THE same lack of discrimination which provoked us to wage war on her in 1898 and which lost for her the last frontier of her colonial possessions has led her into an unofficial alliance with the German which will likewise end in a more or less kindred undoing. Meanwhile the German is in the saddle in Spain, and it is our business just now to find out how and where he is riding.

If you know anything about German economic penetration you also know that its conquest of trade is merely one facet of a many-sided ambition. German capital is not only the most exacting in the world but likewise the most political. Just as every German salesman anywhere on the globe is a secret agent for his government, so is each step in the development of Teutonic foreign trade inspired by the spirit of "For Kaiser and Country."

Germany's ends must be served, no matter if they disrupt a little thing like the domestic peace and commercial harmony of another nation.

Take Spain. In the natural course of events and despite our war with her she fostered the greatest goodwill toward the United States—a national state of mind inspired by the king himself, who has always had the greatest admiration for Yankee institutions. Long before the world war began, the Kaiser, as the all-highest mentor of world conduct, began to influence the Spanish court. When the war broke out this desire resolved itself into an organized campaign. There is a large body of sentiment in Spain friendly to the Allied cause. The king himself is said to have been favorably disposed toward the Entente at the outset. With characteristic cunning—and it was merely part of the economic crusade then well under way—the German agents began to stir up trouble and lay it at the door of pro-Ally sentiment. They fomented disorders and held the king responsible. He became a royal scapegoat and his popularity was impaired. The Germans went so far as to threaten to support the pretender, Don Jaime, who heads the forlorn Bourbon hope, if Alfonso did not cultivate a neutrality that was pro-German!



1916

The way to court domination was comparatively easy, because the three ruling classes in Spain—the aristocracy, the clergy and the army—are all pro-German. Spain is one of the few countries where the institution of caste remains. Hence the great majority of the people, who really represent Allied sympathy, have no influence.

It was the Kaiser who really forced the retirement of Count Romanones from the premiership. He is the only politician of importance in Spain to stand for intervention. He took Germany to task for ruthlessly sinking a Spanish ship with considerable loss of life. It was he who made the trade agreement with England by which Spain gets British coal in exchange for valuable Spanish iron ore. This defiance of German will was little short of treason and could not be tolerated by the German agents. Romanones had to quit.

Professional Trouble-Makers at Work

UNDER one threat or another the Teutonic emissaries have succeeded in putting over their bluff that Germany will come out of the war a great power and that it will be to Spain's everlasting interest to be more than friendly.

Germany's rôle as mischief-maker in Spain is no new one. One of the Kaiser's particular specialties is to be a professional provoker of internal troubles. It is important that he succeed in Spain, first because Germany must have a port in the post-war anti-Germanic storm; second, as the number of crowned heads dwindles, the survivors must stand together. This war will push the institution of monarchy harder than it has ever been pushed before. The path to peace is already strewn with royal wreckage. The Czar, regarded as the most buttressed of all autocrats, was put out of business in exactly seven days. Thus William, regardless of the devious means he chooses to attain his ends, considers it his God-given duty to prop up his friend Alfonso and do a little business for Germany at the same time. He gave a hint of this desire at Manila Bay, as you may recall.

Study world politics for the last fifteen years and you discover that the Kaiser has repeated his Spanish performance in many climes. He had a finger in the revolutions in Portugal and China, though neither of them produced the pro-German results he hoped to achieve. The flare-up in Morocco in 1911, which came near igniting all Europe, was directly the result of the Emperor's meddling. The whole world knows how King Constantine of Greece was his dupe. If that wavering and henpecked royal husband had listened to Venizelos he would have saved his dynasty and not be an exile in Switzerland to-day. The Casement conspiracy is familiar.

Coming nearer home, you have the whole Mexican muddle, which was a nest of German conspiracy, revealed by the publication of Herr Zimmermann's indiscreet note and countless other episodes which show how persistent was Germany's desire to foment and disseminate revolution in our neighbor republic, all to the end that the United States be embarrassed and her war effort curbed. Cuba, Haiti, and other Latin-American republics have all felt the sinister influence of Potsdam. Our own experience with it is just beginning. Most of these ambitions were happily doomed to failure. Spain therefore has the unique distinction—if you want to call it so—of being the one place where the Kaiser has made good so far as his efforts to affect national politics are concerned. Spain is playing the German game as the Kaiser wants it played. It is more than a coincidence that "badly damaged" German submarines always find sanctuary in Spanish ports and almost invariably escape in some unknown fashion. Whenever Spain breaks out of school and protests against some Teutonic outrage perpetrated against her ships, the German agents at court hold up to the three ruling classes the bogie of a possible republic, and everybody comes scampering back, hat in hand, denounces the selfish and greedy Allies and gets a merit mark.

One of the chief interpreters of the Kaiser's desires in Spain happens to be an individual extremely well known in the United States. He is no other than the notorious Captain General Weyler, who was the real cause of our war with Spain. When he was governor-general in Cuba they called him Butcher Weyler. Instead of slaughtering innocent Cubans he is now Germanizing public opinion in Spain.

Weyler is of German origin, as his name indicates, and despite his career in Cuba—it won him the title of "The Gila Monster of Spanish Tyranny"—he is high in favor, as his activities will show.

The upheaval of last summer, which was generally regarded as a revolution, will illustrate. It was nothing but a glorified strike in the army that spread to industry.

German Propaganda Has Created a Whole Literature for the Purpose of Showing by Word, Print or Picture the Close and Sympathetic Relation Between Germany and Spain. This is the Cover of a Handsomely Bound Book Entitled Amistad Hispano Germana, Which, Freely Translated, Means Hispano-Germanic Friendship

Above—A Cartoonist's Idea of America's Attitude in 1916 and in 1917

1917

Few Americans know that there are unions in the Spanish Army. These unions grew out of the abuse of the old caste and graft idea. The cavalry and artillery were the aristocrats of the service, while the infantry was the Cinderella who figuratively sat at home by the chimney side. It was the great outsider.

Up to a few years ago the chief qualifications for promotion in the blue-ribbon branches of the army were family connection and political pull. If a young man happened to be the first cousin of a moth-eaten duke or related by marriage to a bankrupt count he could not only get a desirable commission in the army but advance over the heads of really worthy, deserving and ambitious soldiers who had no influence. To protect themselves from this unfair procedure these serious-minded soldiers in the artillery and cavalry organized the so-called Juntas de Defensa, which are nothing more or less than the army trade unions. These unions grew rapidly in number. They have their walking delegates, who see that the members in good standing have the same opportunity for increased pay and advancement as the young aristocrats.

The War Office reluctantly acquiesced in this program in the artillery and cavalry, but steadily refused to permit the infantry to organize. The infantry was regarded as a useful barricade against mobs—so much cannon fodder. Naturally this discrimination irked the infantry, who decided to have their juntas. When the War Office refused recognition they went ahead and organized anyhow. Barcelona, the scene of the largest garrison in the kingdom, became the center of the movement. A huge infantry junta was formed and a letter sent to all other infantry units to follow the example.

Strike and Counterstrike

WHEN this letter became known—in some way it slipped into the newspapers—the republicans, headed by Leroux, who rose from printer's devil in an obscure provincial newspaper office to be the leader of the Spanish radicals, said: "At last the army is disaffected. Now is the time to call a great general strike, paralyze industry, confuse the government and proclaim a republic. With the army everything is possible."

Curiously enough these were almost the identical words, especially those applied to the army, that Kerensky used on the fateful day last March when the empty stomach and centuries of wrongs drove the Russian nation to revolt.

The great moment seemed to be at hand. A nation-wide industrial cataclysm was planned to synchronize with the expected mutiny in the army. But this well-laid plan, like many others, was doomed to failure; and all because Weyler, through his secret service, learned of the scheme and frustrated it.

The War Office not only refused to recognize the infantry junta but arrested and imprisoned the ring-leaders at Barcelona; whereupon their associates, still at liberty, sent this message to Madrid: "If our comrades are not released within twenty-four hours we will free them ourselves."

The Barcelona garrison is large and it is practically all infantry. The government backed down and recognized the junta.

Now comes the sad part of the story: Under the delusion that the infantry was still disaffected Leroux ordered a general strike. But Weyler beat him to it. A week before the radical scheme came to a head he provoked a strike on the national railways, which took the edge off the carefully planned socialist demonstration. When the big strike began and rioting started at Barcelona, Bilbao, Valencia and elsewhere, martial law was declared and the troops were called out to suppress it.

Still under the mistaken idea that the army would come over, the strikers began to commit acts of violence. But the Spanish Army, unlike that great gray horde of Russians

who would not turn on their own, remained loyal to the government and fired on the mobs. At Barcelona alone, where Weyler himself was in command, three hundred men were killed during the first three days of the trouble.

When I reached Spain the disorder had subsided, though martial law was still in effect and all the industrial centers were under heavy military guard. What might have been a successful uprising which would have dethroned Alfonso, overthrown the pro-German influence at court and proclaimed a republic was defeated. This is the simple and unvarnished truth about the so-called Spanish Revolution of 1917. It only heightened the German influence.

Though the sun has set upon Spain's world glory you must not get the idea that she is entirely a back number. Whatever the Germans touch they make efficient, even if that efficiency is the badge of an economic bondage. Beggar and brigand still abound, to be sure, but there is a modern power plant in historic Toledo, and an electric railway line whizzes through old Seville. The Spanish north is criss-crossed by railways built by British capital; German gold has developed an extensive water power; on the east is Barcelona, the Spanish Manchester, with her thousands of looms; while on the north coast rises Bilbao, the Hispanic Pittsburgh, with noisy docks and throbbing mills. Spain's industrial development did not begin until after the Spanish-American War. Up to that time much of her income was from without. When she lost her colonies she had to bestir herself to raise it from within.

The European War has given her the greatest prosperity that the country has had since the brave days of galleons and grandees. She duplicates, however, the experience of Sweden, another neutral nation whose purse has fattened on war needs. Summed up it is this: The rich Spaniards are getting richer and the poor Spaniards are growing poorer. It is all due to the fact that the war wealth goes into one kind of pocket. While the cost of living, which is no respecter of race, creed or country, has gone steadily upward, wages in the main have stood still. Here is the source of most of the Spanish disquiet.

The Spanish Situation To-Day

SPAIN, however, has no monopoly on nation-wide uneasiness. When I visited Sweden on my way to Russia immediately after the revolution the country was on the verge of a serious upheaval. The price of food had increased more than two hundred per cent. The country was on bread, sugar and milk rations. One day shortly before I arrived five thousand women appeared before the palace in Stockholm with their babies at their breasts pleading for bread. The Spanish woman would never be enterprising enough to do this, but she is slowly but surely filling her husband's mind with the idea that unless something is done to relieve the situation there will be a real revolution and not an abortive, easily suppressed protest such as occurred last summer. In the vast social unrest, which will have no sectional lines and which will inevitably welcome peace with ominous arms, Spain will be a contributing factor. But that is a look ahead. What concerns us is the situation to-day.

Over the whole Iberian Peninsula hovers the influence of Germany. It is a small, lazy copy of Italy before the break with the Kaiser. The train that carried me to

Don Antonio Maura, the One-Time "Boss of Spain," Who is More Inclined Toward the Allies Than Most of His Colleagues, Has Been Sidetracked for the Present

Madrid from Barcelona was drawn by a German locomotive, with the maker's name in large letters on the boiler. The hotel at the capital where I lodged was a miniature exhibition of Teutonic goods. The bed in which I slept, the tub in which I bathed, the bronze clock that told me the time and the electric fan that kept me cool were all German made and German labeled. The boche believes in advertising.

Two things impressed me forcibly after I had crossed the frontier into Spain: One was white bread, the first I had seen in months; the other was a German salesman at the little station at Portbou, who scrutinized my fellow passengers—they were nearly all neutrals—with eagle and almost malevolent eye. These incidents revealed two important facts in Spain to-day: The abundant supply of white bread showed that the country was eating the bread of peace; the German salesman doing duty at the border proved that the German commercial emissary was likewise a German Government agent. Since there are approximately 80,000 Germans in Spain you get some idea of the army of press agents, propagandists and imperial well-wishers that Germany has on the job. In a population of 20,000,000 they are an effective force.

There were nearly 10,000 Germans in Spain before the war. This number was increased by the travelers caught on the wing at the outbreak of hostilities, by soldiers and civilians from Kamerun, by the exodus from Portugal when that country went to war, and by many others who came over from the United States to help the cause. No matter where they came from, they began to study Spanish the moment they entered Spain. Here you get one of the keys to successful German penetration, whether it is social, economic or otherwise. No other form of flattery is so effective as that which adopts the speech and customs of the foreign land in which you happen to be. The Germans know this and our people do not. I have heard Germans conversing with each other in Spanish in Madrid and Barcelona cafés. They do not do it in a low voice either, because they know that it pleases the Spaniard. The whole successful German invasion of Spain—as in Italy—is reared on a careful study of taste, temperament and need. It begets good will and it sells goods. Let us see how Germany plays the game in Spain.

Wherever you find German propaganda in Europe or South America you also find an effective line of selling talk. This is due to the fact that German business and politics are so closely related that it is impossible to separate them. In other words, Germany's business is politics and her politics business. The Fatherland always gets a dividend out of the work of her sons.

Proverbs for All Occasions

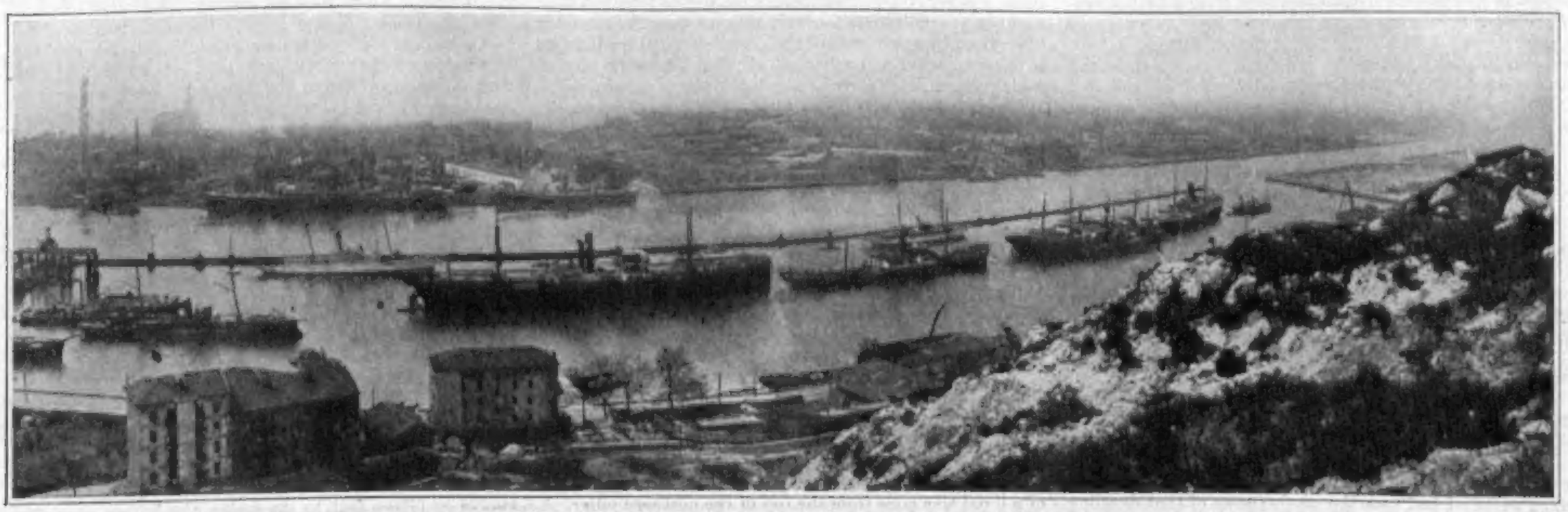
THE German propaganda in Spain is particularly interesting to our business because ever since we entered the war it has been almost entirely concentrated upon our war aims and our commercial operations in the kingdom. The first step in this, as in all similar crusades, was knowledge of the people. The German, for example, knows that the Spaniard is proud and sensitive about his lineage. Concede that he is an aristocrat, and therefore a gentleman, and he will go to the limit to serve. The German has played heavily upon this amiable weakness. Flattery is one of the strong Teutonic cards. The American, on the other hand, goes at the Spaniard hammer and tongs. He is impatient of his procrastination and frets at his side-stepping. The Spaniard thinks and talks in proverbs which are often more picturesque than practical. Most German agents carry a little handbook of Spanish maxims and have them ready to quote for any occasion.

The Spaniard hates most foreigners. His antagonism toward the English, however, is less than that held for any other alien, except the German. His lack of hostility in this respect is easily explained. For many generations there has been a considerable British colony throughout Spain, especially in the copper and wine districts. If the British propaganda had been properly effective at the beginning of the war—and the English themselves are the first to admit its failure—the Germans might not have obtained such a foothold on influential public opinion. The British endeavors, however, depended more upon literature than upon actual contact, whereas the German was on the ground and busy all the time.

I can best illustrate this failure with the intrusion of a personal experience. Last March I made a speech in London before the American Luncheon Club on America and the War. It was an attempt to interpret our attitude toward Germany. We had broken off diplomatic relations, but were still out of the war. When I reached Spain I found that my speech had been translated into Spanish and circulated by the British as propaganda. A well-known Spaniard, friendly to the Allies, did me the honor to speak of this speech. I very naturally asked him what he thought of it, whereupon he replied:

"To be frank, it was not effective. We do not want translated speeches in Spain. We want talk in person.

(Continued on Page 97)



Though the Sun Has Set Upon Spain's World Glory She is Not Entirely a Back Number, and German Gold Has Developed an Extensive Water Power

DIAMOND HEART

A Tale of Magdalena Bay

I Circled Round to the North on That Hard White Sand; I Wanted to Know What Was Under That Single Ruby Roof

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

FROM the deck of the Lagnon I first saw the little Harbor of Magdalena, low on the Pacific side of the Mexican Coast. Mid-afternoon. I remember a big pile of coconuts on one side of the deck; much hempen cordage on the left. The Lagnon was steaming along six or seven knots an hour; very noisy about it, with now and then a wheeze. Though the skipper denied it, I was pretty sure she had a decided list to starboard.

He was a young man, new to command, doubtless. When I asked him at Charques whether he was quite sure about her lungs, I actually saw the color rise under his tan. I knew then that he wasn't ready for humor on the subject of his first ship. The sun was halfway down the slope of afternoon. We were close inshore—that is, within half a mile. The narrow mouth of the harbor was a rather imposing portal—twin pillar rocks, less than two hundred feet apart, and five times as high. I looked through to the broad white strand in the heavy gold of afternoon.

I had seen such a blue but once before, from the north African shore; a deeper and richer delft this than the open Caribbean ever showed. The sparkle of the water held my eyes. There was just one red roof far within. It made me think of cool claret served in the shadows by some tropical maiden with twilight eyes. Unquestionably there was a magic about that splendid portal into the blue harbor and the green land.

I had been much at sea; much at sea with myself. It isn't so long ago—that day; but the passage has been swift since. I see myself as one far back, standing on the deck of the Lagnon that day—a young man, as ripe for punishment as is easily imagined. My mind dwells for a moment on that picture in quite an impersonal way—a tall young person in white clothes, doubtless fresh from a bath, burning up cigarettes, expensive and exclusive as millinery masterpieces. I dwell upon that figure, flicking a half-smoked Sungarian over the rail from time to time and staring through Magdalena's portal toward the red roof that shone like a ruby on the white sand. Its background was verdure; its bath was liquid gold.

"Is it a town?" I asked, for the skipper had drawn near.

"No," said he.

"Is it a harbor?"

"Yes," he replied, walking away.

For the last time I glanced at the northern pillar of rock. On top was a great overhanging slab, like the beginning of a lintel or a half-swung bridge.

"How do you get in there?" I called, meaning to inquire whether the entrance was safe for a ship of the Lagnon's draft.

"The most direct way would be to dive overboard and swim for it," he answered.

It wasn't exactly my style of humor; but one meets many varieties round the water fronts. I recall it only because of later events.

All too fast the Lagnon steamed by that portal. I was sorry when the last of the harbor was closed by the lengthening angle. I had seen the whole sweep of that dazzling inlet. Though not particularly a scenery lover, and certainly not romantically quickened as yet, the little harbor of Magdalena put its spell upon me. It was something like the tropical island so many of us expect to have to ourselves at the last.

You will smile at my business in life. I am a bird man—no, not a plane rider, not an air specialist, but a bird buyer—flamingos, parrakeets and all those little Southern pheasants with colors so gaudy that you wouldn't believe it unless you saw them. There are a lot of queer birds in the jungle that haven't come out yet. There is one that cries in the night—I am sure it's a bird, because of the metallic ring in its throat—one that cries in the night. I've got to know about that one before I'm done. Birds haven't anything to do with the present narrative, except possibly to explain why I was down along that glittering mystery of coast line.

When I get started on the quest for some mystery there is not much peace for me until it is solved. The devil of it is that so often the interest dies out as a mystery clears. We are all looking for some bird or comrade—absolutely different every day.

I was right about the lungs of the Lagnon. Perhaps the skipper knew I was right and that was why he colored up so. In any case I boarded her about five months later, northbound, and she was wheezing worse than ever. We caught the pitch and heave of some heavy water off Cape Holy Magda, and I had the experience of being on the Lagnon's deck when she broke down—not only down, but open below. A whole lot of a man, that skipper, whose name I never could remember. I learned to love him that night in the ugliest sea I ever saw down there. The water was raised by hurricanes of hate, with momentary lulls, as if to organize for a tougher attack; but I have no idea of giving you a descriptive account of a storm at sea.

There is little novelty in a man passing a hard night. When I think of some of my comrades lying out in France, there's not much profit in our little commercial adventures down by the sleepy Mexican coast. The point of this heated episode is that we were beaten ashore toward morning, and when the day dawned two great creamy pillars loomed through the dusk—a mile high, they seemed to me, but familiar in contour—the portal of Magdalena again; and we were seeking shelter there.

I was hungry. I was trembling with fatigue. I knew that thirst which one feels only after a struggle with the brine. I was caked with salt and considerably done out, but I laughed. I sure had come home to my tropical harbor.

There was something different about it. I stood there on the tumbling deck of the Lagnon, with that hideous snivel keeping up from her insides, the gray light beginning to move with clouds and shore contours. . . . The strangeness was like a tooth gone from a well-known face. The two walls stood straight up and clean. That beginning of a lintel was gone from the top of the northern pillar. A bit of a shock to see that mighty projection erased.

The skipper apparently had not noticed the change. He was slowly making for the entrance. I saw now that he had hung off for dawn before seeking smooth water within.

I am only going to state that it happened. The Lagnon struck rock in the race, exactly in the narrows of the portal. She did not hang on the jagged tooth that tore her open, but, sinking, covered herself—all but the spars—incidentally blocking the entrance.

We had eight or nine minutes to get provisions, water, a chest or two and ourselves into the three boats; but the tide was flowing out and we could not force the lesser craft into the harbor. Instead, we ran out to sea and came in with the surf half a mile to the north of the entrance—two of the boats broken.

The dawn was hot before the sun rose, but the drenching and fatigue left us chill in that brief tropic gray. The men were starting a fire. It was a strange time for me. Very clear in my mind was the thought that I had some business here that did not belong to the others.

As I tell you, I was shaking with weariness and ravenous for food; yet the day was opening like a boy's bright Saturday. A driftwood fire was started. I marveled that the crew could find brands for burning on that narrow rocky coast, where the sea at high tide boomed straight against the wall of the continent. A lot of men together can do almost anything. It was all opening to me like a new life. I had never felt more free. I remember thinking as points of joy that I had several hundred dollars in a water-tight cloth and a fine shipment of birds on the way North, safe on a ship ahead.

The round harbor was unfolding like a master film. I can skip the wreck of the Lagnon, but I can't pass up this. Right here is where I spread out my descriptive prowess. I had always been disappointed in the workmanship of the movie screens. If the managers could only see the way Nature does it, I thought, down here in the isolation! She does it best away from the cities—at least, away from American cities. She arranged light and settings especially in her own way that morning; never anything pulled off just like that—a background of mountains bathed in film; delicate blue hazes which seemed to have all that a man wanted in their folds. Old Mother Earth was like a bride. The harbor was as clear as a teardrop, except for a mist of electric-blue magic, lying like a drapery over the far edges of the land.

I left the shore camp and walked south toward the portal. The men were talking of leaving a guard of two, the main party setting out for San Juan Baptiste, said to be fifteen or twenty miles up the shore.

I lay on a ledge of rock over the race, flat against the inner side of the northern pillar at the turn. Wind and moss—a place where sea birds rested; a sandy ledge—jagged particles flashing, hard as emery; a ledge of javelin dust . . . as I say, I lay there watching the race across the hulk of the Lagnon, with the sun, as yet invisible, sending mystic messages over the mountains. Long I stared down twelve or fifteen feet to the water, the harbor emptying herself like a tipped teapot.

There was a kind of song about it, as the water flooded out to sea. The shining stuff looked a mile deep, the sides clean, rock-walled like a cistern. Staring down in a kind of fascination, I saw the cliffs change color, and looked away to the east for the cause of this phenomenon. The sun was coming up over the misty mountains, like the helmet of a conqueror. I think a man knows only one morning like that, as I have a suspicion he knows, really, only one woman; though, on moving up and down the water fronts of the world —— But let it drop at that.

I heard a hail from behind. The men had the coffee boiling back from the surf on a rocky shelter—coffee and crackers and crisped ham, butter in a can, and a holiday spirit. But there was too much talk for me there—too much talk about starting this way and that. I knew what they would do; in fact, there was only one thing to do—to move north to San Juan Baptiste, inasmuch as there was no settlement in the harbor. As for me, I wanted to know what was under that single ruby roof.

II

THE last thing I remember of the crew of the Lagnon was a sleepy grin from the second officer when I drew forth a razor case and proceeded to shave, with a lather of brown soap and a faith in my own fingers. I had not even the mirror of Psyche to go by, the ocean being rough at the time. I never could start anything without a shave.

The ludicrous sense of sneaking away came back after many years—the kid spirit that makes him desert the woodpile. Back to the ledge again; then, carrying my shoes, I circled round to the north on that hard white sand at low tide. The red roof was straight across from the ledge, but the distance by the shore was at least five or six miles.

The continent folded back into great rolling mountains, the farthest and the highest mere suggestions in that divine haze, the nearer hills and mesa ledges framed in morning light.

I listened to the birds as I walked. They always pulled my eye and ear. I studied the trailing vines on the cliffs, bathed in the beautiful light, meantime approaching the hacienda. Its roof was made of crocks freshly painted in a ruby metal paint of wonderful luster. I remembered a corner on Fifth Avenue, New York, with a roof like that, and white walls with flowered windows.

While I was yet half a thousand yards away, a man rushed forth, bare of breast, huge-muscled, dressed in white, carrying his cork helmet. His emerging was that of one who had discovered a fire within the house and was rushing forth for assistance. This idea was presently spoiled by a quiet group of natives or Orientals, gathered rather helplessly at the front and sides of the hacienda. First they watched the vast person, who did not continue in my direction, but rushed headlong up the cliff until lost in the verdure. Queerly I got the sense of some twitch or lack of coördination in his muscles—that he was running from some chaos or outrage in his own brain. After he had disappeared several servants watched my approach; the rest vanished into the house. They were Chinese, so far as I had seen.

I felt their eyes. I think my shoulders straightened. I wanted nothing. I was in no hurry. I had the civilized habit of reminding myself that I wasn't broke. The fact was, I put it over on them.

With a low swift gesture, the chief ordered one of his boys to meet me. A discriminating old eye had this chief. I had to learn that afterward. He saw I wasn't a beggar or beach comber; also that I carried my own shoes. That would make any servant mind falter. Only a peasant or one out to enjoy the climate would do that. Mintinsin, his name was. He guessed well. I think he knew that the peace of his world was disturbed by my coming.

My eyes were called to him as I advanced toward the bowered veranda. He was squat, and yet exquisite. He had the face that men love and women serve. Also, he had that slowness of speech which passes for humor so often in America; but also that courage which dared be commonplace about a really finished bit of brainwork, like doing a brave thing and keeping it secret.

A lot of explanation about Mintinsin's face; but things happened afterward.

He craned forward through the leaves and the sun touched his shaven forehead. There was a greenish tinge to the gold of his tightly drawn skin. Of course his eyes caught the reflection. He wore a jade triangle, point downward on his breast, and I had a queer impulse always to restore it to its proper position, like the everlasting hills. There was a flash of green in the velvet insets of his faultless slippers, and the rest of the green was Nature's own.

One servant tried to take my shoes away; I laughingly resisted. Now I was close to Mintinsin, who said, with courtesy:

"What you want?"

"Nothing," said I.

"Why you come?"

"I saw the red roof far at sea. It called me. I liked the look of the harbor."

"You jump overboard from ship?"

There was always a flicker across the green eyes of Mintinsin when he asked a question like that—like the wing of a bird obscuring the sunlight for a fraction of an instant.

"I didn't have to."

Now an actual frown. He had not known of the wreck of the Lagnon.

"Are there others?" he asked, puzzled.

"They are far behind. I think even now they are on their way to San Juan Baptiste."

I pointed north.

"San Juan Baptiste?" he repeated.

"I never stopped there," said I.

Again the flicker across the green eyes.

"Where you go?"

There he had me. I explained that the red roof had been my focal point.

"You come, but want nothing?" he said.

I nodded, for it was no use trying to explain to an Oriental mind that I was loose, like a boy working out a tale of land and sea adventure; that I was secretly proud of the intrinsic zest of living, which I had found hanging over in my blood in this late day.

"Everybody wants something," Mintinsin remarked.

He raised his left hand in gesture as he intoned brief sentences to his staff, allowing me to see the long-nailed fingers under the trailing sleeve of brocade.

I was conducted to a room nicely adjusted, as I concluded, between the servants' quarters and the roomier portions of the hacienda. I considered this right hospitable. From the room I occupied now I could see a long stretch of shore in the opposite direction from that which I had come, but there was no movement or habitation anywhere. Also, I could see the open portal across the bay. Presently began taps upon my door, on each occasion a different servant, always an Oriental, until I began to wonder whether I had not awakened from a delirium in Chinese waters, instead of the Mexican Coast; each time a separate service—razors, hot water, towels, soap, reading matter, cigarettes, shoes, ample buffet affairs, a wheeled table bearing many viands; and, at last, a covered cage very gently handled by a warm-hearted domestic on tiptoe, who carried it to the window and hung it up on a hook.

I removed the cover and gazed upon a beautiful pair of marigold pintinnics, very rare—the twilight songsters of the jungles where North America narrows down. The male began singing at once.

A browned fish, a deep-green salad, a pot of perfect coffee, and I sat by the window, slippered feet comfortably elevated to the sill, surveying them approvingly from time to time, and the world beyond and the song birds above. After long, the sound of a piano reached me from a distant part of the house.

III

IT WAS that inimitable waltz from Tschaikovsky's Eugen Onegin. Hearing it two or three years before in New York had left an unfilled cup ever since. A player piano possibly; but I listened, full-souled, like the hushed birds in the cage above my head. Always a bit of music or a perfume or a woman's voice brings the truth, like a gust, to a man's heart—how lonely he is, how helpless after all.

"What Does it Mean?" She Asked Huskily. "I Pictured You Down. Somehow I Could Not See Anything But His Huge, Horrible Strength"

I Think Mintinsin Knew That the Peace of His World Was Disturbed by My Coming

Gradually it dawned upon me that this wasn't a player piano; that no automatic player could do just this—at least none that I had ever heard. Here was form and fullness and personality in every bar. It was matched to the moments as they glistened by. It had something to say to me that no plate or disk or record had ever said. There were air, earth, water and fire in the story—a figure forming into a sort of glowing dusk.

I was standing. I went to the door and touched the knob, but found that the lock had been turned from the outside. Ordinarily this would have been a rousing discovery; but the spell of the music held and the key was quickly turned in the hall. An Oriental servant stood there, bowing.

I did not speak, but pushed past. He touched my arm deferentially; but I did not pause. He sought to restrain me with whispers; but I was not to be held back. I walked toward that music until I came to a curtain. A second servant now joined the other, seeking to prevent my progress; but I paid no attention, and drew the portière aside. A long, low, shaded room, bamboo branches waving at the window; a full-sized concert instrument, robed in maroon velvet as a protection against the tropic humidity; and a white lifted face turned slightly to the curtains, which I held apart.

Her hands kept on playing.

It must have seemed strange to her—two of her house servants clinging lightly to my elbows, I in slippers and a bit wild-eyed from the music; awe and reverence, partly disguised in American laughter. Whatever she felt at that moment could not compare with the vague revelations to me of her beauty. I was conscious of fear and a kind of ecstasy; over all a heavy door seemed opened for me to enter—a door into some new slavery.

I have heard other men say the same thing about a beautiful face. The first feeling akin to fear that I had known for a long time came to me at that instant. It was as if I had been assigned by Fate, long ago, and was powerless now to turn aside.

I had flipped a cigarette over the side of the Lagnon—yes, and from many a ship, from many a window—with a laugh and a sense of mental freedom; rather dwelling with the idea that I was my own master, if ever a man was. But I was not my master from this moment. She did not know. She does not know yet; but she had something like orders from the Top for me. Loyalty, life itself, were hers; just a white lovely face in the shadow. Her hands kept on playing.

The two Chinese waited for her gesture, still detaining me by the elbow.

She smiled and bid them release me. They drew back. She rose and came forward.

"Play it again," I said.

She turned obediently, and there were five or seven minutes in which I touched only the fringes of time and space. She seemed inwardly joyous to have someone listening. The faintest color dawned in her face, uplifted and shining with its inner light. I could see she had learned to put everything away except the inmost wonder of a rare moment like this. She seemed to delight in the strangeness of it all—my coming unannounced to her house, to the music room; in fact, my presence in that isolated harbor.

She was all I asked.

You remember how I set out to describe the sun-up on Magdalena Bay but fell down badly. I am not going to undertake anything of the kind now, only to say that she had it all—dark brown hair; eyes that looked into you, smiled, and were always on the verge of disclosing something you were not quite ready for—eyes that didn't take fear quite seriously, but made much out of the big warm laugh at life; throat and lips and all were mere matters of perfection, infinitely satisfying on the one hand, and yet bringing me that soul-deep fear on the other.

The rest was that lustrous pallor which shone in the dusk. I think that was the point of it all—the pallor which glows deep underneath, a spiritual quality. By the time she had finished the waltz I was a doomed man—bound and delivered. Even she could not set me free.

You see now why I pressed down rather heavily on that wide-open kid adventure spirit of the morning. You may inquire why she could not set me free. I knew the answer before she stopped playing. I might be bound and carried away to some desolate stretch of coast, put on a tramp steamer and conveyed to uttermost parts; but the quest of her loveliness would be the same.

I heard myself thanking her. She listened critically, her hands in her lap. She seemed to want to know my authority for praising her; as if she didn't mind particularly either way, but would prefer that I knew what I was talking about. The fact that I knew what she was playing was a stroke. The little thing wasn't so broadly known in America then. . . . No questions as to how I had come, and what for. I wondered at this, when she said:

"I heard all about it. I was back in the doorway a while ago, when Mintinsin asked all those questions."

I recalled standing there, with shoes in my hand. I recalled being somewhat lit up with myself at the time; but that was before I fell into slavery. She was speaking:

"You see, one cannot be called curious for standing at the door on hearing a stranger's voice. I have been here nearly two years and we have never had a guest; in fact, if Mr. Falkoner had been home ——"

She hesitated, and I undertook to help:

"Would he have asked me whether I knew the way out of the harbor?" I inquired.

"Yes; at least ——"

"And I should not have heard this playing?"

"No; I do not play when he is here."

"He seemed to leave in a hurry," I said. "Is he apt to come back the same way?"

"No; at least, we rely almost upon certain of his habits. When he leaves tumultuously—like this morning—it's usually a matter of days. You see, he is ill. He has servants following."

"Does he find himself hard to live with?" I inquired, remembering that lacking something in the muscular control which suggested a subtle derangement of mind.

"He is very unfortunate," she said.

"But considerate, to take himself off like that."

"I wonder whether you would find something big in him," she said doubtfully.

A woman might say that about a husband; and yet I could not see it just that way, in spite of the deep dull pang of the thought.

"Were you on a walking tour?" she inquired after an instant.

I laughed with delight at the animation of her eyes. I saw she was thinking of the man standing on the veranda with shoes in his hands, answering questions for Mintinsin. There was not a trace of a smile on her lips, or even round her eyes; but the eyes themselves—all the story was told!

I even saw her joy in the coming of a stranger. There was some complication about it—something like fear, which doubtless concerned Falkoner; but his influence was gone for the present. She had learned to release herself from the bondage of fear.

I told her of the first sight of the portal; of holding a kind of dream about what the harbor held within. Then I spoke of the Lagnon's breaking and our seeking to enter for help; of the ship's going down with a sickening wallow. I saw her face change color quickly.

"Was there anyone lost?" she asked.

I assured her no one had perished. It was queer to me that she did not yet know of the Lagnon, lying with a full cargo across the mouth of the harbor, wedged in the rocks there—as perfect a blockade as one could accomplish with stone hulls in wartime. Yet there hadn't been any great racket about the sinking. Unless one looked carefully from the hacienda the projecting masts of the Lagnon would not be seen.

"Is there any way to get on top of the entrance pillar—the northern one?" I asked.

She turned to the window as if for a glance at the harbor.

"It might be done," she said queerly. "Are you curious to know how the world looks from up there?"

"Yes."

Just then I heard a high-pitched laugh. I was sitting four or five feet from her, and yet her hand came out as if to touch mine. It was not horror but helplessness that I saw in her face now, and a kind of gray weariness. A queer moment—I remember her expression vividly, even now; yet, at the same time, my faculties were trying to picture the human being who went with that laugh.

There was something petty about it, and yet potent; something at once cruel but commanding. I had the vague feeling that somehow one must be dehumanized to cope with the force behind that laugh.

"What is your name?" I whispered. It seemed quite the thing to say at the time, though it looks oddly out of place on this page.

"Esther."

"I trouble you—being here? I'm ready to do anything you say ——"

She cleared her voice:

"Go back to your room now. He must not see you leaving here; at least, it would be most unlucky."

"Won't the Chinese tell him?"

"No—that is, not now. They are in his service; but some things must be done for his good."

I sensed a clear and satisfying loyalty in her words—her incapacity of perverting truth.

"Are you safe?" I asked.

She laughed softly.

"I told you I had been here nearly two years. . . . We must not talk now. Hurry!"

Everything I had done for months had been easy compared to obedience just then. It was like cracking one's tendons to turn round and leave the room.

"I've got to hear you play again," I whispered.

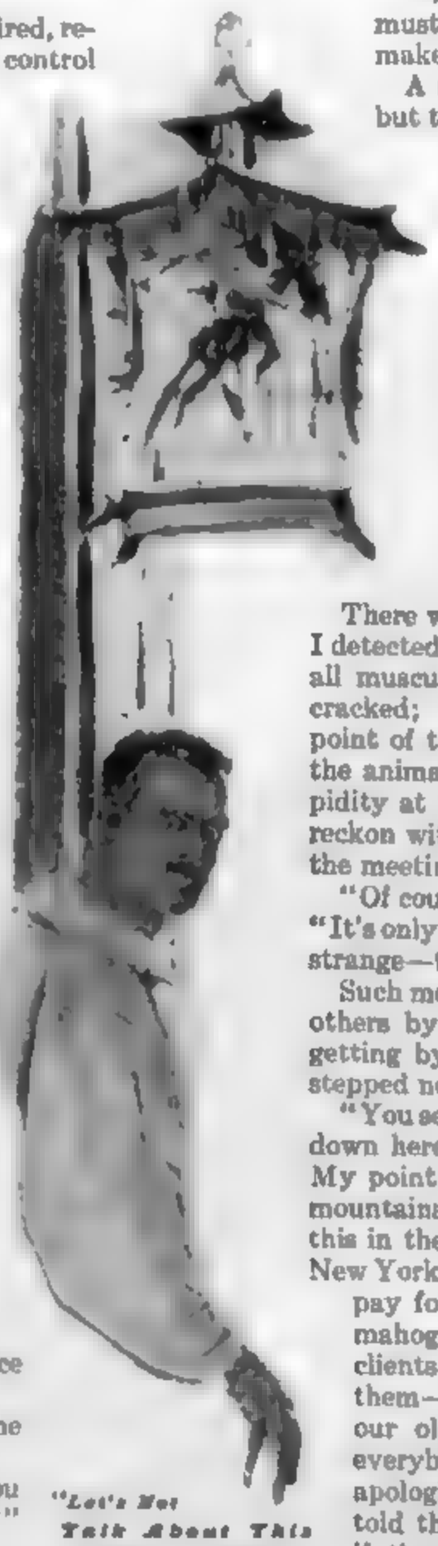
Her hands lifted sensitively, as if she listened with them; then in gesture she pressed me forward faster. A Chinese servant in the hall caught my fingers lightly and quickened my steps back to the room I had left. I stood in the center there for several seconds after the door was locked. The wreck of the Lagnon seemed a small affair compared to that entrance into the music room.

Unless she said the word to stop me—I was lost. No woman had ever taken me over like this. I tried to picture her before me here as I had left her a moment ago; but I could remember perfectly only her hands.

Now I heard the laugh again. There was emptiness in the sound, as of one trying to be jovial. His voice was suddenly raised in the hall outside my door:

"Where is he? Take me to him! I must see him at once. Of course I must make myself known to our guest."

A man learns to control a repulsion; but there was that for him in every cell of my being just then. "Come in!" I said.



"Let's Not Talk About This Morning, Giddings. There are Days When Luck's Against Me"

A rather splendid monster—broad, thick, tall; much brown hair, crisped in the sunlight; peculiar wide-open hands; features deeply laid over with tan; clay-white teeth; and—this is the point—a glistening brightness about the eyes. It made you think of certain drug effects or the look of a rodent—a beady brightness, which made the havoc of mind a conspicuous fact in his face.

There was a queer odor about him, which I detected as he came nearer. His health was all muscular. Something deep within had cracked; but that only brought me to the point of the high-pitched laugh again and the animal brightness of his eyes. My stupidity at that moment was that I did not reckon with danger. I was still thinking of the meeting in the piano room.

"Of course I am glad to see you," he said. "It's only the oddity that makes my manner strange—that's all. Just the oddity ——"

Such men always judge the intelligence of others by their own. He thought he was getting by with his courteous manner. He stepped nearer, adding:

"You see, we've been here for our health—down here in the silence—hills and harbor. My point was sometime to get where the mountains met the sea. I used to think of this in the upper office on Duane Street, in New York—that was some office! We didn't pay for plush furniture or redwood or mahogany or brass. We used to tell our clients that we were able to do better by them—to work cheaper—because we held our old suite on Duane Street, when everybody else was moving uptown. We apologized for our rough furniture and told them to go to the younger brokers if they didn't like our ways. We preferred to give our clients the benefit of

(Continued on Page 89)

THE PATH TO VICTORY

By Samuel G. Blythe

WAR making never gives satisfaction. It is impossible to run a war to suit anybody, much less everybody, because each angle from which the enterprise is viewed is an individual angle, and because ninety-nine per cent of all angles are the angles of self-interest.

No other undertaking in which a nation can engage is regarded by so many sages as war-making, and with so little sagacity. No other national attempt is looked on with so little of the saving grace of sense. And that is natural enough and human enough, for war is a bloody, brutal, costly, tragical thing, and it breeds two attitudes—a hysteria and a heresy. This present war is an insane thing, and it requires great effort to view it sanely, in either support or opposition; wherefore we find the country at extremes, mostly, with one alignment shouting that it is a failure so far as we are concerned, and another element proclaiming it a success. Neither contingent is right. The path to victory in this war is down the middle of the road. The fact of it is that this war, or our share in it, isn't a failure or an approximation of a failure. Nor yet is it a success. But the way to make it a success is not to howl over its shortcomings or to exult too joyously over its achievements. The way to make it a success is to hold steady in the center of things, and to look at it in all its aspects with as much sanity as may be—to keep to the middle of the road.

Eventually—Why Not Now?

A Time for Frankness and Tolerance

WE MAY take recent happenings in Washington as examples and exemplary. This war hasn't bogged down, as Senators Chamberlain and Hitchcock and Wadsworth claim it has; nor has it proceeded in the exalted forward manner that Secretary Baker claims. The real truth of the situation is between the statements of the contenders, and the real truth of it is worthy of the attention and the respect of the American people. The unfortunate part of it is that the men who know the real truth are chary of telling the people—for military reasons, perhaps, on the one hand, and for partisan reasons, it may be, on the other. It is difficult for a people to maintain or secure a perspective when the focus is distorted—impossible. And there is where the trouble rises, and that is what is the matter with this war so far as the American people are concerned—that and our national tendency to know it all, and to claim it all, and to set ourselves up as critics without having a basic knowledge of facts. Our national judgments are mostly snap judgments.

Two elements enter into the consideration of our war-makings: The first is the immutable one that it is impossible for reasons of national safety for the men under attack for running the war to make a complete defense, because they cannot tell all they have done. This leaves the minor matters and the exposed mistakes as the visible record of accomplishment. The second is the unfortunate idea that is held in many Washington quarters that if a mistake or an error or a blunder can be covered up—hidden—it is thereby obliterated and excused. What this country needs more than anything else in this situation is a greater amount of national frankness on the part of the war-makers and a greater amount of national tolerance on the part of the war supporters. There is a middle ground, but few are on it as yet; and until we all get on it these fears, dismays, carpings, troubles and demands for change will persist among the people, and these difficulties of operation and adjustment will continue among the officials.

There is a middle view, exactly between the sufficiencies of the officials and the panics of the people, but in a world that has gone mad it may be impossible to attain. However, the people are more easily to be brought there than the officials, because the remedy is so simple. The remedy is rational information. When a people like ours, coming into a war they had hoped to remain out of, horrified by two years of reading of the terrors and the tragedies and the cost of that very war—when such a people know little they imagine much. Only to a certain point can they be held steady by flag-waving and abstract principles cleverly and eloquently enunciated. Presently they want to know. They want a few facts to justify their hopes, to dispel their fears, to give them a basis for their steadiness. They do not want to know it all, but they do want, are eagerly avid for, a few concrete things, and if these are not forthcoming they go to the other extreme of accepting suppositions, rumors, inventions, treacheries for a basis of their conclusions, and become denunciatory instead of remaining calm.

This war is bigger than any man in it, than any thousand men in it, than any million men in it. So far as the United States is concerned, this war is exactly as big as the hundred million men and women in it. We are all partners, with equal responsibilities, and if it is to be made a going concern it must be recognized as a mutual and not as a close corporation. Every business must have a management and a directorate; but in an enterprise of this sort there can be no doubt that the basic facts of the business must be disclosed to all the partners, even if the detail of management is not disclosed.

This, it seems to me, is our weakness in this war. Our managers, under the idea that war-making must be a secret enterprise blindly supported by the contributing partners, have not given the partners enough information as to the processes of the business to justify undivided support. There has been too much conversation and not enough concentration on the vital truth that faith ultimately must be proved by demonstrated works or at least by demonstrated attempts. There has been too much camouflage in Washington, and not enough courage. Under an archaic and hidebound plea of military necessity many facts that would have held the people enthusiastic have been withheld, and the result has been that the way has been left open for increasing and disconcerting attack and assertion under the guise of criticism, which in a free country is held to be the measure of citizenship—free speech—but beneath which lurk largely treachery, opposition and sedition.

Criticism is vital, but the Washington tendency is to hold all criticism as destructive that is not pleasant, and to label all other criticism with the blight of destructivism. Washington is very smug—official Washington, that is.

Whines From Scared People

WHAT has happened is this: Half facts or no facts, rumor and widely spread poisons, distorted conditions and invented errors, are taken by the contributing partners as truths because they have not and cannot get much that is real in the way of information on which to base discussion and to furnish foundation for enthusiastic support. There is no place in this country—city, town or village—but has its carpers and its treacherous and its seditious; and when the bulk of the people have nothing authoritative with which to controvert the poisons these people spread, the bulk of the people necessarily are at the disadvantage of being forced to accept what is so positively stated, because they are not told and do not know anything to the contrary.

For example: I have had in my mail in the past three months—and so has every other writer on public affairs, I have no doubt—whines from scared people: "If we only had a Northcliffe!" and demands: "Dare to be a Northcliffe!" Passing the fact that it would be considerably easier to be a Northcliffe than most people imagine, what would happen if someone essayed the job in this country? Nothing.

Nothing would happen if we had ten Northcliffes—or twenty—rolled into one, for the very simple reason that the conditions, style of government, politics and general situation in England, where Northcliffe operated, are so vastly different from the conditions, style of government, politics and general situation in the United States that what Lord Northcliffe accomplished in England could not

(Continued on Page 105)

THE INSPIRATION OF M'SIEUR

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

I WAS seated by mademoiselle's desk when this affair began. The desk of mademoiselle is near the great bay window of the Restaurant Moulin, and the Restaurant Moulin was once the most fashionable dining room in Bains-les-Bains.

In the garden below the veranda, for instance, I myself have seen the bench upon which the four leading monarchs of Europe once sat to have their pictures taken. Across the avenue is the Château d'Espagny, once the summer residence of an empress; and next to that is the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs; though, from the stories I have heard, if it had been called the Hôtel des Grands-Ducs I think it would have been better named.

But when the mailed fist began to cast its shadow over the gentle slopes of the Vosges, Bains-les-Bains was changed overnight. Instead of continuing as the most exclusive *ville d'eaux* in France, it became the war center of the Vosges sector. The Château d'Espagny was converted into General Headquarters, the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs was turned into a hospital, many of the other hotels followed the example, and, in short, where fashion and society once held sway, war and medicine now reigned supreme.

As Handsome a Soldier as You Could Have Found on the Western Front That Night, for All His Frosted Hair and Sixty-Five Years, Was General Picot

Here and there, however, a few of the old institutions had been left, possibly because they couldn't well be used for anything else; and among this number was the Restaurant Moulin, set like a jewel in its gardens on the Avenue des Ambassadeurs and directly opposite the General Headquarters of the Vosges Front.

It was in the Restaurant Moulin where this thing started. I was sitting by the side of the desk of Mademoiselle Moulin, nursing a broken elbow and teaching her, as ever, some of the more subtle twists of American speech. But now and then I couldn't help reflecting that, though fashion and society no longer monopolized Bains, they still appeared from time to time as particularly charming attributes to Mars.

"Who's that girl with General Picot?" I whispered once to mademoiselle.

"The one in the blue velvet? It is his daughter, m'sieur," Gabrielle whispered back. "Just out of a convent, they say; and hasn't seen her poppa for, oh, so many years. What you call a peepin—*n'est-ce pas?* I love to watch them when they think no one sees. Leesten!"

We were not ten feet away from the table we were watching, and in a lull of the music—a feature of the restaurant that week and furnished by a trio of convalescent soldiers—I caught the diapason of General Picot's voice.

"You hear?" beamed Gabrielle, turning to me with rare delight. "He calls her Leetle Jammy Face! Ah, m'sieur, is it any wonder that all the world love' General Picot?"

Still covertly watching their table, I saw the general's daughter lightly touch him under the chin with her menu. It was a pleasant picture and I was keeping one eye on it when Gabrielle made the click of irritation with the tip of her tongue against the roof of her mouth; and that is really how the affair began.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter? *Là, là, là!*" she sighed. "It is Oncle Victor up to his funny treecks again!" And making a helpless gesture she added: "If he keeps it up I shall soon go fruity. To watch him, it gives me an aching head!"

Whereupon, of course, I looked across the restaurant to where the majestic figure of the proprietor was standing in the doorway of his little office. Jean-Baptiste, the head waiter, had evidently crossed the room to ask him something; but, instead of replying, M. Moulin stood staring at him, his face tied into a frown and making curious little circular motions with his head, as though he were continually writing the letter O with the end of his nose.

"What's he doing that for?" I asked Gabrielle with increasing interest.

"I cannot tell you, m'sieur," she hopelessly replied. "I only know that for the last few days he has been full of a mournfulness because he has only one medal and can do nothing more for *la patrie*. Perhaps—who knows?—it has soften' his mind; for whoever he meets he stares and hump' his shoulders, and make ze leetle merry-go-round with his head."

"You say he does it to everybody?" I asked.

"*Oui, oui, m'sieur!* And when at home he is even worse than here. *Ah, ciel!* He pick' up the cat and dog and do it to them, too, till they breestle the back and flatten the ear and run away as soon as they can with a grand flourish of all their legs. And onlee last night, what you think he did then—eh?

"He took the parrot," whispered Gabrielle in a particularly confidential tone, "and stare' it in the heye for nearly ten minutes. And then he give her the end of a dead cigar and say: 'Thees nice piece of meat! Thees nice piece of meat!' What you t'ink of such—eh? And leesten, m'sieur! The parrot lean slowly over and all at once she grab him by the nose, to silent applause from me; but he—*hélas!*—he cry aloud: '*Sacré bleu!* I nearly did it then!' And for nearly an hour he sat there trying to make the parrot eat *tabac*."

"Do you think that's what he's trying to do to Jean?" I asked, now staring over at M'sieur Moulin with an interest I can only describe as breathless. "Do you think he's trying to get him to eat tobacco?"

"*Zut!*" replied mademoiselle with a helpless shrug of her shoulders. "I will theenk of it no more, or he will make me—what you call it?—deepy-deepy. . . . *Ah, grâce à Dieu!* Jean comes away at last; and now, m'sieur, we talk of something else—yes?"

"Very well," I said. "Let's talk about the music."

The orchestra was playing the immortal plaint from Il Trovatore—violin, cello and piano; and, smiling a little at Gabrielle, I lightly hummed:

Ah, I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the quiet grave ——

Gabrielle was smiling, too, but over my shoulder, and following her glance, I saw that General Picot and his daughter had strolled out over the veranda and were sauntering in the garden. The moon was nearly full that night, and by its light I could see that General Picot was also softly singing the words, his hand upon his heart, his face lifted up to the moonlight and his daughter—as handsome a soldier as you could have found on the Western Front that night, for all his frosted hair and sixty-five years:

Ah, I have sighed for rest;
But all in vain do I crave -

"Ah, m'sieur," breathed Gabrielle, "he spoil' his daughter for anyone else. How he must have loved her momma! . . . *Eh bien!*"

A line of customers had gathered at the desk, and, after attending to them, Gabrielle was about to look out into the garden again when something else evidently caught her eye; for over the edge of her counter she suddenly made me a gesture which said: "Now look who's here!"

It was young Lieutenant Carnot, who had just entered with his fiancée, Mademoiselle Ulbach. They stood in the doorway for a few moments, and then Jean-Baptiste led them to the table that had been vacated by General Picot and his daughter.

"You have heard what they are saying about Lieutenant Carnot?" asked Gabrielle, leaning over again and whispering in my ear.

I nodded; for a particularly wicked lot of rumors had been circulating through Bains that the plans of the General Staff were known to the enemy almost as soon as they were decided upon, and suspicion had gradually become centered upon young Lieutenant Carnot, who was detailed at Headquarters and had charge of the codes.

To tell the different stories I had heard would take too long a time, and, though at first I hadn't believed them, the evidence was unmistakable that a leak did exist; and it was at least significant that the Maréchal de France himself had come to Bains a few days previously, and that two of his fellow members of the General Staff had publicly snubbed Lieutenant Carnot the night before at the Restaurant Moulin.

"He has a good heart," whispered Gabrielle, "or he wouldn't have come so soon again, and bring his fiancée this time to see himself insult'."

From where I sat I could see them plainly, these two actors in the drama about to play round their heads. Mademoiselle Ulbach had a bright spot of color on each of her cheeks, and was chatting and laughing almost too loudly to give the effect of sincerity. She was an Alsatian whose father, I had learned that day, had been born in Berlin and who had lived there most of the time before he died. Like his fiancée, the lieutenant carried himself nervously—a tall thin young man with a scholar's stoop and a pallor on his face I didn't like to see.

"Somet'ing is about to happen," whispered Gabrielle, settling back in her chair.

"What makes you think so?" I asked, for I myself could see no particular sign of it.

"I do not know, m'sieur," she simply answered, her eyes bright with that excitement which was part of her temperament, her glance sweeping over the restaurant as though she were sitting in a theater and wished to miss no detail of the play. "I can only say I feel it in my bone'."

She had hardly spoken when the door opened; and the next moment one of the most remarkable figures I have ever seen entered the restaurant and stood there in the doorway looking round him.

"*Mon Dieu!* Didn't I tell you?" muttered Gabrielle as she suddenly caught sight of him. "But—eh!—what sort of a fish is it, this which it is?"

II

THE newcomer was a tall man of powerful frame and evidently somewhat past middle age. He was attired in a cloak and a slouch hat; and as he stood there, looking over the tables, he reminded me, more than anything else, of a monstrous eagle intent on choosing its prey. This was partly due, I suppose, to his strong beaky nose, his thin lips, his steadfast, almost unbearable glance from eyes that never seemed to blink; but more than anything else I

think it was due to his manner—a manner that seemed to dominate the room with sour assurance; a manner that seemed to say: "I fear neither God nor man—and the devil himself had better mind his eye!"

As his eyes swept over the restaurant they rested on me for a second, and I felt that creepy feeling which a child experiences when it wakes in the night and feels a supernatural presence bending over the bed. The next moment M. Moulin was hurrying toward the door, and after a few whispered words he led the mysterious stranger into his private office.

"Now what you t'ink of Oncle Victor?" earnestly inquired Gabrielle. "First he acts like a looney-tickle, and next he enjoys a visit from this queer fish. . . . *Eh bien*, at least he comes out alive again, and that is something. *La ta!* I think he comes this way to speak to you."

For M. Moulin, with a look of importance so vast that he could hardly see out of his eyes, had been making his way in and out among the tables toward the desk. And presently he stood before me, breathing so loudly through his nose that it could only be described as stertorous, but giving me, nevertheless, the bow of ceremony, his heels together and his hand upon his heart.

"M'sieur!"

"M'sieur!"

"Could I have the honor of m'sieur's presence in my private office for a few minutes?"

"With pleasure, m'sieur."

"M'sieur!"

It was most exquisitely done; and, as I followed the majestic figure of M. Moulin to his private bureau at the back of the *comptoir*, I began to feel as Gabrielle felt—that the spirit of adventure was in the air that night.

The stranger was sitting by the side of M. Moulin's desk; and after the portly proprietor had ensconced himself in the chair of honor he cleared his throat with a most impressive sound and thus began—to me:

"*Mon cher ami*, I am not a stranger to you! *Que diable!* I think I may even say that you know me ver', ver' well. If anyone says to you 'What sort of a man is M'sieur Moulin?' you can place your hand upon your heart and say: 'He is a man of many! *Que diable!* He has a mind like a *rasoir*—sooblime!—*pénétrant!*—*magnifique!*' And yet, m'sieur, you can tell your friend: 'He is modest like the flower. You could talk to him all day and all night and he would not tell you that the Grand Maréchal de France once decorate' him personally with the medal he wears right here!'"

Whereupon M. Moulin smote himself so vigorously upon the breast that his medal jingled. And, though he continued to speak to me, I couldn't get rid of the idea that in reality he was talking for the benefit of the stranger who sat by his desk and who was still preserving that brooding look of dominance which I had previously seen in the restaurant.

"*Que diable!*" cried M. Moulin in growing excitement "Any other man would be content to rest upon his laurel! But not for Victor Moulin! He who invent' the Soup Pipe Moulin, which shall one day feed the armies of the world; he who invent' the Grand Moulin Seestem of Magnets, which yet shall draw the enemies' bullets from the sky; he—the same Victor Moulin—the same who now addresses you, m'sieur!—he has now conceived the gr-r-randest inspiration of all time. *Mon Dieu!* Without the loss of a seengle man—not one!—I have thought of a plan that will stop the war; restore Alsace-Lorraine, Belgique, Poland, Serbia, and all the rest of them: cause the boche to pay us what indemnity we choose; and finally—most ravishing this of all—will cause that Kaiser Beel to walk next week in this poor restaurant of mine and surrender himself to me in a scene that shall live in history, and nevaire—nevaire die!"

"And for Nearly an Hour He Sat There Trying to Make the Parrot Eat Tabac"

At this, even the stranger started up with a sudden gleam of interest—as well he might; but the next moment he had settled down in his chair again, as aloof and dominant as ever, for all the world like an old eagle thinking over yesterday's sortie and planning to-morrow's.

"*Mon cher docteur*," exclaimed M. Moulin, rising and striking an attitude, "allow me to present to you the great Giraflon!"

The stranger rose and we bowed to each other. Again I felt that creepy feeling, and then I suddenly remembered that Giraflon was the name of France's most famous hypnotist, successor to Doctor Mesmer, half man of science and half charlatan, who was said to have acquired a fortune in the dramatic exhibitions of his art throughout Europe.

"And now, messieurs," continued M. Moulin, "I shall tell you my plan: To begin with, we must have a hypnotist—you onderstand?—a brave man, a true man, and a man who speaks good German. We disguise this man in the uniform of a German officer, and we call him—*que diable!*—let us call him Colonel Giraflon!"

At that the great Giraflon started in his chair and shot me a look that seemed to say: "Are you in this thing too?"

"The night arrives," continued M. Moulin, serenely soaring in the clouds of his inspiration, "and Colonel Giraflon steals out to the German trenches. There, *bientôt*, he finds a boche private. 'Take me to your captain!' says Colonel Giraflon; and—*voilà!*—that is the first step forward.

"What happens next? Ah, so seemple! When Colonel Giraflon reaches the captain he takes him in a corner and hypnotizes him—makes himself the master of the boche's brain—and secures a letter of introduction to his superior officer.

"Thus up and up and up the great Giraflon rises, and every step he takes he makes himself the master of the boche's brain. From captain he gets an introduction to the colonel. 'See this man alone,' says the note. You onderstand? From colonel he goes to lieutenant general. From him to staff general. And from him to the great Von Hindenburg himself! 'Dear Kaiser,' writes Von Hindenburg when Colonel Giraflon has mastered his brain as well, 'the bearer of this letter has an important message for your ears alone. Give him a private interview. The Fatherland—*mon Dieu!*—the Fatherland will never regret it!'

"And then—you onderstand?—Colonel Giraflon puts Kaiser Beel in a trance as well and makes him do whatever he wills—makes him send his soldiers home and give back everything he has tooken; makes him give us back Alsace and that poor Lorraine, makes him pay a grand indemnity; and finally—ah, ravishing! ravishing!—he makes him get into an airship and come to Bains, where he descends here on the lawn outside. And in less than a week, *mes amis*, that Kaiser Beel enters the door of the Restaurant Moulin and gives me his sword which I break on my knee—and he falls on the floor at my feet!"

M. Moulin had been gradually working himself up to the supreme pitch of excitement, like a car warming up in a cold garage; but now at last he caught his own fire and all his cylinders began to roar with a passionate exhaust

"And there it is, messieurs!" he cried. "The most stupendous conception since the war began! Henceforth this occasion, this room, this conversation, will be immortal! For a week now I myself have tried to learn the grand hypnotic art, sending to Paris for a list of books and practicing on everyone I met. But—*hélas!*—I have the will and not the power! And so I sent for you, *mon cher* M. Giraflon, to share with me a most exquisite honor! And for you, *mon cher docteur*, I send so that when the deed is accomplished there shall be no doubt in the great sister republic that it was I who invent' this most stupendous affair. I—Victor Moulin! I, and no other!"

Throughout the latter part of this recital the great Giraflon had sat motionless in his chair, without moving a muscle or twitching a nerve of his face. But at this point he turned to me, unobserved by M. Moulin, gave me a most significant look, and turned his head again—all in the flicker of an eye. I was wondering what he meant when a knock sounded on the door, and the next moment Gabrielle appeared in the doorway and looked at me.

"Pardon, m'sieur," she said, "but they have sent for a doctor from Headquarters across the street." And in a lower voice she added: "You are to ask for the maréchal himself."

III

I FOUND the Maréchal de France in a private room of the graystone château across the avenue, looking like a tired old lion who is beginning to need his rest. He welcomed me with one of his sad, expressive smiles, and then called my attention to the broken figure of a German officer who was propped on a chair by the side of the desk

"Our friend here is practically unconscious," said the maréchal; "and yet I want him to talk. To examine a prisoner against his will—that is against the ordinary rules of civilized warfare. But let me tell you why I want to examine this one, so there may be no misunderstanding in the future."

The maréchal drew a long breath and shook his head while he did so.

"Perhaps you have heard the rumors," he began, "that there is a leak here at Headquarters—a leak of such magnitude that our plans are known to the enemy almost before they are perfected. The rumor finally attained such proportions that I came to Bains myself, either to prove or disprove it.

"So this morning I laid a trap. I arranged our plans in such a way that nearly all our guns at

Continued on Page 50

When He Leaned Over the German Officer's Chair and Began the Visible Manifestations of His Uncanny Art He Reminded Me More Than Anything of Mephistopheles

More to be Pitied Than Censored

By GEORGE PATTULLO

What the Pup Brought In

WHY is it that nine persons out of ten cannot pass a "Wet Paint" sign without sticking a finger on the shiny moist surface to make sure there is no deception?

Again, why is it that the average American has only to be told that he must not do a thing to make him long to do it, and scheme ways of doing it?

If you can answer either of these questions you are in a fair way to solve the riddle of the censor's troubles. For the American soldier doesn't try to beat the censor in order to get military information to people at home; he tries to beat him just to beat him—that's all.

It cannot make the slightest difference to his mother or his best girl whether he is in this village or that. They never heard of either of them, and it is quite enough that they know Bill is in France and is well and kicking. Yet thousands and thousands of the boys lie awake at nights thinking up methods of getting the name of their town past the censor.

One wrote to his pal recently—"When a rainy evening comes all the boys write home to mother." That looked perfectly innocent and calculated to give an accurate picture of American youth in his spare time, of course. But he had done a little decoration with the point of his pen—very faint, to be sure, but quite distinct under a magnifying glass. With dots over certain letters the sentence looked like this:

"When a rainy evening comes all the boys write home to mother."

The dotted characters formed a sentence—We are at Somme. Somme wasn't the name he gave, but it is the one I must give.

Another tried to get round it by shading certain letters in a harmless paragraph. Both tricks were detected and the missives sent to the Intelligence Section for investigation.

One of the commonest stratagems is to write under the stamp on the envelope. That hardly shows a high order of inventiveness, since it is about the oldest of all methods of conveying secret information and the trained men in the base censor's office are ever on the alert for it. Moreover, soldiers' mail does not require stamps.

The Doughboy's Threat

THE other day I saw a clumsy code which a doughboy had worked out. But he intrusted the letter in which he explained the key to a returning Red Cross man who was sailing home by way of England. The British searched this traveler and promptly sent the letter they found to the American Intelligence.

He named practically all the towns of importance in our army zone and put opposite each name the name of a tree. For instance, Brussels was to be an oak, Dresden was called an elm, Berlin a lemon, and Vienna a pine—so that if the writer were to mention in subsequent communications anything about a lemon the recipient would know that his regiment was in Berlin. Of course Brussels, Dresden, Berlin and Vienna are not yet in the American zone, but they will serve to illustrate.

Another hit upon practically the same method, but he used numbers instead of trees to designate the places. Thus, if he were to inquire of his father whether Aunt Eliza would be fifty-two or fifty-three on her next birthday dad would instantly know that he meant to convey the news that they were in Venice, and so on.

"I'll need a force of code experts soon," remarked the base censor, tossing over to me a letter which had been turned in by the British.

It was from a doughboy to his girl. Evidently the soldier disliked to express his burning fervor in plain English which might come under an officer's eye, for he camouflaged with a laborious code. Translated it read: "If I ever get back I'll hug you till your ribs crack."

The British censor's notation on it was: "A code has been used here, but the matter is not important."

In some social circles it is the proper caper to convey kisses to your girl by making crosses at the bottom of the last sheet. The number of these crosses depends upon your affection or demonstrativeness, or upon the girl to whom you happen to be writing. *Par exemple*, as we linguists have it, you might send a stingy ten crosses to Elizabeth and then sit down an hour later and pour out your soul in a hundred and fifty of them to Bess or Louise—you know how that is.

How the base censors hate those kisses! Not that they haven't had little affairs of their own and plenty of them, but they don't know whether the crosses really carry a tender message or are merely camouflage for military information. Twenty-six kisses to Fay may mean "The regiment is in the trenches." You never can tell. Consequently a lot of letters that go through the censor's hands may reach their destination devoid of a single smack. It's cruel—but *c'est la guerre*.

All kinds and conditions of men try to beat the censor. The chaplain of a regiment tried it. In a letter to a brother clergyman in America he mentioned that he had held divine service in a certain ancient church. It would have been easy for the other to ascertain from the name of the church the precise location of that regiment. The censor saved him the trouble.

The genial lieutenant colonel who holds the job of base censor once remarked carelessly in a letter to his wife that he had dined at the —— Hotel. It happened to be a famous provincial hostelry. Back came answer from his wife: "I looked up that hotel in the guidebook and so I know you were at ——"

"In this instance," remarked the officer, "no harm was done, because I happened to be visiting the French Front. But it shows how extraordinarily careful one has to be."

Even newspaper correspondents have been known to camouflage. A young dramatic critic from New York, turned war correspondent, worked for weeks to get over a story about a new battalion commander. The whole value of the story lay in the officer's identity, but no names are permitted; so he endeavored to ease it across. "The son of a militant American," he wrote one day. The censor used his pencil. Twenty-four hours later the correspondent came to bat with "Who has a suggestion of his father's fighting face." That too was junked. "The son of a famous hunter and traveler" fared no better; and the censor grinned with fiendish glee over "census booster." Neither did equally vague references to "author, statesman and moralist" get him anywhere.

"It's possible they might guess who was meant," explained the press censor mildly.

Finally the correspondent's health began to break under the strain. He couldn't sleep his usual ten hours o' nights, and he abandoned the attempt in despair. The last I heard of him he was headed for home.

Numerous attempts are made to forward letters to girls through third parties. In this fashion, an officer sent letters regularly in care of an old woman who sold flowers near the Madeleine in Paris. Unknown to him, the girl was a spy.

Not Interested in Love Affairs

THE censor is inclined to frown on that kind of correspondence even when it seems to be harmless. He permits the harmless letters to go through, because he is not there to censor morals or love affairs but military information. However, he sees to it that the character of the party of the second part is investigated, because seventy-five per cent of the names on the suspect list of the Intelligence Section belong to prostitutes, and the army authorities cannot afford to have any of the men fall victims. The world over, that class of women furnishes the bulk of recruits to the ranks of the spies.

Other men try to get communications to America without censoring by giving them to local inhabitants to inclose in their letters. For instance, Private Field might write a little piece and hand it to the landlady of a billet in his town to be forwarded inside the envelope that contained her own letter to a daughter in the United States. Such a letter would be dropped into the French post, and Private Field figures that the American censor would never see it. But the French censor opens the missive, discovers that the inclosure deals with matters affecting the Expeditionary Force, and turns it over to our Intelligence.

They have tried the Morse code; they have tried every known system of shorthand; they have written in Esperanto. The base censors have combed them all. If any military information has reached the enemy through the mails to the United States or neutral countries it has not been the fault of the censorship.

Their task is growing every month. In September only 35,000 letters passed through the base censor's hands.

This number does not represent all the letters written by the Expeditionary Force by any means, for company officers also censor the outgoing mail of their men; just what it represents will be explained presently. There were 61,000 in October, 135,000 in November, and a flood of 201,000 in December. January of 1918 was the largest. It averaged an increase of 2600 letters a day. They have had to enlarge the censorship staff by eighteen men; before this is published it will consist of twelve officers and more than sixty-five men.

More than ninety per cent of the letters are perfectly harmless. Five per cent offend by naming places; the others mention brigades or divisions. Indeed, soldiers seem to have a mania for telling the units to which they belong. The information could not possibly convey anything to their families, assuming them to be well-intentioned persons, but Brother Bill has his mind set on telling them.

Were all the letters in English the task would be much simplified. But there are forty-six languages in the Expeditionary Force up to date. How many more will come to light with the arrival of fresh troops staggers the imagination. I don't say that the boys employ all those languages in everyday conversation, because they don't—the American soldier uses English, no matter how haltingly it comes to his tongue—but they can speak and write that many. The principal ones are Italian, Polish, French, Slovak, Bohemian, Little Russian and Cossack, Greek, Swedish, Norwegian, Yiddish, Flemish or Walloon, Dutch, Danish, Persian, Armenian, Arabic, Finnish, Portuguese, Chinese, Rumanian, Czech, Hawaiian, Tahitian, Serbian, Albanian, Welsh, Bulgarian and the Pacific dialects.

With such a babel of tongues how can the censor pass on the stuff? The remedy is found in our army itself. If a man can write in Chinese it is reasonable to suppose that he can translate what somebody else writes in Chinese. Therefore when a letter comes in an unknown language the base censor applies to have the writer of it transferred to his department, after he has been investigated by the Intelligence Section and found to be reliable and trustworthy. In that way they are prepared to handle all such letters that come to their mill.

They found a corporal who could write French, German, Armenian, Syrian, Turkish and Arabic. A man like that is far more valuable working for the base censor than he would be with a rifle in the trenches. And they picked up two privates who were college graduates and could read Portuguese and Italian readily.

The base censors were confronted with other difficulties besides straight translation of foreign languages. Sometimes a man employed the characters of one language to write in another. Thus, an infantryman sent a long letter home in Greek characters. When it was done into the Roman it did not make English. The censors were at a loss; they suspected a code. Then one of the staff discovered that the language used was Rumanian.

Occasionally a soldier claims to be a far better linguist than he actually is, and there is as much difference between his claims and the number of languages he speaks as between a Mexican *communiqué* and what really happened. One man solemnly asserted that he spoke five languages.

"What are they?"

"German, Middle German and Low German."

"That's only three."

"And American and English."

Letters in foreign languages average round six hundred a day at this writing. Half of them are in Italian; Polish comes next; then French—more especially French-Canadian, for that race is largely represented in the Expeditionary Force. After French comes the Scandinavian. The German letters rank with the Hawaiian and Chinese in numbers—about one letter a day.

The censors have experienced a curious difficulty in reading French-Canadian communications. Most of the writers were educated in American schools in English, and learned to talk French in their own homes. Consequently they acquired nothing of French orthography or of grammatical construction. The result is that they can speak

(Continued on Page 57)

FREE

By THEODORE DREISER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Miss Filson Pattered Out and He Meditated as to the Strangeness of It All, the Variability of His Own Moods

THE large and rather comfortable apartment of Rufus Haymaker, architect, in Central Park West, was very silent. It was scarcely dawn yet, and at the edge of the park, over the way, looking out from the front windows which graced this abode and gave it its charm, a stately line of poplars was still shrouded in a gray morning mist. From his bedroom at one end of the hall, where, also, a glimpse of the park was to be had, came Mr. Haymaker at this early hour to sit by one of these broader windows and contemplate these trees and a small lake beyond. He was very fond of Nature in its manifold art forms—quite poetic, in fact.

He was a tall and spare man of about sixty, not ungraceful, though slightly stoop-shouldered, with heavy overhanging eyebrows and hair, and a short, professionally cut gray mustache and beard, which gave him a severe and yet agreeable presence. For the present he was clad in a light-blue dressing gown with silver cords, which enveloped him completely. He had thin, pale, long-fingered hands, wrinkled at the back and slightly knotted at the joints, which bespoke the artist, in mood at least, and his eyes had a weary and yet restless look in them.

For only yesterday Doctor Storm, the family physician, who was in attendance on his wife, ill now for these three weeks past with a combination of heart lesion, kidney poisoning and neuritis, had taken him aside and said very softly and affectionately, as though he were trying to spare his feelings: "To-morrow, Mr. Haymaker, if your wife is no better I will call in my friend, Doctor Grainger, whom you know, for a consultation. He is more of an expert in these matters of the heart"—the heart, Mr. Haymaker had time to note ironically—"than I am. Together we will make a thorough examination, and then I hope we shall be better able to say what the possibilities of her recovery really are. It's been a very trying case, a very stubborn one, I might say. Still, she has a great deal of vitality and is doing as well as could be expected, all things considered. At the same time, though I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily—and there is no occasion for great alarm yet—still I feel it my duty to warn you that her condition is very serious indeed. Not that I wish you to feel that she is certain to die. I don't think she is. Not at all. Just the contrary. She may get well, and probably will, and live all of twenty years more." Mentally Mr. Haymaker sighed a purely spiritual sigh. "She has fine recuperative powers, so far as I can judge, but she has a bad heart, and this kidney trouble has not helped it any. Just now, when her heart should have the least strain, it has the most.

"She is just at that point where, as I may say, things are in the balance. A day or two, or three or four at the most, ought to show which way things will go. But, as I have said before, I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily. We are not nearly at the end of our tether. We haven't tried blood transfusion yet, and there are several arrows to that bow. Besides, at any moment she may respond more vigorously to medication than she has heretofore—especially in connection with her kidneys. In that case the situation would be greatly relieved at once.

"However, as I say, I feel it my duty to speak to you in this way in order that you may be mentally prepared for any event, because in such an odd combination as this the worst may happen at any time. We never can tell. As an old friend of yours and Mrs. Haymaker's, and knowing how much you two mean to each other"—Mr. Haymaker merely stared at him vacantly—"I feel it my duty to prepare you in this way. We all of us have to face these things. Only last year I lost my dear Matilda, my youngest child, as you know. Just the same, as I say, I have the feeling that Mrs. Haymaker is not really likely to die soon, and that we—Doctor Grainger and myself—shall still be able to pull her through. I really do."

Doctor Storm looked at Mr. Haymaker as though he were very sorry for him—an old man long accustomed to his wife's ways and likely to be made very unhappy by her untimely end; whereas Mr. Haymaker, though staring in an almost sculptural way, was really thinking what a farce it all was, what a dull mixture of error and illusion on the part of all. Here he was, sixty years of age, weary of all this, of life really—a man who had never been really happy in all the time that he had been married; and yet here was his wife, who from conventional reasons believed that he was or should be, and who on account of this was serenely happy herself, or nearly so. And this doctor, who imagined that he was old and weak and therefore in need of this loving woman's care and sympathy and understanding! Unconsciously he raised a deprecating hand.

Also his children, who thought him dependent on her and happy with her; his servants and her and his friends thinking the same thing, and yet he really was not. It was

all a lie. He was unhappy. Always he had been unhappy, it seemed, ever since he had been married - for over thirty-one years now. Never in all that time, for even so much as a single day, had he ever done anything but long, long, long, in a dark, constrained way—for what, he scarcely dared think—not to be married any more—to be free—to be as he was before ever he saw Mrs. Haymaker.

And yet being conventional in mood and training and utterly domesticated by time and conditions over which he seemed not to have much control—nature, customs, public opinion, and the like, coming into play as forces—he had drifted, had not taken any drastic action. No, he had merely drifted, wondering if time, accident or something might not interfere and straighten out his life for him, but it never had. Now weary, old, or rapidly becoming so, he condemned himself for his inaction.

Why hadn't he done something about it years before? Why hadn't he broken it up before it was too late, and saved his own soul, his longing for life, color? But no, he had not. Why complain so bitterly now?

All the time the doctor had talked the day before he had wanted to smile a wry, dry, cynical smile, for in reality he did not want Mrs. Haymaker to live—or at least at the moment he thought so. He was too miserably tired of it all.

And so now, after nearly twenty-four hours of the same unhappy thought, sitting by this window looking at a not-distant building which shone faintly in the haze, he ran his fingers through his hair as he gazed, and sighed.

How often in these weary months, and even years past—ever since he and his wife had been living here, and before—had he come to these or similar windows while she was still asleep, to sit and dream! For some years now they had not even roomed together, so indifferent had the whole state become, though she did not seem to consider that significant, either. Life had become more or less of a practical problem to her, one of position, place, prestige. And yet how often, viewing his life in retrospect, had he wished that his life had been as sweet as his dreams—that his dreams had come true.

After a time on this early morning—for it was still gray, with the faintest touch of pink in the east—he shook his head solemnly and sadly, then rose and returned along the hall to his wife's bedroom, at the door of which he paused to look where she lay seriously ill, and beside her in an armchair, fast asleep, a trained nurse who was supposedly keeping the night vigil ordered by the doctor, but who no doubt was now very weary. His wife was sleeping also—very pale, very thin now, and very weak. He felt sorry for her at times, in spite of his own weariness; now, for instance. Why need he have made so great a mistake so long ago? Perhaps it was his own fault for not having been wiser in his youth. Then he went quietly on to his own room, to lie down and think.

Always these days, now that she was so very ill and the problem of her living was so very acute, the creeping dawn thus roused him—to think. It seemed as though he could not really sleep soundly any more, so stirred and distrait was he. He was not so much tired or physically worn as mentally bored or disappointed. Life had treated him so badly, he kept thinking to himself over and over. He had never had the woman he had really wanted, though he had been married so long, had been faithful, respectable and loved by her, in her way. "In her way," he half quoted to himself as he lay there.

Presently he would get up, dress and go down to his office as usual if his wife were not worse. But—but, he asked himself—would she be? Would that slim and yet so durable organism of hers—quite as old as his own, or nearly so—break under the strain of this really severe illness? That would set him free again, and nicely, without blame or comment on him. He could then go where he chose once more, do as he pleased—think of that—without let or hindrance. For she was ill at last, so very ill, the first and really great illness she had endured since their marriage. For weeks now she had been lying so, hovering, as it were, between life and death, one day better, the next day worse, and yet not dying, and with no certainty that she would, and yet not getting better either. Doctor Storm insisted that it was a leak in her heart which had suddenly manifested itself that was causing all the real trouble. He was apparently greatly troubled as to how to control it.

During all this period Mr. Haymaker had been, as usual, most sympathetic. His manner toward her was always

He Found Her Lying There
Pale and Weak, But With a Very Faint Smile for Him

soft, kindly, apparently tender. He had never really begrudged her anything—nothing certainly that he could afford. He was always glad to see her and the children humanly happy—though they, too, largely on account of her, he thought, had proved a disappointment to him—because he sympathized with her somewhat unhappy youth—narrow and stinted; and yet he had never been happy himself, never, in all the time that he had been married. She also had endured much, he kept telling himself when he was most unhappy—he was always willing to admit that—only she had had his love, or thought she had—an actual spiritual peace, which he had never had. She knew she had a faithful husband. He felt that he had never really had a wife at all, not one that he could love as he knew a wife should be loved. His dreams as to that!

Going to his office later in the day—it was in one of those tall buildings that face Madison Square—he had looked first, in passing, at the trees that line Central Park West, and then at the bright wall of apartment houses facing it, and meditated sadly, heavily. Here the sidewalks were crowded with nursemaids and children at play, and in between them, of course, the occasional citizen loitering or going about his errands. The day was so fine, so youthful, as spring days will seem. As he looked, especially at the children, and the young men bustling office-ward, mostly in new spring suits, he sighed and wished that he were young once more. Think how brisk and hopeful they were! Everything was before them. They could still pick and choose—no age or established conditions to stay them. Were any of them, he asked himself for the thousandth time, it seemed to him, as wearily connected as he had been at their age? Did they each have a charming young wife to love—one of whom they were passionately fond—such a one as he had never had, or did they not?

Wondering, he reached his office on one of the topmost floors of one of those highest buildings commanding a wide view of the city, and surveyed it wearily. Here were visible the two great rivers of the city, its towers and spires and far-flung walls. From these sometimes, even yet, he seemed to gain a patience to live, to hope. How in his youth all this had inspired him—or that other city that was then! Even now he was always at peace here, so much more so than in his own home, pleasant as it was. Here he could look out over this great scene and dream or he could lose the memory in his work that his love-life had been a failure. The great city, the buildings he could plan or supervise, the efficient help that always surrounded him—his help, not hers—aided to take his mind off himself and that deep-seated inner ache or loss.

The care of Mr. Haymaker's apartment during his wife's illness and his present absence throughout the day devolved upon a middle-aged woman of great seriousness, Mrs. Elfridge by name, whom Mr. Haymaker had employed years before; and under her a maid of all work, Hester, who waited on table, opened the door, and the like; and also at present two trained nurses, one for night and one for day service, who were in charge of Mrs. Haymaker. The nurses were both bright, healthy, blue-eyed girls, who attracted Mr. Haymaker and suggested all the youth he had lost—without really disturbing his poise. It would seem as though that could never be done.

In addition, of course, there was the loving interest of his son Wesley and his daughter Ethelberta—whom his wife had named so in spite of him—both of whom had long since married and had children of their own and were living in different parts of the great city. In this crisis both of them came daily to learn how things were, and occasionally to stay for the entire afternoon or evening, or both. Ethelberta had wanted to come and take charge of the apartment entirely during her mother's illness, only Mrs. Haymaker, who was still able to direct, and fond of doing so, would not hear of it. She was not so ill but that she could still speak, and in this way could inquire and direct. Besides, Mrs. Elfridge was as good as Mrs. Haymaker in all things that related to Mr. Haymaker's physical comfort, or so she thought.

If the truth will come out—as it will in so many pathetic cases—it was never his physical so much as his spiritual or affectional comfort that Mr. Haymaker craved. As said before, he had never loved Mrs. Haymaker, or certainly not since that now long-distant period back in Muskegon, Michigan, where both had been born and where they had lived and met at the ages, she of fifteen, he of seventeen. It had been, strange as it might seem now, a love match at first sight with them. She had seemed so sweet, a girl of his own age or a little younger, the daughter of a local chemist. Later, when he had been forced by poverty to go out into the world to make his own way, he had written her much, and imagined her to be all that she had seemed at fifteen, and more—a dream among fair women. But Fortune, slow in coming to his aid and fickle in fulfilling his dreams, had brought it about that for several years more he had been compelled to stay away nearly all of the time, unable to marry her; during which period, unknown to himself really, his own point of view had altered. How it had happened he could never tell really, but so it was. The great city, larger experiences—while she was still enduring the smaller ones—other faces, dreams of larger things, had all combined to destroy it or her; only he had not quite realized it then. He was always so slow in realizing the full import of the immediate thing, he thought.

That was the time, as he had afterward told himself—how often!—that he should have discovered his mistake and stopped. Later it always seemed to become more and more impossible. Then, in spite of some heartache to her and some distress to himself, no doubt, all would be well for him now. But no; he had been too inexperienced, too ignorant, too bound by all the conventions and punctilios of his simple Western world. He thought an engagement, however unsatisfactory it might come to seem afterward, was an engagement, and binding. An honorable man would not break one—or so his country moralists argued.

He might have written her, he might have told her, then. But he had been too sensitive and kindly to speak of it. Afterward it was too late. He feared to wound her, to undo her life. But now—now—look at his! He had gone back on several occasions before marriage, and might have seen and done and been free if he had had but courage and wisdom. But no; duty, order, the beliefs of the region in which he had been reared, and of America—what it expected and what she expected and was entitled to—had done for him completely. He had not spoken. Instead, he had gone on and married her without speaking of the change in himself, without letting her know how worse than ashes it had all become. What a fool he had been! he had since told himself over and over.

Well, having made a mistake it was his duty perhaps, at least according to current beliefs, to stick by it and make the best of it; but still that had never prevented him from being unhappy. He could not prevent that himself. During all these long years, therefore, owing to these same conventions—what people would think and say—he had been compelled to live with her, to cherish her, to pretend to be happy with her—"another perfect union," as he sometimes said to himself. He had been unhappy, horribly so. Even her face wearied him at times, and her presence, her mannerisms. Only yesterday morning Doctor Storm had seemed to indicate by his manner that he thought him lonely, in danger of being left all alone and desperately sad and neglected in case she died. Who would take care of him? his eyes had seemed to say—and yet he himself wanted nothing so much as to be alone for a time, at least in this life, to think for himself, to do for himself, to forget this long, dreary period in which he had pretended to be something that he was not.

Was he never to be rid of the dull round of it, he asked himself now—never before he himself died? And yet

shortly afterward he would reproach himself for these very thoughts, as being wrong, hard, unkind—thoughts that would certainly condemn him in the eyes of the general public, that public which made reputations and one's general standing before the world.

During all this time he had never even let her know—no, not once—of the tremendous and soul-crushing sacrifice he had made. Like the Spartan boy, he had concealed the fox gnawing at his vitals. He had not complained. He had been, indeed, the model husband, as such things go in conventional walks. If you doubted it, look at his position; or that of his children; or his wife—her mental and physical comfort, even in her illness, her unfailing belief that he was all he should be! Never once apparently, during all these years, had she doubted his love or felt him to be unduly unhappy—or, if not that exactly, if not fully accepting his love as something that was still at a fever heat, the thing it once was—still believing that he found pleasure and happiness in being with her, and a comfort in knowing that it would endure to the end! To the end! During all these years she had gone on molding his and her lives—as much as that was possible in his case—to suit herself; and thinking all the time that she was doing what he wanted or at least what was best for him.

How she adored convention! What did she not think she knew in regard to how things ought to be—mainly what her old home surroundings had taught her, the American idea of this, that and the other! Her theories in regard to friends, education of the children, and so on, had in the main prevailed, even when he did not quite agree with her; her desires for certain types of pleasure and amusement, of companionship, and so on, were conventional types always. There had been little quarrels, of course, always had been—what happy home is free of them?—but still he had always given in, or nearly always, and had acted as though he were satisfied in so doing.

Why, therefore, should he complain now, or she ever have imagined that he was unhappy? She did not. Like all their relatives and friends of the region from which they sprang, and here also—and she had been most careful to regulate that, courting whom she pleased and ignoring all others—she still believed most firmly, more so than ever, that she knew what was best for him, what he really thought and wanted. It made him smile most wearily at times.

For in her eyes—in regard to him, at least, not always so with others, he had found—marriage was a sacrament, sacrosanct, never to be dissolved. One life, one love. Once one had accepted the yoke or even asked a girl to marry, it was every man's duty to abide by it. To break an engagement, to be unfaithful to a wife, even unkind to her—what a crime, in her eyes! Such people ought to be drummed out of the world. They were not fit to live—dogs, brutes!

And yet, look at himself—what of him? What of one who had made a mistake in regard to all this? Where was his compensation to come from, his peace and happiness? Here on earth or only in some mythical heaven—that odd, angelic heaven that she still believed in? What a farce! And all her friends and his would think he would be so miserable now if she died, or at least ought to be. So far had asinine convention and belief in custom carried the world. Think of it!

But even that was not the worst. No; that was not the worst, either. It had been the gradual realization coming along through the years that he had married an essentially small, narrow woman who could never really grasp his point of view—or, rather, the significance of his dreams or emotions—and yet with whom, nevertheless, because of this original promise or mistake, he was compelled to live. Grant her every quality of goodness, energy, industry, intent—as he did freely—still there was this; and it could never be adjusted—never. Essentially, as he had long since discovered, she was narrow, ultraconventional, whereas he was an artist by nature, brooding and dreaming strange dreams and thinking of far-off things which she did not or could not understand or did not sympathize with, save in a general and very remote way. The nuances of his craft, the wonders and subtleties of forms and angles—had she ever realized how significant these were to him, let alone to herself? No, never. She had not the least true appreciation of them—never had had. And he could not now go elsewhere to discover that sympathy. No. He had never really wanted to, since the public and she would object, and thinking it half evil himself.

Still, how was it, he often asked himself, that Nature could thus allow one conditioned or equipped with emotions and seekings such as his, not of an utterly conventional order, to seek out and pursue one like Ernestine, who was not fitted to understand him or to care what his personal moods might be? Was love truly blind, as the old saw insisted, or did Nature really plan, and cleverly, to torture the artist mind—as it did the pearl-bearing oyster with a grain of sand—with something seemingly inimical, in order that it might produce beauty? Sometimes he thought so. Perhaps the many interesting and beautiful buildings he had planned—the world called them so, at least—had been due to the loving care he lavished on them, being shut out from love and beauty elsewhere. Cruel Nature, that cared so little for the dreams of man—the individual man or woman!

At the time he had married Ernestine he was really too young to know exactly what it was he wanted to do or how it was he was going to feel in the years to come; and yet there was no one to guide him, to stop him. The custom of the time was all in favor of this dread disaster. Nature herself seemed to desire it—mere children being the be-all and the end-all of everything. Think of that as a theory! Later, when it became so clear to him what he had done, and in spite of all the conventional thoughts and conditions that seemed to bind him to this fixed condition, he had grown restless and weary, but never really irritable.

He had concealed it all from her; only this hankering after beauty of mind and body in ways not represented by her had hurt so—grown finally almost too painful to bear. He had dreamed and dreamed of something different until it had become almost an obsession. Was it never to be, that something different—never, anywhere, in all time? What a tragedy! Soon he would be dead, and then it would never be anywhere—anywhere! Ernestine was charming, he would admit, or had been at first, though time had proved that she was not charming to him either mentally or physically in any compelling way; but how did that help him now? He had actually found himself bored by her for more than twenty-seven years now, and this other dream growing, growing, growing—until ——

But now he was old, and she was dying, or might be, and it could not make so much difference what happened; only it could, too, because he wanted to be free for a little while, just for a little while, before he died.

One of the things that had always irritated him about Mrs. Haymaker was this: In spite of his determination never to offend the social code in any way—he had felt for so many reasons, emotional as well as practical, that he could not afford so to do—and also in spite of the fact that he had been tortured by this show of beauty in the eyes and bodies of others, his wife, fearing perhaps in some strange psychic way that he might change, had always tried to make him feel or believe—premeditatedly and of a purpose, he thought—that he was not the kind of man who would be attractive to women: that he lacked some physical fitness, some charm that other men had, which would cause all young and really charming women to turn away from him. Think of it! He to whom so many women had turned with questioning eyes!

Also that she had married him largely because she had felt sorry for him! He chose to let her believe that, because he was sorry for her. Because other women had seemed to draw near to him at times in some appealing or seductive way, she had insisted that he was not even a cavalier, let alone a Lothario; that he was ungainly, slow, uninteresting—to all women but her!

Persistently, he thought, and without any real need, she had harped on this, fighting chimeras, a chance danger in the future, though he had never given her any real reason, and had never even planned to sin against her in any way, never. She had thus tried to poison his own mind in regard to himself and his art. And yet—and yet —— Ah, those eyes of other women, their haunting beauty, the flitting something they said to him of infinite, inexpressible delight!

Why had his life been so very hard?

One of the disturbing things about all this was the iron truth that it had driven home, that Nature, unless it were expressed or represented by some fierce determination from within, cared no whit for him or any other, man or woman. Unless one acted for oneself, upon some stern conclusion nurtured within, one might rot and die spiritually. Nature did not care. "Blessed be the meek"—yes. Blessed be the strong, rather, for they made their own happiness. All these years in which he had dwelt and worked in this knowledge, nothing had happened, except to him, and that in an unsatisfactory way. All along he had seen what was happening to him; and yet held by convention he had refused to act always, because somehow he was not hard enough to act. Almost like a bird in a cage, an animal peeping out from behind bars, he had viewed the world of free thought and freer action. In many a drawing-room, on the street, or in his own home even, he had looked into an eye, the face of someone who seemed to offer understanding, to know, to sympathize, though she

(Continued on Page 81)

"Though I Don't Wish to Alarm You Unnecessarily, Still I Feel It My Duty to Warn You That Her Condition Is Very Serious Indeed"

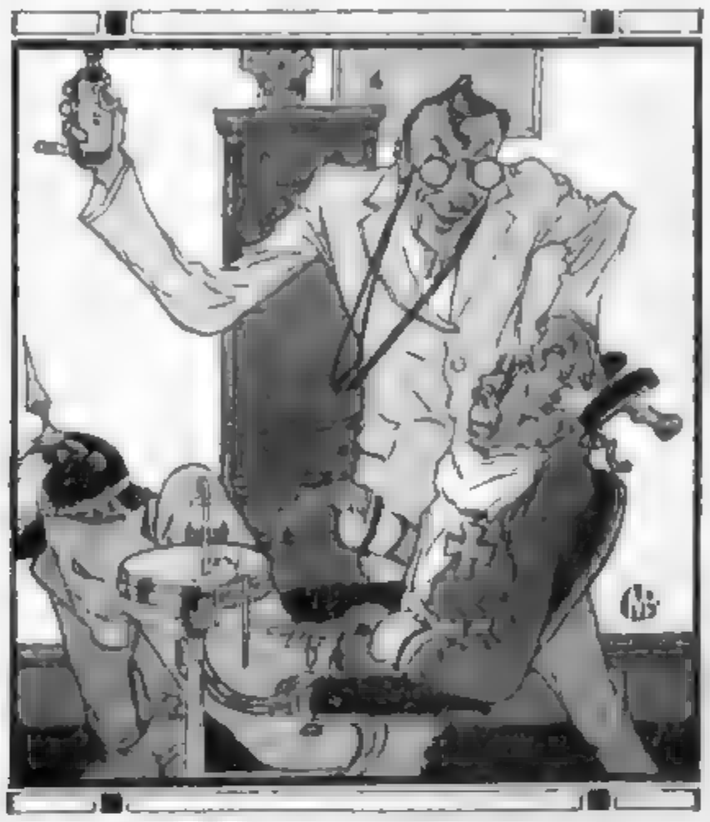
PATRIOTEERS

By WALLACE IRWIN

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE RED WAR AND THE PINK

IN HELICON CELLAR, near Washington Square,
A mauve mildewed hole
Full of sawdust and soul.
Five modern Verlaines sat discussing their share
In winning the war, which—as all quite agreed—
They hadn't begun, though undoubted the need
For promptness and speed.
They were magazine writers, whose rare inspirations
Were limited mostly to rare publications
Of small circulations.
There were Pandlewheel Pouch, muckraker—retired,
Though no less inspired—
Ethelwynde Grouch,
Wynnie Moore Pynnie,
Launcelot Jinnie
And Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch.



"'Tyrant!' He Murmurs in Accents Refined.
'This Liquid is Poison, the Pizenest Kind'"

As they sat, chin to chin, sipping aniseed sirup,
The clank of the saber, the creak of the stirrup
Startled the air
Of Washington Square.
And Pandlewheel Pouch, ever ready to preach,
Stroked his long headdress and burst into speech:

"Is it fitting and proper—the answer is No!—
That while plutocrats blithely to Washington go
To work on these national jobs of defense
At an annual payment of ninety-nine cents
We
Who agree
That we're mightily gifted,
Loftily lifted,
Like hawks looking down on the life of the flea,
Should perch in disdain
On our own higher plane
When Liberty clamors for brains such as ours
To properly punish those mean Central Powers?"

"Oh, Pandlewheel Pouch!" This was Wynnie's sweet coo.
"You wonderful man!
You have always a plan—
Now what should we do?"

"We should fly to our typewriters, quickly begin—
Let the central idea be How We Can Win.
Let each give his theory, brutal or kind,
To show to the bourgeoisie's stultified mind
That victory lies with the fellows who think."
Here Pandlewheel called for another sweet drink.

Then Launcelot Jinnie spoke, calm and serene:
"I've a story on hand
That is perfectly grand—
Rejected nine times by the Pink Magazine.
'Tis a flight on Parnassus
Too long for the masses.
'Tis called Fledgely Twillit—the name of my hero—
Who, deep in his study,
Bemoaning war's waste in the trenches so muddy,
Decides that the Kaiser, like Claudian Nero,
Is cowardly at heart.
'Let me do my part!'
Said he—
Chapter Three.
And you see
Fledgely, disguised as an aeroplane dentist,
Fly to Berlin, with an airman apprenticed.
There he sets himself up as a dentist Germanic—
And the Kaiser comes down with a toothache satanic!
See Chapter Nine—
The plot is all mine—
The Kaiser lies flat in the big dental chair,
His mouth is wide open, a prop in his jaw.
So well is he gagged that he only can glare
And answer all questions with something like 'Gaw!'
Then Fledgely leans over, all primed for the trial,
Clutched in his fingers a mean-looking vial—
A drug of his managin',
Rank with cyanogen—
'Tyrant!' he murmurs in accents refined.
'This liquid is poison, the pizenest kind;
Into the depths of your militant throttle
I'll empty this bottle
Unless you consent
To a general peace
With the truthful intent
That armaments cease;
Give back to France
Alsace-Lorraine
And a fair living chance
To folks who are plain;
Evacuate Belgium, grant Polish autonomy,
Pack up for Elba, to live in economy.'"

"What is War, May I Ask, to a Genius Like Mine,
Which is Frequently Human and Always Divine?"

Here Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch
Drawled forth from his super-Byronical slouch:
"I am planning an article, keen to my duty,
Designed to teach Germans a new sense of beauty—
A worship of Nature,
Neglected by Reichstag or State Legislature:
A worship of trees,
Blossoms and bees.
Don't you see? Where they're now spreading death and disease,
Cutting down orchards and poisoning wells,
Turning green fields into shell-pitted hells,
Plowing rich farms with the devil's own furrows,
Their minds we'll divert
From the madness to hurt
By sending them volumes of Burbank and Burroughs,
Or E. Thompson Seton;
No more they'll be eaten
By warlike ambish.
With one common wish
They fly back to Nature, stop fighting, be beaten."

Then Wynnie Moore Pynnie, who dreamed in her slumbers
Wonderful things in the science of numbers,
Outlined an article, teeming with lore,
To put the world on
How the war could be won
If Wilson would change his front name to Kalore.
Ethelwynde Grouch solved the fuel situation—
Showed how to conquer the Hun without scratches
If men, women, children, all over the nation,
Carefully hoarded the stubs of burnt matches.

"And now," thundered Pandlewheel Pouch, "to our work—
Let none be a slacker or conscienceless shirk!"
So up from the table they rose in a wink
And left the poor waiter to ponder and think:
"It's all very well—but who pays for the drink?"
And for many days after sweet Washington Square
Was thrilled to the quick
By the busy click-click
Of typewriters rasping the roseate air.

II

A FEW weeks had passed when, with manner methodical,
Judkins, the head of a he-periodical,
Sat at his desk in the process affecting
Known to the publishing trade as "rejecting."

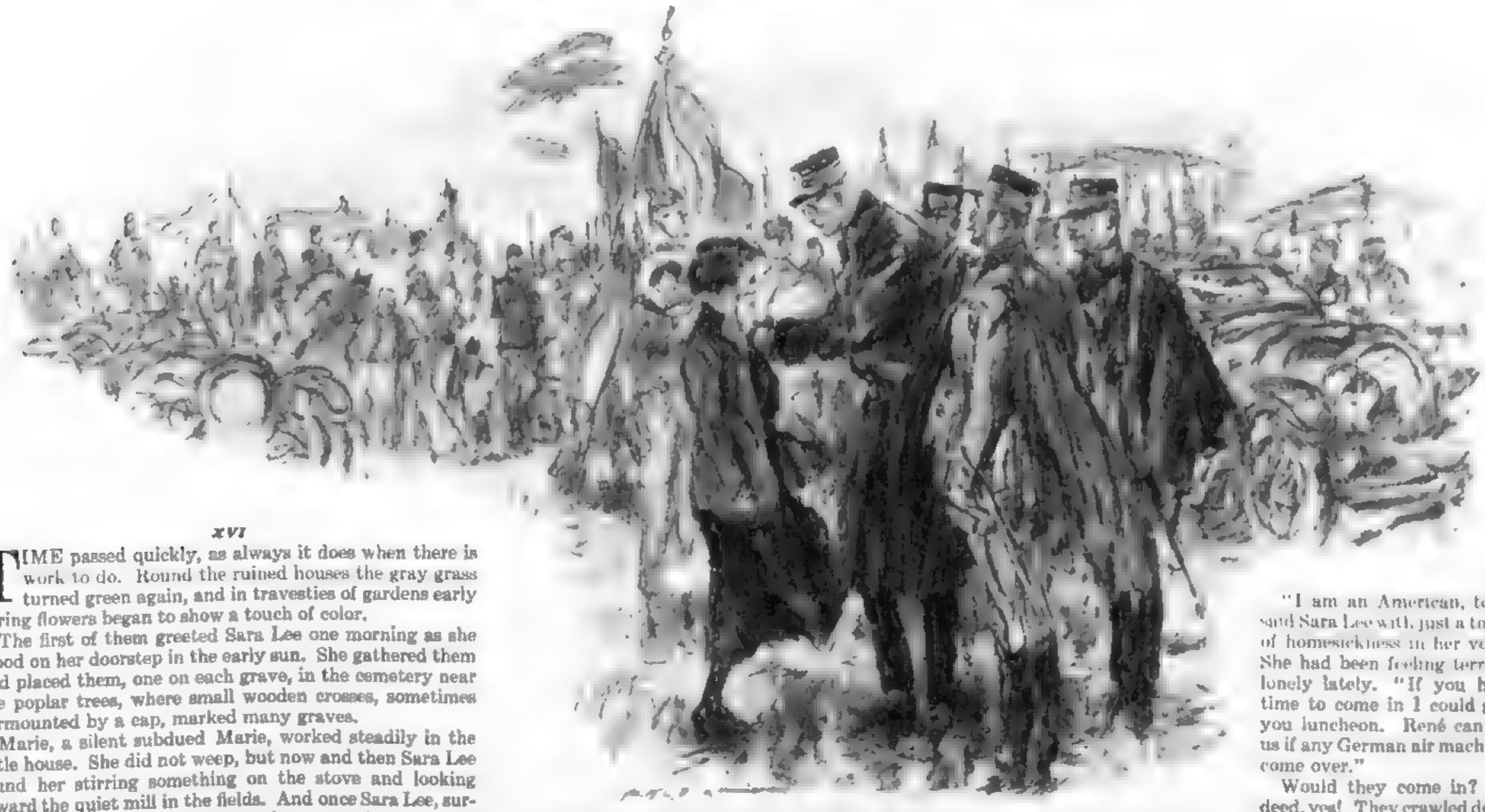
Continued on Page 47

Here Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch Drawled Forth From His Super-Byronical Slouch:
"I am Planning an Article, Keen to My Duty, Designed to Teach Germans a New Sense of Beauty"

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Sara Lee Hoped That, Wherever Uncle James Might be in That World of the Gone Before, He Might Know What Was Happening to Her—or Even See It

XVI

TIME passed quickly, as always it does when there is work to do. Round the ruined houses the gray grass turned green again, and in travesties of gardens early spring flowers began to show a touch of color.

The first of them greeted Sara Lee one morning as she stood on her doorstep in the early sun. She gathered them and placed them, one on each grave, in the cemetery near the poplar trees, where small wooden crosses, sometimes surmounted by a cap, marked many graves.

Marie, a silent subdued Marie, worked steadily in the little house. She did not weep, but now and then Sara Lee found her stirring something on the stove and looking toward the quiet mill in the fields. And once Sara Lee, surprising that look on her face, put her arms about the girl and held her for a moment. But she did not say anything. There was nothing to say.

With the opening up of the spring came increased movement and activity among the troops. The beach and the sand dunes round La Panne were filled with drilling men, Belgium's new army. Veterans of the winter, at rest behind the lines, sat in the sun and pared potatoes for the midday meal. Convalescents from the hospital appeared in motley garments from the Ambulance Ocean and walked along the water front, where the sea, no longer gray and sullen, rolled up in thin white lines of foam to their very feet. Winter straw came out of wooden sabots. Winter-bitten hands turned soft. Canal boats blossomed out with great washings. And the sentry at the gun emplacement in the sand up the beach gave over gathering sticks for his fire, and lay, when no one was about, in a hollow in the dune, face to the sky.

So spring came to that small fragment of Belgium which had been saved—spring and hope. Soon now the great and powerful Allies would drive out the Huns, and all would be as it had been. Splendid rumors were about. The Germans were already yielding at La Bassée. There was to be a great drive along the entire Front, and hopefully one would return home in time for the spring planting.

A sort of informal council took place occasionally in the little house. Maps replaced the dressings on the table in the *salle à manger*, and junior officers, armed with Sara Lee's box of pins, thrust back the enemy at various points and proved conclusively that his position was untenable. They celebrated these paper victories with Sara Lee's tea, and went away the better for an hour or so of hope and tea and a girl's soft voice and quiet eyes.

Now and then there was one, of course, who lagged behind his fellows, with a yearning tenderness in his face that a glance from the girl would have quickly turned to love. But Sara Lee had no coquetry. When, as occasionally happened, there was a bit too much fervor when her hand was kissed, she laid it where it belonged—to loneliness and the spring—and became extremely maternal and very, very kind. Which—both of them—are death blows to young love.

The winter floods were receding. Along the Yser Canal mud-caked flats began to appear, with here and there rusty tangles of barbed wire. And with the lessening of the flood came new activities to the little house. The spring drive was coming. There was spring indeed, everywhere but in Henri's heart.

Day after day messages were left with Sara Lee by men in uniform—sometimes letters, sometimes a word. And these she faithfully cared for until such time as Jean came for them. Now and then it was Henri who came, but when he stayed in the village he made his headquarters at the house of the mill. There, with sacking over the windows, he wrote his reports by lamplight, reports which Jean carried back to the villa in the fishing village by the sea.

However, though he no longer came and went as before, Henri made frequent calls at the house of mercy. But now he came in the evenings, when the place was full of men. Sara Lee was doing more dressings than before. The semi-armistice of winter was over, and there were nights when a row of wounded men lay on the floor in the little *salle à manger* and waited, in a sort of dreadful quiet, to be taken away.

Rumors came of hard fighting farther along the line, and sometimes, on nights when the clouds hung low, the flashes of the guns at Ypres looked like incessant lightning. From the sand dunes at Nieuport and Dixmude there was firing also, and the air seemed sometimes to be full of scouting planes.

The Canadians were moving toward the Front at Neuve Chapelle at that time. And one day a lorry, piled high with boxes, rolled and thumped down the street, and halted by René.

"Rather think we are lost," explained the driver, grinning sheepishly at René.

There were four boys in khaki on the truck, and not a word of French among them. Sara Lee, who rolled her own bandages now, heard the speech and came out.

"Good gracious!" she said, and gave an alarmed glance at the sky. But it was the noon hour, when every real German abandons war for food, and the sky was empty.

The boys cheered perceptibly. Here was at last someone who spoke a Christian tongue.

"Must have taken the wrong turning, miss," said one of them, saluting.

"Where do you want to go?" she asked. "You are very close to the Belgian Front here. It is not at all safe."

They all saluted; then, staring at her curiously, told her.

"Dear me!" said Sara Lee. "You are a long way off. And a long way from home too."

They smiled. They looked; with their clean-shaven faces, absurdly young after the bearded Belgian soldiers.

"I am an American, too," said Sara Lee with just a touch of homesickness in her voice. She had been feeling terribly lonely lately. "If you have time to come in I could give you luncheon. René can tell us if any German air machines come over."

Would they come in? Indeed, yes! They crawled down off the lorry, and took off their caps, and ate every particle of food in the house. And, though they were mutely curious at first, soon they were asking questions. How long had she been there? What did she do? Wasn't it dangerous?

"Not so dangerous as it looks," said Sara Lee, smiling. "The Germans seldom bother the town now. It is not worth while."

Later on they went over the house. They climbed the broken staircase and stared toward the break in the poplar trees, from the roofless floor above.

"Some girl!" one of them said in an undertone.

The others were gazing intently toward the Front. Never before had they been so close. Never had they seen a ruined town. War, until now, had been a thing of Valcartier, of a long voyage, of much drill in the mud of Salisbury Plain. Now here they saw what war could do.

"Damn them!" said one of the boys suddenly. "Fellows, we'll get back at them soon."

So they went away, a trifle silent and very grateful. But before they left they had a glimpse of Sara Lee's room, with the corner gone, and Harvey's picture on the mantel.

"Some girl!" they repeated as they drove up the street. It was the tribute of inarticulate youth.

Sara Lee went back to her bandages and her thoughts. She had not a great deal of time to think, what with the officers stopping in to fight their paper-and-pin battles, and with letters to write and dressings to make and supplies to order. She began to have many visitors—officers from the French lines, correspondents on tours of the Front, and once even an English cabinet member, who took six precious lumps of sugar in his tea and dug a piece of shell out of the wall with his pocketknife as a souvenir.

Once a British aviator brought his machine down in the field by the mill, and walked over with the stiff stride of a man who has been for hours in the air. She gave him tea and bread and butter, and she learned then of the big fighting that was to come.

When she was alone she thought about Henri. Generally her thoughts were tender; always they were grateful. But she was greatly puzzled. He had said that he loved her. Then, if he loved her, why should he not be gentle and kind to her? Men did not hurt the women they loved. And, because she was hurt, she was rather less than just. He had not asked her to marry him. He had said that he loved her, but that was different. And the insidious poison of Harvey's letter about foreigners began to have its effect.

In the Cemetery Near the Poplar Trees Small Wooden Crosses, Sometimes Surmounted by a Cap, Marked Many Graves

The truth was that she was tired. The strain was telling on her. And at a time when she needed every moral support Henri had drawn off behind a wall of misery, and all her efforts at a renewal of their old friendship only brought up against a sort of stony despair.

There were times, too, when she grew a little frightened. She was so alone. What if Henri went away altogether? What if he took away the little car, and his protection, and the supplies that came so regularly? It was not a selfish fear. It was for her work that she trembled.

For the first time she realized her complete dependence on his good will. And now and then she felt that it would be good to see Harvey again, and be safe from all worry, and not have to depend on a man who loved her as Henri did. For that she never doubted. Inexperienced as she was in such matters, she knew that the boy loved her. Just how wildly she did not know until later; too late to undo what the madness had done.

Then one day a strange thing happened. It had been raining, and when in the late afternoon the sun came out it gleamed in the puddles that filled the shell holes in the road and set to a red blaze the windows of the house of the mill.

First, soaring overhead, came a half dozen friendly planes. Next, the eyes of the enemy having thus been blinded, so to speak, there came a regiment of fresh troops, swinging down the street for all the world as though the German Army was safely drinking beer in Munich. They passed René, standing open-mouthed in the doorway, and one wag of a Belgian boy, out of sheer joy of spring, did the goose step as he passed the little sentry and, head screwed round in the German salute, crossed his eyes over his impudent nose.

Came, then, the planes. Came the regiment, which turned off into a field and there spread itself, like a snake uncoiling, into a double line. Came a machine, gray and battered, containing officers. Came a general with gold braid on his shoulder, and a pleasant smile. Came the strange event.

The general found Sara Lee in the *salle à manger* cutting cotton into three-inch squares, and he stood in the doorway and bowed profoundly.

"Mademoiselle Kennedy?" he inquired.

Sara Lee replied to that, and then gave a quick thought to her larder. Because generals usually meant tea. But this time at last Sara Lee was to receive something, not to give. She turned very white when she was told, and said she had not deserved it; she was indeed on the verge of declining, not knowing that there are certain things one does not decline. But Marie brought her hat and jacket—a smiling, tremulous Marie—and Sara Lee put them on.

The general was very tall. In her short skirt and with flying hair she looked like a child beside him as they walked across the fields. Suddenly Sara Lee was terribly afraid she was going to cry.

The troops stood rigidly at attention. And a cold wind flapped Sara Lee's skirts, and the guns hammered at Ypres, and the general blew on his fingers.

And soon a low open car came down the street and the King got out. Sara Lee watched him coming—his tall, slightly stooped figure, his fair hair, his plain blue uniform. Sara Lee had never seen a king before, and she had always thought of them as sitting up on a sort of platform—never as trudging through spring mud.

"What shall I do?" she asked nervously.

"He will shake hands, mademoiselle. Bow as he approaches. That is all."

The amazing interlude, indeed! With Sara Lee being decorated by the King, and troops drawn up to do her honor, and over all the rumbling of the great guns. A palpitating and dazed Sara Lee, when the decoration was fastened to her black jacket, a Sara Lee whose hat blew off at exactly the worst moment and rolled, end on, like a hoop, into a puddle.

But, oddly, she did not mind about the hat. She had only one conscious thought just th.. : She hoped that, wherever Uncle James might be in .. world of the gone before, he might know what was happening to her—or even see it.

He would have liked it. He had believed in the Belgians and in the King. And now ——

The King did not go at once. He went back to the little house and went through it. And he and one of his generals climbed to the upper floor, and the King stood looking out silently toward the land he loved and which for a time was no longer his.

He came down after a little, stooping his tall figure in the low doorway, and said he would like some tea. So Marie put the kettle on, and Sara Lee and the King talked. It was all rather dazing. Every now and then she forgot certain instructions whispered her by the general, and after a time the King said: "Why do you do that, mademoiselle?"

For Sara Lee, with an intent face and moving lips, had been stepping backward.

Sara Lee flushed to the eyes.

"Because, sire, I was told to remain at a distance of six feet."

"But we are being informal," said the King, smiling. "And it is a very little room."

Sara Lee, who had been taught in the schoolroom that kings are usurpers of the divine rights of the people—Sara Lee lost just a bit of her staunch democracy that day. She saw the King of the Belgians for what he really was, a ruler, but a symbol as well. He represented his country, as the flag she loved represented hers. The flag was America, the King was Belgium. That was all.

It was a very humble and flushed Sara Lee who watched the gray car go flying up the street later on. She went in and told the whole story to Harvey's picture, but it was difficult to feel that he was hearing. His eyes were turned away and his face was set and stern. And at last she gave it up. This thing which meant so much to her would never mean anything to Harvey. She knew, even then, what he would say:

"Decorate you! I should think they might. Medals are cheap. Everybody over there is getting medals. You feed their men and risk your life and your reputation, and they give you a thing to pin on. It's cheap at the price."

And later on those were Harvey's very words. But, to be fair to him, they were but the sloughing of a wound that would not heal.

That evening Henri came again. He was, for the first time, his gay self again—at least on the surface. It was as though, knowing what he was going into, he would leave with Sara Lee no feeling, if he never returned, that she had inflicted a lasting hurt. He was everywhere in the little house, elbowing his way among the men with his cheery nonsense, bantering the weary ones until they smiled, carrying hot water for Sara Lee and helping her now and then with a bad dressing.

"If you would do it in this fashion, mademoiselle," he would say, "with one turn of the bandage ——"

"But it won't hold that way."

"You say that to me, mademoiselle? I who have taught you all you know of bandaging?"

They would wrangle a bit, and end by doing it in Sara Lee's way.

He had a fund of nonsense that he drew on, too, when a dressing was painful. It would run like this, to an early accompaniment of groans: "Say, Pierre, what can you put in your left hand that you cannot place in the right? Stop grunting like a pig, and think, man!"

Pierre would give a final rumble and begin to think deeply.

"I cannot think. I —— In my left hand, *monsieur le capitaine?*"

"In your left hand."

The little crowd in the dressing room would draw in close about the table to listen.

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Idiot!" Henri would say. "Your right elbow, man!"

And the dressing was done.

He had an inexhaustible stock of such riddles, almost never guessed. He would tell the answer and then

He Got Away—He Did Not Clearly Remember Now—and at Dawn He Fell Into the Belgian Farmhouse, Apparently Dying

laugh delightedly. And pain seemed to leave the little room when he entered it.

It was that night that Henri disappeared.

XVII

THERE was a question to settle, and it was for Henri to do it. Two questions, indeed. One was a matter of engineering, and before the bottom fell out of his world Henri had studied engineering. The second was more serious.

For the first, this thing had happened. Of all the trenches to be held, the Belgians had undeniably the worst. Properly speaking they were not trenches at all, but shallow gutters dug a foot or two into the saturated ground and then built man-high with bags of earth or sand. Here and there they were not dug at all, but were purely shelters, against a railway embankment, of planks or sandbags, and reënforced by rails from the deserted track behind which they were hidden.

For this corner of Belgium had been saved by turning it into a shallow lake. By opening the gates in the dikes the Allies had let in the sea and placed a flood in front of the advancing enemy. The battle front was a reeking pond. The opposing armies lived like duck hunters in a swamp. To dig a foot was to encounter water. Machine guns here and there sat but six inches above the yellow flood. Men lay in pools to fire them. To reach outposts were narrow paths built first of bags of earth—a life sometimes for every bag. And, when this filling was sufficient, on top a path of fascines, bound together in bundles, made a footway.

For this reason the Belgians approached their trenches not through deep cuts which gave them shelter but with no other cover than the darkness of night. During the day they lay in their shallow dugouts, cut off from any connection with the world behind them. Food, cooked miles away, came up at night, cold and unappetizing. For water—having exhausted their canteens—there was nothing but the brackish tide before them, ill smelling and reeking of fever. Water carts trundled forward at night, but often they were far too few.

The Belgians, having faced their future through long years of anxiety, had been trained to fight. In a way they had been trained to fight a losing war, for they could not hope to defeat their greedy neighbor on the east. But now they found themselves fighting almost not at all, condemned to inactivity, to being almost passively slaughtered by enemy artillery, and to living under such conditions as would have sapped the courage of a less desperate people.

To add to the difficulties, not only did the sea encroach, turning a fertile land into a salt marsh, but the winter rains, unusually heavy that tragic first winter, and lacking their usual egress to the sea, spread the flood. There were many places well back of the lines where fields were flooded, and where roads, sadly needed, lost themselves in unfordable wallows of mud and water.

Henri then, knowing all this—none better—had his first question to settle, which was this: As spring advanced the flood had commenced to recede. Time came when, in those trenches now huddled shallow behind the railway track, one could live in a certain comfort. In the deeper ones the bottom of the trench appeared for the first time.

On a day previous, however, the water had commenced to come back. There had been no rain, but little by little in a certain place yellow, ill-smelling little streams began to seep sluggishly into the trenches.

At first the Belgian officers laid it to that bad luck that had so persistently pursued them. Then they held a conference in the small brick house with its maps and its pine tables and its picture of an American harvester on the wall, which was now headquarters.

Sitting under the hanging lamp, with an orderly making coffee at a stove in the corner, they talked it over. Henri was there, silent before his elders, but intently listening. And at last they turned to him.

"I can go and find out," he said quietly. "It is possible, though I do not see how." He smiled. "They are, I think, only drying themselves at our expense. It is a bit of German humor."

But the cry of "Calais in a month!" was in the air, and undoubtedly there had been renewed activity along the German Front near the sea. The second question to be answered was dependent on the first.

Had the Germans, as Henri said, merely shifted the water, by some clever engineering, to the Belgian trenches, or was there some bigger thing on hand? What, for instance, if they were about to attempt to drain the inundation, smash the Belgian line, and march by the Dunkirk road to Calais?

So, that night while Henri jested about Pierre's right elbow and watched Sara Lee for a smile, he had difficult work before him.

Sometime near midnight he slipped away. Jean was waiting in the street, and wrung the boy's hand.

"I could go with you," he said rather wistfully. "I ——"

"You don't speak their ugly tongue."

"I could be mute—shell shock. You could be helping me back."

But Henri only held his hand a moment and shook his head.

"You would double the risk, and—what good would it do?"

"Two pistols are better than one."

"I have two pistols, my friend," said Henri, and turned the corner of the building, past the boards René had built in, toward the house of the mill. But once out of Jean's sight he stopped a moment, his hand resting against that frail wall of Sara Lee's room. It was his good-by to her.

For three days Jean stayed in the village. He slept at the mill, but he came for his meals to the little house. Once he went to Dunkirk and brought out provisions and the mail, including Sara Lee's monthly allowance. But mostly he sat in the mill house and waited. He could not read.

"You do not eat at all, Jean," Sara Lee said to him more than once. And twice she insisted that he was feverish, and placed a hand that was somewhat marred with much peeling of vegetables on his forehead.

"I am entirely well, mademoiselle," he would say, and draw back. He had anxieties enough just now without being reminded by the touch of a woman's hand of all that he had lost.

"It is Not So Bad to Die for One's Country, Mademoiselle. The Thing That is Terrible is That One Has Died a Traitor"

Long before that Sara Lee had learned not to question Jean about Henri's absences. Even his knowledge now that she knew something of Henri's work did not remove the barrier. So Sara Lee waited, as did Jean, but more helplessly. She knew something was wrong, but she had not Jean's privilege of going at night to the trenches and there waiting, staring over the gray water with its ugly floating shadows, for Henri to emerge from the flood.

Something rather forced and mechanical there was those days in her work. Her smile was rather set. She did not sleep well. And one night she violated Henri's orders and walked across the softened fields to beyond the poplar trees.

There was nothing to see except an intermittent flash from the clouds that hung low over the sea at Nieuport, where British gunboats were bombarding the coast; or the steady streaks from the Ypres salient, where night and day the guns never rested.

From the Belgian trenches, two thousand feet away, there was no sound. A German electric signal blazed its message in code, and went out quickly. Now and then a rifle shot, thin and sharp, rang out from where, under the floating starlights, keen eyes on each side watched for movements on the other.

Sara Lee sat down under a tree and watched for awhile. Then she found herself crying softly. It was all so sad, and useless, and cruel. And somewhere there ahead was Henri, Henri with his blue eyes, his smile, the ardor of his young arms—Henri, who had been to her many friends.

Sara Lee had never deceived herself about Henri. She loved him. But she was quite certain she was not in love with him, which is entirely different. She knew that this last was impossible, because she was engaged to Harvey. What was probably the truth was that she loved them both in entirely different ways. Men have always insisted on such possibilities, and have even asserted their right, now and then, to love two women at the same time. But women are less frank with themselves.

And, in such cases, there is no grand passion. There are tenderness, and the joy of companionship, and sometimes a touching dependence. But it is not a love that burns with a white fire.

Perhaps Sara Lee was one of those women who are always loved more than they love. There are such women, not selfish, not seeking love, but softly feminine, kind, appealing

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands. For the same reason newsdealers' supplies may also at times be late.

Behind the Lines

NOW and then we get a real glimpse of Germany. We see hunger, suffering, a deep unrest. We also see war profits; wages relatively quite as high as here or in England; theaters all open and doing brisk business; various evidences of liberal spending, as when a collection of art objects fetches prices such as were never heard of before the war. In short, we see the phenomena of what are commonly called good times—free circulation of money, increased saving and increased spending too.

One of the ablest historians of the Civil War remarks that except for good times in the North—high wages, money circulating freely, war profits, liberal spending—the military disasters and disappointments of the first three years might have forced Lincoln's hand and stopped the war indecisively. In the South, on the contrary, industry of all sorts was prostrate and there was profound discouragement long before Appomattox.

There is no doubt about the importance, to a country at war, of what are called good times. We have seen recipes for winning this war—one ounce of bread, two ounces of water and two yards of crêpe per diem for each inhabitant—that would be invaluable if only we could get the Germans to adopt them.

The great need of saving to the practicable utmost and the need to keep business going present rival claims. The Government and individual judgment must strike a balance, looking at both sides.

Another After-the-War Need

MONTHS ago the Government appointed a commission, headed by Colonel House, to collect information with a view to the inevitable peace conference. That is only one item. Sensible people and governments everywhere are looking forward to the peace that must some time come and are making various preparations for it.

One particular preparation our Government should undertake early. Whenever war ends, taxes are going to assume a new importance everywhere, even in the United States. If peace came tomorrow we should have a national debt of at least ten billions when the bills were paid, probably more. Interest alone would amount to half the total Federal revenue before the war. There must be provision looking to the ultimate redemption or reduction of the debt.

Congress, with six months' effort, made a great muddle of its so-called war taxes. The acts overlap, are confused, ambiguous, and in certain respects are based on thoroughly bad principles. Every capable critic recognizes their manifold defects.

No tax bill ever framed by Congress met the requirements of the case in a scientific way. Any tax bill framed by Congress is sure to be a broth more or less spoiled by four hundred amateur cooks, all with a main view to politics.

There ought to be a committee of experts to study the whole subject afresh and lay down the principle for a scheme of taxation that will produce what revenue the Government needs, with the least burden to the public and the least inequality. It should stay on the job until an act has been drawn in clear, intelligible language.

Government and Building

PRIVATE building is one of the obvious things that need careful consideration in view of war demands. There is no real exigency as to a great part of private building; usually it can wait a year or two with no hardship to anybody. A great part of private building sets up direct competition with the Government for materials and labor that the Government needs. All of it uses capital that the Government needs. There has, in fact, been a notable decrease in private building since the United States declared war.

But as a general proposition, to put off private building is simply to create a deferred liability—fairly, to add so much to the total war debt. For population increases, houses burn and deteriorate. If they are not built this year they must be built next year or the year following.

A recent report by the American consul at London remarks that private construction in England was prohibited by law not long after the war began, and since that time none, where more than twenty-five hundred dollars was involved, has been permitted. Of course construction tributary to war, such as munition plants and necessary workingmen's houses, is not included. A technical committee finds that as a result of this at least three hundred thousand dwellings must be erected as promptly as possible after the war, mainly for the working classes in town and country. This estimate applies only to England and Wales; but in Scotland also there is about the same situation. The estimate proposes merely to cover the deficit created by stopping construction during the war. It does not look to future needs, nor does it touch the general housing problem, with overcrowding in many urban sections.

This is a large order and it is proposed that the government shall undertake it, furnishing the money, supervising the construction, regulating the rents—in short, that it shall be substantially a public enterprise.

The deferred building, then, practically adds so much to the war debt and puts the government in the rôle of house-builder and landlord. The only advantage is that the operations are shifted over to a period after the war, when the demand for materials, labor and capital will be less urgent. The case illustrates again the general fact that cutting our cloth to war demands is a more complicated problem than it seems to be at first glance.

Our Greatest Luxury

WE SHOULD say offhand that more arrant nonsense was spoken and printed about the so-called President's Bill than about any other subject that has come up in a year. This bill would authorize the President to reorganize the executive departments of the Government. It would not increase the power of the executive branch of the Government in the slightest degree. It would not in the least trench upon the proper functions of the legislative branch of the Government. Yet it was spoken of, in Congress and out, as though it involved the abdication of Congress and the erection of a dictatorship.

Nothing ever needed reorganizing more than the executive departments of the Government now need it, and no question of the invasion of the constitutional powers of one branch of the Government by another branch is really involved. But in the long professional duel for prestige between Capitol and White House, Congress has taken every opportunity to extend and consolidate its control over executive business. It will not permit a messenger boy to be hired or discharged, or a desk to be moved from a room on the south side of the corridor to a room on the north side, without its express sanction. It insists upon saying exactly how every office shall be organized, how many employees it shall have and what salary each shall receive. All this is simply for the purpose of increasing its own political pull—always with an eye to patronage. Of course it is aghast at the notion of giving the President a free hand in the matter of reorganizing the departments for which he is constitutionally responsible.

This jealous duel over prestige between Capitol and White House is the great reason why we cannot have economy and efficiency in the Government. It bars the way to a budget system. It is a stumblingblock to proper organization of the executive departments. It no doubt costs the country, by and large, as much as the interest on the national debt will come to at the end of this fiscal year.

Instead of meeting the President's proposal with an outraged negative, Congress should gladly take up the proposal and work with him in getting the Government's business done in a businesslike way.

Even in War Time

THIRTY-TWO years ago, on the fifth of last January, Benjamin Harrison, then a senator from Indiana, introduced in the Forty-ninth Congress a bill to make the Grand Cañon of the Colorado a national park. From time to time since then like bills have been introduced, and Secretary Lane remarks that no valid objection has ever been raised to them. Congress simply hasn't got round to dealing with the subject.

The area of the proposed park is nearly one thousand square miles. It contains what is commonly acknowledged to be the most wonderful natural phenomenon on earth. All of it is now national property. Part of it is embraced within two national forest reserves; a very considerable part is within the Grand Cañon Game Refuge, established in 1906. Nearly all of it was set aside as a national monument by Presidential proclamation in January, 1908. By the statute book this priceless national possession is partly a game refuge, partly a monument, partly a section of two forest reserves. That is no way to treat a masterpiece.

These various acts preserve the Grand Cañon. But under them nothing whatever has been done to make it available to the public. If over a hundred thousand persons were able to reach a point on the south rim in 1915, comfortably and inexpensively, and to see a small part of the picture, that was wholly due to private enterprise.

A bill to make the Grand Cañon a national park is now before Congress. That is the first step to a proper development of this natural gift. It involves practically no additional charge upon the Treasury.

The Government may just now be too busy with war to take up suitable plans for making the Cañon as accessible as it should be. But it is by no means too busy to pass the simple bill which will put the Cañon in its proper position of a national park. There is no rational objection to it.

Two Views of a Man

ONCE upon a time a gentleman named McAdoo was known to Wall Street as the promoter and director of an extensive local transportation enterprise involving the investment of many million dollars. Being gifted with intelligence, imagination, energy and ambition it is probable that if he had continued in that field his activities would have extended as the activities of able and ambitious men generally do. He would probably have become interested in other transportation enterprises. As his success and prestige increased, banks, railroads and insurance companies would have solicited him to accept directorships.

Then—inevitably—the newspapers and Congress would have discovered this McAdoo. They would have compiled long and damning lists of the companies he was interested in, adding up the millions of their capitalization. We should have had another national ogre: another Harriman or Morgan—beings whom we are bound to regard as sinister and malign because their business activities extended over a very large field. McAdoo would have been a name to shudder at, one of our half dozen pet monsters who not only hold the United States by the throat but are visibly choking it black in the face.

As it happened, however, the gentleman underwent a very familiar transformation. By the simple process of appointing him secretary of the treasury the President touched him with a magic wand which completely changed his nature. As secretary he handles a billion or more of public money every month. His influence is great in the Federal Reserve Board, which practically controls the country's banking system. He is arbiter of the whole railroad system of the nation. He goes to Congress with a little bill which gives him power of life or death over all corporate security issues and authorizes him to lend four billion five hundred million dollars of public money to private concerns virtually as he sees fit. In any one of his offices he possesses more actual power than all the Harrimans and Morgans rolled into one and multiplied by ten.

Is anybody alarmed thereat? Not at all. Having been touched with the official wand McAdoo is a good fairy now. If the wand had happened to miss him he would, of course, have been a spirit of darkness whose every accretion of power must be regarded with suspicion.

But, in fact, he is just the same McAdoo, with just the same integrity, and not a whit more angelic or satanic in the one situation than he would have been in the other.

The Camoufleurs of the Movies

Anybody With the Price and Time Can Wander Round the World Shooting Scenery, But It Takes Genius to Create the Same Atmosphere Right on the Lot

By ROB WAGNER

THE reason art and peace ordinarily attract so little attention is that they are not dramatic. That people get all worked up over jazz bands and war is easy to understand, for there is something exciting about them; but poor old peace and art! "Rain water and tapioca puddin'"—that's about the way the villagers regard them. It takes jazz and dynamite to convince a lot of folks.

Out here in peaceful, sunny California a bunch of artists have been plugging along for ten years, putting make-up on Mother Nature, building castles out of gas tanks, and shooting Sahara Desert scenes so natural that all the local Turks now turn toward Oxnard at sunset; and yet—nobody took the slightest notice of them.

Then along comes the big war, and all of a sudden the excited correspondents discover for the first time the grand old art of faking the scenery; and they sit right down and send in camouflage stories that have more real art in them than the work they are celebrating.

One may tell a veracious tale of how the British lads, wishing to get rid of a certain building, disguised it to look like the Carnegie Peace Temple, and in half an hour the Huns had blown it to smithereens. Then comes a rare story of how General Bung fooled the flying Fokkers by painting up his trains to look like caterpillars. And finally some comedian kicks in with a story relating how the Germans, having discovered French observers hiding in papier-mâché corpses, are now shooting up all the dead horses and soldiers in sight; but to show his resourcefulness General Pepsin is concealing his men in empty beer barrels—the only dead soldiers the boches will respect.

One would think to read the newspapers that these French camouflcurs had got up something brand, spanking new—but the game is as ancient as the world itself. Even practiced as an art, camoufaking, as we call it, is old, but the aëroplane scouts have given it new work to do, and the big noise has attracted everybody's attention to it.

Nothing New

ONE story that got front-page space in all the papers told how the British had masked the tanks with brush, so that when they advanced at Cambrai it looked to the Germans as though the whole wood was moving forward. The correspondents shot off all their finest metaphors on that story, because they thought it had tremendous originality; but the same gag was described three hundred years ago by a Mr. Shakspere, a well-known playwright of that time.

After telling how the soldiers cut down boughs and carried them before them, so as to "shadow the numbers of our host, and make discovery err in report of us," he tells how this camoufaking appeared to the other side:

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move. . . .
Within this three mile may you see it coming.

And long, long before this the stage managers of the ancient plays and pageants had been camoufaking the scenery just as the "camouflooers" are doing to-day. As for hiding in the bodies of fake horses, it seems to me that Monsieur Homer wrote a very snappy description of that gag at the siege of Troy.

When Barnum painted up a horse to look like a zebra he did it to deceive the yaps for two bits a head, yet he was only copying what the gods had done for that harmless animal so it could deceive its natural enemies. When a zebra mixes in with the bamboo or tall grass you can't sort him out with an anastigmatic lens.

In Nature the lower you go the greater the camoufaking. Insects are perfect wonders at disguising themselves like leaves, bark or other scenery—only the biologists call this protective coloration. They tell us waterfowl are white on the belly and dark on the back in order to fool the fishes below and the birds and the beasts above. The way the dickey birds conceal their nests would make some of our masked guns look like targets. No, there is nothing very new in camouflage but the word.

Naturally, new problems rise with changing conditions. During the Boer War some of the British regiments went into battle wearing red coats and white crossbelts; those that were not instantly killed were ultimately dressed in khaki color, which blended with the dust of the road. Also, so many Scotchmen were shot in the equator that the remainder were supplied with little khaki aprons that covered up those funny bull's-eye jiggers hanging from the kilties' belts.

Doing the Impossible Every Day

BUT there is no such field for the ingenuity of camoufakers in war as there is in moving pictures; here is where we have a chance to develop downright genius. The work of army artists is purposeful and within the bounds of reason, for if a general should become suddenly insane and run about giving ridiculous orders they'd shoot him in his bed or lock him in the guardhouse until he got back his buttons. But unfortunately for us studio workers there is no insanity test for directors, and we are supposed to keep our compasses boxed and make good on any technical demand of a director, however crazy it may be. We've got to the point where nothing surprises us; we may be temporarily stumped as to how we shall do the darn thing, but we really never turn down anything as impossible. Little signs placarded all over the works bravely proclaim: "It can be done!"

"Say, Gus, Bender's got a bunch of divin' Venuses from the Orpheum for to-morrow morning, and he's framin' a comedy showin' how they live with the fishes. He wants you to fix up some sort of a submarine dinkus so that they can boil eggs under water." "Oh, I say, old man, I've got to have an ape that can ride a bicycle." "Hello, Gus, is that you? Say, make me up an umbrella; the kind they used in Chile in the sixteenth century." "Mr Berger, I'm up against it. The script calls for a miracle fountain; one that's carried about the market place by two men, but keeps squirting up perfume every few seconds. Can you fix it for me?" "Say, Gus, how in the name of Mike

A Set Made With Two Curtains and a Rug—Time Ten Minutes

am I going to shoot a lot of people through a sewer under water across the bay and have them fetch up on the beach?"

All day long these are the questions tossed at me, and I'm supposed to smile and say: "Sure, let me know when you are ready to shoot, and everything will be set."

Suppose one of our geniuses comes running in and says: "Gus, I want to shoot a picture to-morrow showing Washington crossing the Alps in an open boat." I reply "Yes, sir," just like that; and furthermore, I produce the Alps and the open boat. How? Well, it's principally organization, plus genius for handling nuts.

First of all we are equipped with most amazing plants; everything from sewing machines to triphammers is at our command. The planing mill alone is as large as a "Billy" Sunday tabernacle, and besides this we have foundries, machine shops, furnaces, plaster-molding works, and scene lofts that make the stage stuff seem like a joke. In our staff of several hundred workingmen we have all kinds of artisans, from toy and wig makers up to structural engineers.

No one man builds a picture any more, as was the case in the good old days; here is where art becomes a social product. When we are about to start a new story a real old-fashioned council of war is held—the combatants being art and cost. The bosses, directors and art department first decide upon the needs; then these are gone over by the technical bunch—that's us—in collaboration with the camera man, who decides on the lighting and the various shots; after which the production department figures cost of building, transportation and salaries. When all is settled the designs of the art department are sent to us, and we go to the bat to have the sets ready for shooting on a regular schedule.

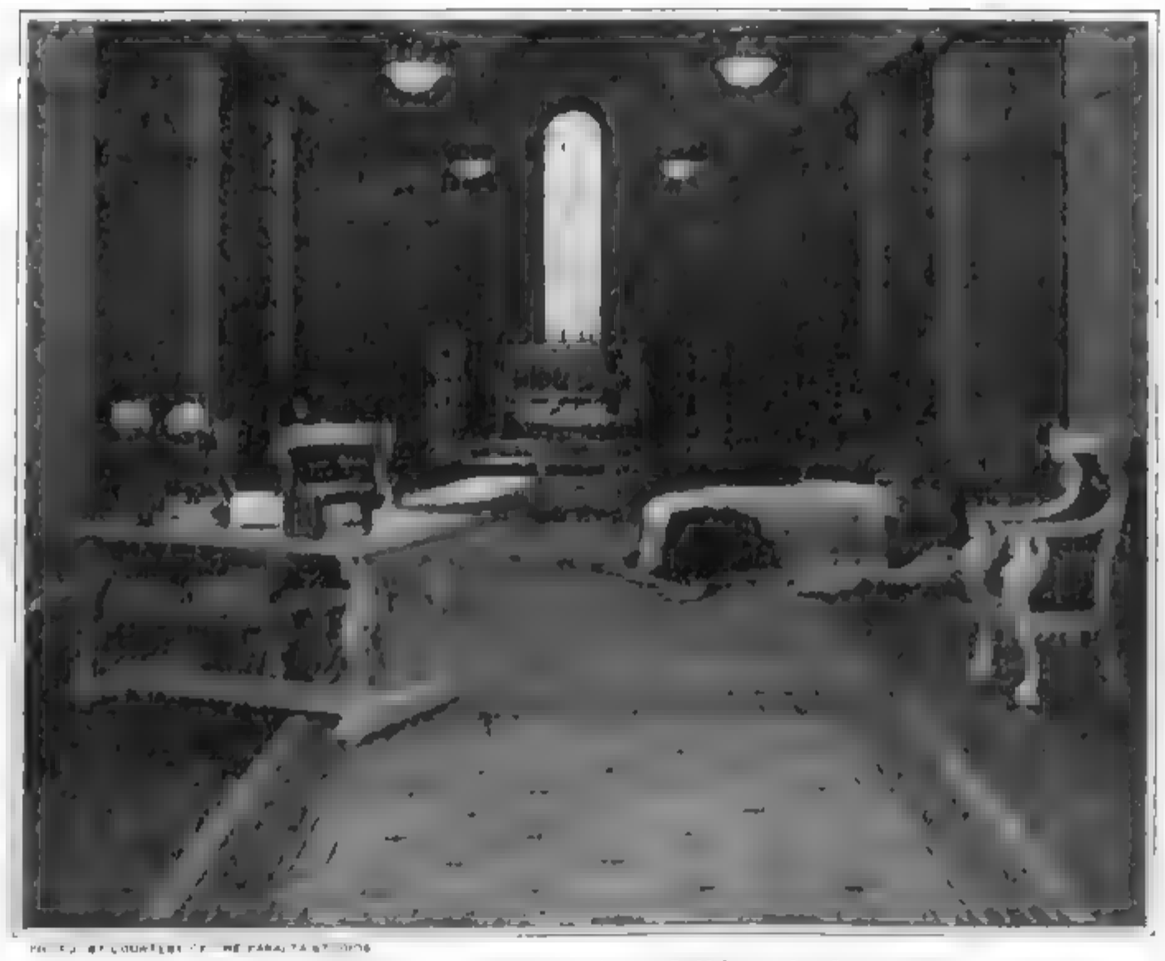
Old Methods and New

THIS may not be exciting information, but it is told so that the reader will understand that most of our work is well ordered and smooth running, and that our artistic debaucheries are not perpetual. It is also done to show that we have many sane men on the lot, and to insinuate that our æsthetic halfwits are not raving at concert pitch all the time.

No, we do a tremendous lot of ordinary routine work, but, as the demands of the pictures can never be absolutely hard-boiled, emergencies arise, new conditions develop, accidents happen, and stories often grow or change during the making; and it is here that the technical staff has to demonstrate its resourcefulness.

When I first came into the pictures there was no technical organization; a director, camera man and scene painter were about all that was necessary; and, sad to relate, the least of these was the scene painter. He had very little scenery to paint and what he did was mostly wrong. Our first pictures, being wild outdoor things of cowboys, hold-ups and choo-choo trains, were so darn realistic that a bit of stage painting would stick out like a sore thumb.

Then one purple day we tackled an interior for the first time in our celluloid lives. It was erected on the roof of an office building, and consisted of four "flats," forming the angle of



When We Build an Interior It Is as Solid as the Real Thing

a room upon whose canvas bosoms hung three beautiful pictures showing pyramids of idealized fruit. A table, rug and chair completed the set. It lacked altogether the magnificent opulence that is often seen in a modern film drawing-room, where it would seem the Eastern Outfitting Company had backed up its entire spring consignment of near-furniture, with the Chinese dragon chair in the foreground; but yet it served its purpose, for when our actors were permitted to go inside, their fields of activity were greatly increased. In real life four-fifths of our dramatic happenings take place indoors. So happy was the director in his achievement that it never seemed strange to him that the figures in this first set should move about in the full sunlight; this was before diffusers had been thought of.

After that we all went crazy over interior sets and began building them like mad. As I had had many stage successes to my credit, I thought I should put it all over my lesser brothers. But I learned that the less one knew about the stage the better, for two things had to be entirely unlearned—stage perspective and lighting.

Our perspectives were absolutely reversed. Instead of having two thousand eyes—in the audience—looking at a picture from different angles and several levels toward as many vanishing points, we now had a single eye—in the camera—and one vanishing point.

As scenery recedes on the stage it becomes smaller and smaller in very forced painted perspective, so that if an actor retreats far enough up-stage he can—as in some of the deep sets of Drury Lane—look right down the chimneys; so the farther he goes away the bigger he relatively appears. On the other hand, if he comes down-stage he grows smaller and smaller in relation to the scenery, until in the immensity of the proscenium arch he may look like a hop-toad at the entrance of the Pennsylvania Tunnel.

But the most important difference between the movies and the speakies is in the shape of the acting stage. If a stage actor is way up near the back drop his latitude is quite narrow, but as he walks toward the footlights it widens like a fan, until under the proscenium he has the full width of the stage. This process is reversed in the films, and because of this often unrecognized fact we behold some curious incongruities. Here the fan is inverted, and the farther away the actor is from the camera the wider his latitude, and as he comes forward his stage grows narrower, so that important action often takes place in a space but ten feet wide. He may even come so close that his face will block out the entire landscape.

The work of the scene painter is immensely helped on the stage by the wonderful use of lights. A good electrician can take an ordinary set from early morning through the white glare of noontide and on through the mysterious twilight to the full of the moon; but when the work of the scenic artists is suddenly transferred into the fierce white light of day it is crude, brutal and utterly lacking in atmospheric realism.

The Scene Painter's Troubles

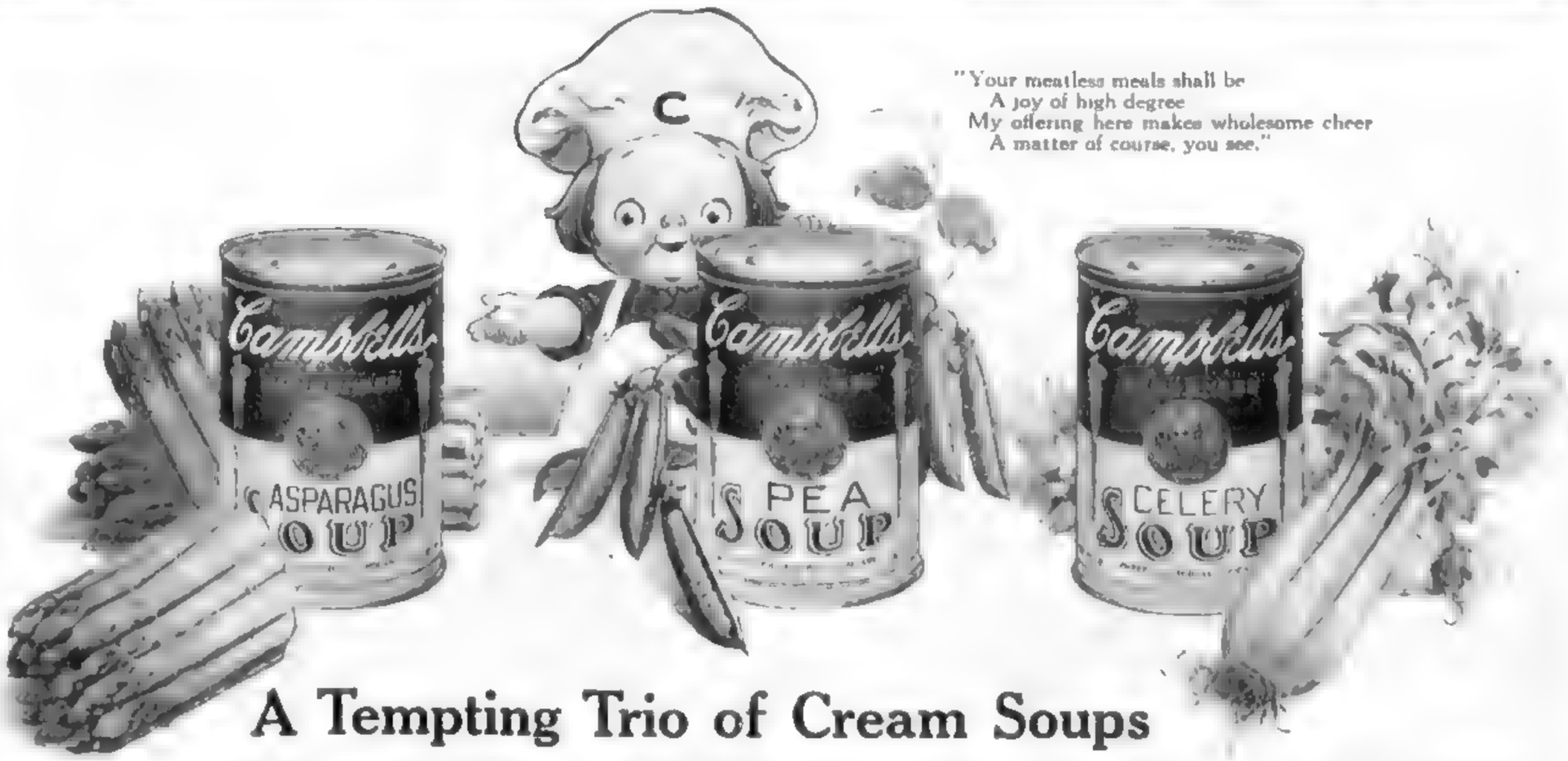
THE first drop I painted was a beautiful landscape of the high Sierras that was intended to show through a ranch-house door to the world outside, and incidentally to camouflage the dressing rooms against which it leaned only ten feet away. When the picture was shot and the film developed I realized that the deception was not successful, for I had failed to paint in the forty miles of atmosphere that the old stage electrician would have furnished me; so instead of looking like the high Sierras a long way off the effect was of a dinky mountain only a few feet away. To raise further doubts in the minds of the audience the eucalyptus I introduced in the foreground threw beautiful shadows all over the distant sky.

No, it wasn't long before we had to discard the whole bag of stage tricks; canvas walls shook worse in the cameras than they did in the wind; close-ups revealed with disgusting brutality the sham of painted woodwork, and stone walls whose edges were as straight as a mill could turn them out were not successful in their deceptions.

Now when we shoot the outside of a building it may be real brick or it may be brick-facing that comes in sheets, but we absolutely defy the camera to tell which is which; and when we build an interior we build it! From salon to kitchen, the walls, woodwork and stairways are as solid as

(Continued on Page 69)

The Sets Often Run Into Enormous Expense, Take Months to Complete, and Then Can be Used But for a Single Picture



A Tempting Trio of Cream Soups

Rich, creamy, delicate—with their fragrant aroma and fresh right-out-of-the-garden flavor—these meatless Campbell "kinds" make a tempting appeal to all who enjoy a palatable and nourishing soup.

For the regular meatless days now observed by all good citizens, for Lenten occasions and whenever you want a pleasing change from the ordinary menu you could not select a soup more appropriate and satisfying than one of this delicious trio—

Campbell's

Asparagus Soup

Made from fresh tender asparagus

They are distinctly out of the ordinary both in their delightful quality and their economic food value.

We gather these ingredients in the season when they are at their best. The asparagus and peas are grown on our own and near-by farms. The celery is of the late crop grown and developed during the ideal celery weather of the fall of the year.

We blend them with fresh milk, choice creamery butter and suitable seasoning, and by means of the Campbell method we retain all their natural sweetness and fragrance and their valuable dietetic qualities.

Served with the simple addition of hot milk instead of water any one of these inviting soups becomes even richer and more nourishing.

Pea Soup

Made from fresh green peas

The United States Department of Agriculture asserts in its Weekly Bulletin that a cream soup of this kind yields half again as much energy as the same amount of milk.

It should be remembered also that the distinctive food elements contained in these soups are of decided value in rounding out a properly balanced diet.

"Variety" is not only "the spice of life" as the proverb says but it is an important food requirement for nutrition and health.

Celery Soup

Made from fresh crisp celery

Include these delicious cream soups in your next order to the grocer. And have the benefit of their healthful variety.

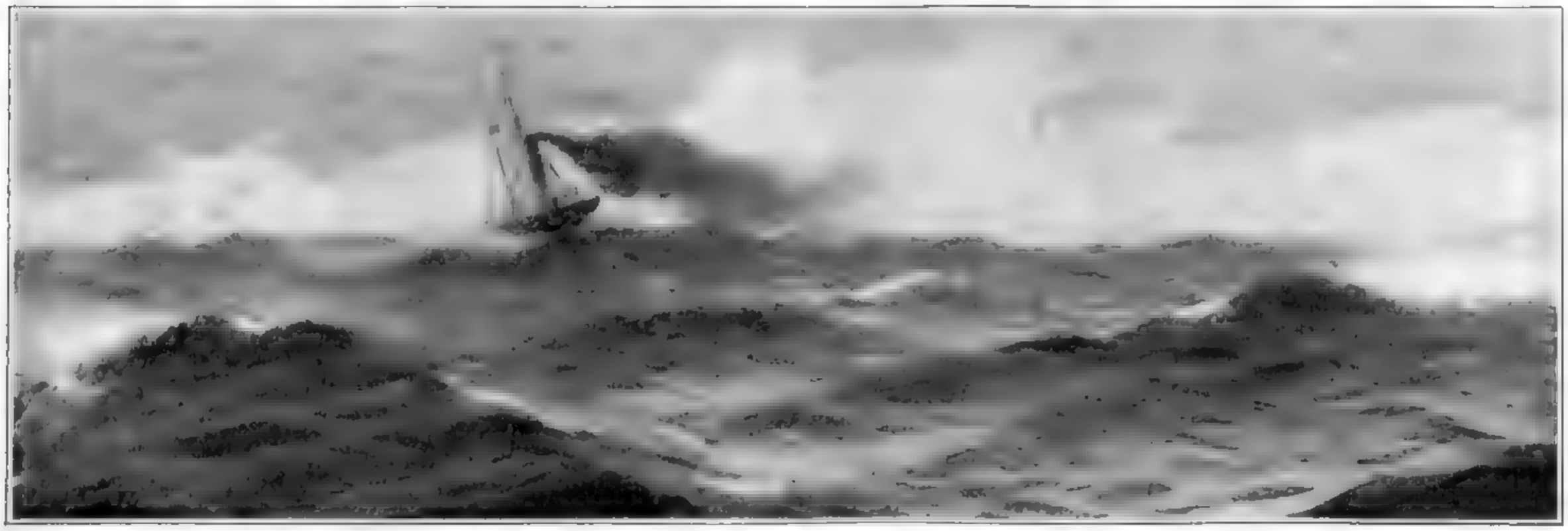
21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

U-BOATS OFF SPAIN



By Carl W. Ackerman

A NIGHT the coast of Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to Portugal, appears to be a Great White Way on the edge of the Atlantic. There are white and bluish-green lights, stationary and revolving lights, shining against the black wall of the sky and casting long, bright rays upon the blacker surface of the sea. To the sailors these great and numerous lighthouses warn of dangers along the rocky coast of Spain, but to me they were but silent sentinels of the seas.

Traveling from the United States to Spain our ship traversed the new submarine zone proclaimed by the imperial enemy from the shores of Ireland to the coast of Africa. When we reached the Azores we were standing aft one evening as a sailor appeared with a large Spanish flag, which he hoisted to the top of the long flagpole. Then a big searchlight mounted upon an upper deck cast its brilliant rays upon the colors of the neutral banner.

"What is that for?" asked a fellow passenger, who was as astonished as I was to see a flag flying after sunset.

"*Los alemanos*," he replied; "*los alemanos*."

Then for the first time we realized there were dangers even to our ship in the new zone of terror announced by the German Admiralty as the first naval move against the United States. Then we realized why Germany had not declared the American coast a war zone. It was the imperial policy to make war against our ships in European waters, where the submarines may easily be supplied.

From the Azores we journeyed direct toward the Spanish coast, and the following night our thoughts were not involved in a debate over dangers from U-boats. It was the lights along the shore, flickering far in the distance, which fascinated and astonished us. It was so unusual to see so many lighthouses and to see the blue, yellow-white and bright-white rays piercing the darkness that the sailor's remark that the flag at night was for the Germans had been forgotten.

The Mysterious Lady in Red

BY NINE o'clock the next night the Alfonso XIII had anchored in the harbor of Corunna, not far from the big Hamburg-American Line steamer which is interned there. From the shores the motor boats, rowboats and tugs rushed to where we had anchored, to take the passengers off and bring the news. It was my second visit to Corunna during the war, for I had embarked from this ancient port with Ambassador Gerard as I returned from Germany. While I was standing on deck gazing at the city and bay, which resemble at night a great Roman theater, someone touched my arm and spoke. Looking round I recognized a Spanish newspaper man whom I had met in Madrid. He was among the first to come aboard.

"Where are the German submarines that are interned here?" I asked after we had chatted about the voyage.

"U-boats?" said he. "Gone! They don't stay long."

I added that I thought when ships were interned they remained!

"Not here," he replied. "*Los alemanos*," he continued with a shrug of his shoulders; "*los alemanos*—they get away!

"You know about Corunna?" he asked; and I shook my head inquiringly.

"The Spanish Armada left here—this harbor, you know; and—well, since that fatal day Spain has not had a strong navy, and the Germans—they get away!"

The Madrid journalist had come aboard with the customs officials and port authorities, who brought the information that forty-four American sailors were landed in Corunna from the wreckage of an American transport which had been torpedoed off the coast. They were the survivors of a crew of ninety-two.

"Are there submarines off the coast?" I asked.

"Always," was the reply. "They are waiting out there for the Americans now."

The announcement of the third officer that the first-class passengers could go ashore interrupted the conversation, and the Spaniard and I walked to the portside landing stage to watch them leave, for it was my intention to journey on to Santander, two days farther up the coast. A cluster of lights had been dropped from the bridge to light the steps which led down to the water's edge, and scores of small boats, which were waiting to take the people ashore, were packed against each other like fish in a bait box. We listened to the boatmen as they bargained with the passengers, and watched, too, our fellow passengers as they bargained back.

"The young lady in red," I remarked to the newspaper man, as a slender, dark-complexioned little woman descended the steps, "that lady has been the mystery of the ship."

"*Los alemanos?*" He smiled and asked, "*Por los alemanos?*"

I had to answer his query by repeating his phrase and adding, "Yes, for the Germans."

"She told a Norwegian diplomat, after we were several days out from Havana, that her father and mother were German; that she was born in Mexico, but had been traveling throughout the United States, especially during the past summer."

I made this explanation because I was curious to know who would meet her in Spain.

"Have you ever seen her here?" I asked. "The Norwegian told me he had met her on Spanish ships three times during the spring and fall, and she told him she had made ten trips, five round trips in ten months."

"I don't recognize her," he emphasized the pronoun; "but *los alemanos*—they have people going back and forth all the time, and mostly women."

By midnight passengers were landed, fresh vegetables and fish had been hoisted aboard, the Corunna authorities and the newspaper writer left, the landing stage was taken apart and the Alfonso XIII steamed out into the black Bay of Biscay. The next day at Gijón, one of the chief coal ports of Spain, coolies working all day long unloaded coal from two small tenders which had pulled up alongside, and the following morning at daybreak we were in the beautiful harbor before Santander, one of the summer residences of the king.

Here in the bay there was another German ship anchored.

"Where is the submarine that was interned here?" I asked one of the dock officials.

"It's gone," he answered brusquely, and walked away.

Along the shore, round the wharves, idling along the sidewalks and in the cafés were hundreds if not thousands of unemployed. This is one's first impression of Spain. There are so many idle men that some of the cities seem to be like great factories without work, and upon the lips of the masses are the words, food, war and revolution. As one travels on to Bilbao, however, the second largest industrial city of the peninsula, one finds the great industries working night and day. Streets are crowded with wagons, trams and automobiles, and along the sidewalks rush the thousands of busy citizens and foreigners. Hotels and restaurants are crowded with English, Belgian, French and German industrial leaders, each vying with the other for control of the great resources of this port. In one of the hotels I met an American business man who had been traveling in Spain for a large Pennsylvania corporation. I asked him about the idleness in Santander, the activity in Bilbao, and remarked that Spain seemed to be a nation of contradictions.

"What one sees on the surface is true underneath," he remarked.

"And the Germans?" I asked. "What are they doing?"

"Working like the devil," was the quick reply.

"Their most important work is buying newspapers and magazines. They have two daily newspapers in Santander and as many here. Their press bureau in Barcelona is publishing books about Germany now, written by Germans but signed with Spanish names, and the traveling salesmen for all the big German firms, such as the A. E. G., the big electrical concern, the Siemann-Schukurt Werke and others, carry these books with them into every city and town."

Spanish Workmen in France

"IT'S their regular work—propaganda," he continued; "and what is important is that they are getting away with it everywhere except here in Bilbao. Bilbao, and especially the Basque Province, is friendly to the United States because the people have not forgotten that the United States did not become an imperialistic nation after the Spanish-American War. In the moving-picture theaters, when the film showing the American troops in France was given, the audience applauded. And our troops," he added with just pride, "were the only ones which were applauded, despite the German propaganda."

"Is the unemployment question here as serious as formerly?" I asked.

"No, and yes," he answered. "Again there are contradictions. At one time it was very bad, but now that thousands of Spaniards are being employed in France the situation has been relieved. There would undoubtedly have been a revolution in Spain if so many workmen had not gone to the docks, factories, cafés and railroads of France. The only reasons there are uprisings and riots to-day are because so many ships are being sunk which bring supplies to Spain, especially raw materials; secondly, because of the large shipments of food to France; and thirdly, because ships carrying Spanish products to foreign countries are torpedoed."

It was interesting to learn from an American business man the industrial conditions of Spain; but when he mentioned the loss of ships and the effect of Germany's submarine war upon this, the greatest neutral country of Europe, I asked him about the U-boats off Spain.

"There is no doubt about it," he said. "The most important submarine supply stations that Germany has are along the Spanish coasts."

"Hidden?" I asked.

(Concluded on Page 26)

A Real Service to the Nation

Suppose that the longer life of Republic Tires saves you only the cost of one full set in a year's time.

Isn't that well worth considering?

That the Prōdium Process of toughening Republic Rubber—a secret formula—does increase mileage and reduce the yearly investment, is a certainty.

Any Republic user who has kept a record will tell you so.

You can study the effect of this Prōdium Process on any Republic Tire which has traveled a considerable distance.

The wear on the tread, you will notice, is uniform and even.

The tire wears down slowly—like a piece of steel—as we have so often said.

And yet—the Republic abounds with life, and spring, and resilience.

If the Republic reduces the yearly tire-bill by only one set—isn't that a service of some size to the nation?

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Concluded from Page 24)

"Most of them, yes. But a great deal of the work is open and ——" And he shrugged his shoulders.

"You mean that Spanish neutrality is openly violated?" I suggested.

"Well," he answered, "the submarines come into ports like Santander, Corunna, Gijón and Bilbao at night. They get supplies or information about shipping, and leave. There are cases on record at Santander where sometimes the submarines come alongside interned German liners, make repairs at night and then silently depart. Every German submarine—I believe there are no exceptions—that has been interned has escaped, unless it was so badly damaged it could not get away. It is no secret that they get supplies. It is well known that they get information about sailings, and at night the submarines sleep just off the coast in the Bay of Biscay.

"Formerly they received their information by wireless from secret German stations in Spain, but that has been stopped, and now they have a new system which I believe has just begun to work."

"Yes?" I questioned and interrupted; "and what is that?"

"It's an elaborate light-signal system from shore."

Again I interrupted, "Could it be possible that those lights along the edge of the Atlantic, those lights we saw as we approached the Spanish coast, were signals to submarines?" I put the question directly to him.

"Not all of them, of course," he answered; "but one or two, perhaps more. It is not known exactly. Only within the past few days have the Germans been discovered, and I believe the investigation has not gone far enough as yet to prove a violation of Spain's neutrality; but there is no doubt that some stations have been erected and that signals are being sent."

His statements were almost beyond belief. Had I not been able to recall the flicker and the penetrating rays of those many colored lights as our ship approached the coast I should have doubted his word. I told him how impressed I had been by the lighthouses, which were so numerous that they have been taken for the lights of a city at midnight.

"So you saw them, did you?" he asked.

"I cannot say I saw what you refer to," was my answer; "but I saw some lights which I thought were lighthouses."

"That coast of Spain is very rocky," he continued, "and there are a great many lighthouses. The German agents apparently have taken advantage of this and added a few more for the submarine commanders."

"Is it certain that this has been done?" I asked, not desiring to interrupt his story but to confirm my impressions.

The Flashlight Telegraph

"It has been established that German agents have built, at great expense, light-signal stations on the tops of several mountains, from the French border near San Sebastian, across the range of mountains which fringes the shore, to the boundary of Portugal. Messages can be sent in the German secret code from one station to another, and then they can be relayed to the submarines at sea. So far I believe the messages have not been picked up by the Allied or American warships, but messages have been seen to pass from one mountain to another."

Not many days later I had an opportunity to confirm the statements which this American had made.

That the Spanish coast is one of the most important fields for submarine operations is acknowledged by the German press. Weekly reports of sinkings are sent from Madrid to Berlin via the German wireless tower in Spain, which has the right to send code messages. Besides official reports, the correspondent of the Wiener Telegraphische Korrespondenz Buero is permitted to wireless the U-boat toll at regular intervals.

Twelve ships, according to one German report, were torpedoed by submarines "near" or in "the neighborhood" of the Spanish and Portuguese ports: Gijón, Alicante, Cartagena, Valencia and Oporto. This announcement, too, shows the importance of the Spanish submarine zone to the German Admiralty.

When I received these reports I asked myself: "What is Germany's real object? Do the submarines operate here because there are no dangers from mines or because they can get supplies and information? Or is Germany preparing to use Spain as a base for operations against the United States if the war continues and America becomes a great factor in military operations on the Continent?"

These questions could not be answered immediately, and I left Bilbao for San Sebastian—from the city of great foundries and industries to Spain's greatest seaside resort. As I was walking along the beach one day I saw far out over the bay two hydroplanes flying from the direction of France out to sea searching for submarines. From San Sebastian I traveled to Paris and thence to Switzerland, where I found the answers to the U-boat problems I encountered in Spain.

Berlin Miscalculated

During the fall of 1916 a crown conference was held in Berlin to decide whether the submarine war should be prosecuted ruthlessly against all shipping. After several conferences with the Kaiser the question was left to Field Marshal von Hindenburg to decide, and he returned to Great Headquarters. In January, 1917, Admiral von Holtzendorff, chief of the Admiralty Staff, wrote a long detailed letter to the field marshal declaring that if the German submarines could be ordered to sink every ship encountered upon the high seas England could be forced to sue for peace before September 1, 1917. Von Holtzendorff stated he would risk his reputation upon his recommendations. Accompanying his letter were reports from secret agents in London, which were said to demonstrate that England did not have sufficient food and war materials to continue the war if the submarines could be depended upon to cut off future supplies.

Von Hindenburg was convinced. On the Kaiser's birthday last year a conference was held at Pless, Silesia, and it was decided to begin the U-boat warfare, despite the prospects of war with the United States.

As is generally known now and acknowledged in Germany, the submarine calculations were wrong. Not only is England not conquered but the United States has been a belligerent ten months. At this critical moment for Germany another conference was held and it was decided to make preparations for fighting the United States on the high seas. There were serious objections to sending submarines into American waters, for they would be too far from home and no adequate provisions could be made to supply the submarines with torpedoes or shells in Mexico, Central America or the United States. So the Admiralty Staff decided to fight America off the coasts of Spain.

To be successful two things were necessary: Information from the United States regarding sailings of troopships and freight carriers, and large submarines which could remain away from North Sea or Belgian bases for a long period of time.

The first preparations which the enemy made were centered in Spain, to construct the light-signal system so that reports could be sent to submarines off the coast. For information from the United States women agents traveling from Havana or New York to Spain were to be depended upon. When I left Havana on the Alfonso XIII there was no search made of trunks or baggage except to discover gold. Nothing was done to prevent foreigners, even Germans, from carrying documents, newspapers or letters. The United States had taken no steps to sever the sole line of communication open for Germany between the Western Hemisphere and Spain. It is likely that before this article is printed a mail censorship for Cuba will be organized.

Just a few weeks ago the German Admiralty announced that a submarine which had been sent on a tour of investigation off the coasts of Spain and Africa had returned with important information. Upon the basis of this report the Imperial Government extended the submarine blockade to cover all possible routes from the United States to France and England. In addition a special submarine bureau was established in Berlin to plan operations against the United States.

Meanwhile the German shipyards have been busy constructing a new type of submarine cruiser. At this writing four of these have been launched and sent out upon trial trips in the Baltic and North Seas. From reliable sources they are described as the most successful submarines that the enemy has constructed. Each of the new craft has a displacement of 2400 tons and a surface speed of between eighteen and nineteen knots an hour. These submarine cruisers are armored and carry three six-inch guns and four torpedoes. The ordinary German submarine carries two torpedoes and three-inch guns. The new craft are commanded by captain-lieutenants, while the regular U-boats are under the direction of first lieutenants of the navy. The new submarines carry a crew of sixty men and sufficient war supplies and food to remain away from home supply bases two months.

Besides these submarine cruisers, the Deutschland and three other submarines which were constructed as merchant submarines have been rebuilt as mine layers, and though there are no official reports to prove the statement, there are sufficient grounds for concluding that these mine layers are to be sent out into the Atlantic to coöperate with the submarine cruisers against the United States.

Thirteen Submarine Bases

From all sources it is evident to-day that Germany has divided her submarine operations into two classes: Attacks upon American ships off the Spanish coasts with large submarine cruisers, and attacks upon ships entering and leaving British ports. It is the United States and England which Germany fears, and the ships of these two nations are to be the object of submarine torpedoes and shells. As the submarine war enters this new stage the enemy's confidence rises like mercury in a hot thermometer.

There are to-day thirteen German submarine bases, at Helgoland, Cuxhaven, Kiel, Emden, Bremen, Dantzic, Libau, Riga, Wilhelmshaven, Zeebrugge, Brunsbuttel, Listerdeep and Cattaro, Dalmatia. From these ports U-boat operations are directed in the Baltic and North Seas, in the English Channel, off the Spanish coast and in the Mediterranean. And to-day when submarines leave these harbors flags fly and the bands play. The "heroes" are sent away in somewhat the same fashion that German soldiers marched into battles in Belgium at the beginning of the war. But one thing Germany has learned during the war at sea, one thing which she will not forget—that is, that only experienced men can be intrusted with submarines. From German reports one learns that such men as Oberleutnant zur See Hersing, who brought a submarine from a German port to Constantinople in 1915, Oberleutnant Steinbrinck and Arnaut de la Perriere are still in command of submarines after two years of active service. All of them have the highest military decoration, the Pour le Mérite. Hersing holds the record in the German Navy for warships sunk by submarines, and De la Perriere has the honor for having destroyed the most freight ships. Other successful commanders are Oberleutnants zur See Yess and Lohs, who have small submarines which are used in the English Channel and off the coasts of England. Both of these men have the all-highest honors. In the Mediterranean Oberleutnant Obermueller, who has been operating, according to German reports, near Alexandria, Egypt, holds the record for ruthless destruction in that zone. Captain Paul Koenig, who commanded the Deutschland upon its trips to Baltimore and New Haven, has been relieved of his command and given a civil position in Bremen.

"Somewhere in Europe" I met a man who was an expert on the subject of the Kaiser's fleet. I trust that this statement is sufficiently indefinite to please the censor and to displease the enemy!

The Admiralty Wants Proofs

"Steinbrinck is married and has a big boat now," he told me. "Until recently he had a little fellow."

"Isn't he the man who sank the Lusitania?" I asked.

"No, not he. I know everyone thinks he did, but it isn't true. Another man sank her. I'll tell you about the Lusitania some day," he added.

"There is a great deal of ——" He paused and asked: "Don't you say 'red tape' in America? Well, there is a great deal of red tape about the submarine war now. A submarine cannot sink a ship and then run away. The admiralty demands that three members of the crew witness the sinking of the ship. This requirement is absolute. Then if possible the captain must be made a prisoner. The third requirement is that the name of the ship be established; and again, if possible, the ship's papers must be seized. And that is all," he added smilingly.

He seemed to know so much about the navy that I ventured to ask if he had heard about the new signal system in Spain.

"Yes, I know about it," he replied; "and I know, too, that another submarine post office was found in the Bay of Biscay. It was a floating buoy where the Germans deposited their confidential reports, which submarines returning to Germany were obliged to take with them. The identity, too, of one of the firms supplying submarines with machine oil and gasoline has been learned."

After we had conversed about seven score or more of things touching the situation in Germany, where he had recently lived, I remarked that it seemed peculiar to me that the submarines had not sunk a passenger ship for nearly a year.

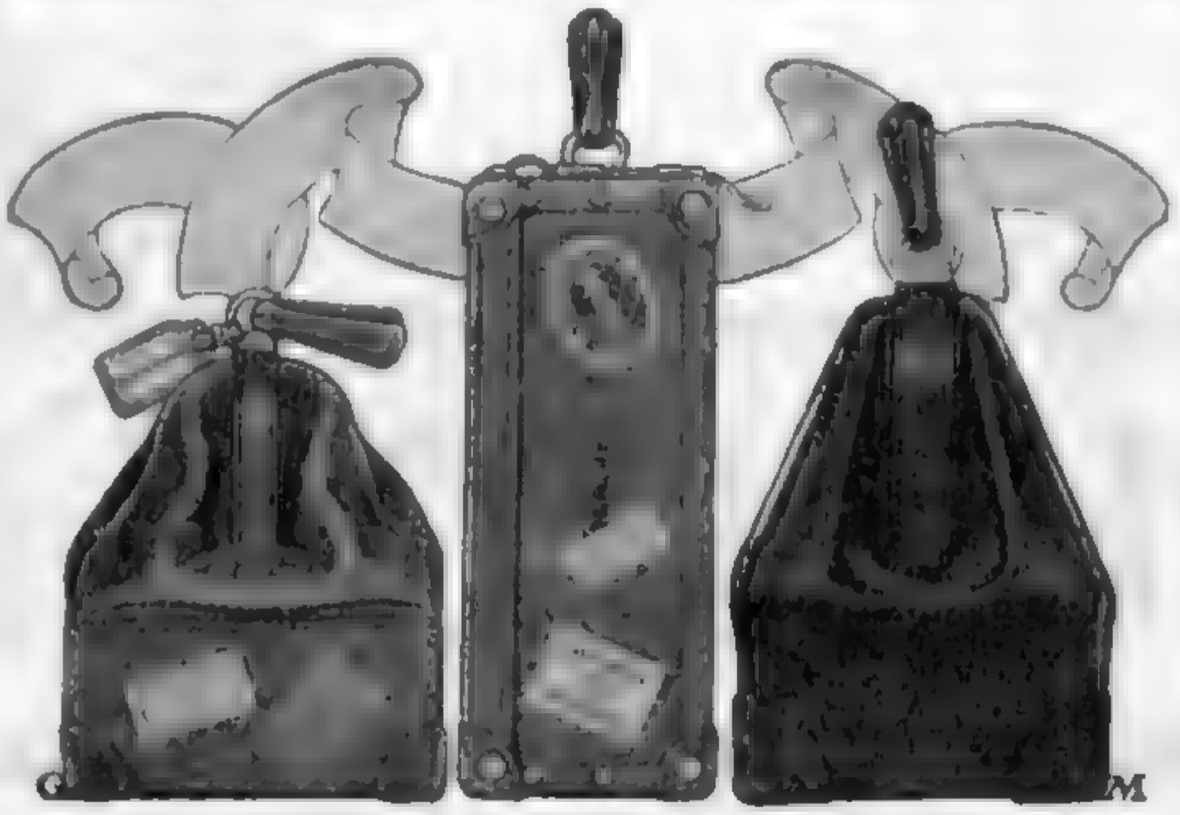
"If they sink all ships, why not passenger liners?" I asked.

"I will tell you a good story about that," he replied, "a story that I will vouch for. Last December Admiral von Bachmann, the governor of Kiel, was sitting in the Casino there talking with an army officer visiting there.

"'Excellenz,' the officer said, 'why is there an order out not to sink passenger ships?'

"'Who told you that?' quickly responded Admiral von Bachmann. Then he added: 'No! That order has been changed.'

"Until December there was such a secret order," said my informant, "but it has been changed. The order was given by the Emperor to the submarine commanders not to sink liners used only to carry civilians from the United States to Europe. This order was given because the German Government believed the American people would not support President Wilson if there were no new acts of hostility against the United States. This is the reason, too, that until to-day the German Government has not declared war on the United States. But, as Von Bachmann says, the orders have been changed. America is next."



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OF course he would use conveniences that would save his time and energies—just as he uses filing systems, telephones, and other efficiency devices at the office.

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With all its unusual advantages, the McDougall costs no more than others. And you won't miss the small payments while the McDougall is more than earning its way in your kitchen. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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By Blistering Brindle Blazes!

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Which I Suppose Is a Polite Way of Hinting You Think Maybe the Young Whippersnapper Is Right. That Scientific-Efficiency Bug Has Bit You Too"

CHUBBY little Ziba Doman sat hunched over the papers that littered his old-fashioned roll-top desk. He scowled fiercely as he bent close to the chart he was scrutinizing. The furrows usually to be observed at the back of his neck seemed to have rippled up across his bald head and down into tight puckers above his eyes.

"By—blistering—brindle—blazes!" he muttered to himself disgustedly, chewing each word.

His plump legs were outspread as though he bestrode a wide saddle instead of the seat of a battered swivel chair. His toes were caught behind two of the casters, as if he had thrust them into short stirrups that cramped his knees. But Old Ziba was not mounted on one of his hobbies this mid-January morning. He was astride a bucking bronco of dilemma, which threatened to unhorse him from the self-confidence of a lifetime.

Suddenly he reared back. He butted his stumpy forefinger against the call button on his desk.

As if the electric signal had operated a mechanism that immediately opened the door of Doman's private office, a very tall, angular, middle-aged woman strode in. Her features were almost grotesquely homely, but the twinkle of her blue eyes relieved the misshapen face of any look of harshness. However, the woman's wide mouth was firm, and her big nose appeared as strongly built as a bastion between her flat cheeks.

Old Ziba creaked about in his wabbly chair to confront his private secretary, who had been his confidante for nearly thirty years.

"Miss Rudge, I ain't worth a sky-blue cuss as a business man!" Doman whacked his desk to emphasize his irony. "I ain't noways sure I couldn't be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses every time I draw my salary as president. I guess if I didn't happen to own this business myself you'd have had to come down to the jail or over to the lunatic asylum to take my dictation mornings all these years you've been aiding and abetting me in my wrongdoings. I hadn't ought to be allowed to run loose much longer anyhow. If I ain't exactly a swindler, pretending to be a business man, I'm kind of doddering along the edge of being a damned fool! Excuse my French."

"What's Tom's latest notion?" The secretary surmised the cause of her employer's choler.

The chubby little man bounced forward and grabbed up the topmost paper on his blotter.

"Notion!" he exploded. "'Tain't just a notion! He's certain sure! That smart-Aleck son of mine, in cahoots with the sanctified public accountant he bamboozled me into hiring last fall, has drawn up an indictment against me as a business ignoramus. The young cub served it on me this morning. This comparative chart specifies that according to his Scientific Analysis and Recommendations the ideas the Ziba Doman Company has been run on for thirty years have mostly been idiotic, except a few accidents, when I happened to strike it right by mistake. Tom's got goose flesh all over him from shuddering about the narrow escapes he calculates I've had from going bankrupt instead of piling up close to six hundred thousand dollars of profits by bullheaded luck." Doman slammed the report on his desk. "The gall of the sprig!"

Miss Rudge stooped over the chart and scanned it with the eager interest of an orderly mind that delighted in systematization for its own sake. She had developed the meticulosity characteristic of middle-aged spinsters who, denied the right to be the neatest of housewives, become by a fortunate warping of their natures the most dependable and painstaking assistants to business men. The secretary was not demonstrative often, but now she felt moved to express her fervid admiration.

"Not an erasure or scratch!" she marveled *sotto voce*. "What a beautiful summary that is!"

Her employer seared Miss Rudge with a look of disgust. He jounced in his seat as his glower reverted to the Scientific Analysis and Recommendations. The old chair groaned protestingly under his shifted weight.

"Yes; ain't it fascinating!" Doman snorted sarcasm. "I can't hardly pull my eyes away from those red-ink lines spaced so exact between the columns. And how cute the little hand-printed headings are—all boxed in as if the words were packed snug to prevent the ideas from getting spilled out of their places and mixed up. That high-priced public accountant Tom's so stuck on must have sanctified about eleven dollars' worth of his precious time at my expense just ruling up this sheet."

Old Ziba's sneering expression knotted and blackened into a scowl again as he lurched back in his creaky seat.

"It beats me," he grunted, "how plain, everyday, lying figures set up in rows sort of hypnotize some people into believing they must be so or they couldn't come out even at the edges!"

His secretary bent above the desk and studied the chart a second time, critically now. She straightened after a minute or two. Her brows were knit in a puzzled frown.

"I don't see anything wrong with the figures," she commented perplexedly.

Old Ziba bristled like a plump porcupine.

"Which I suppose is a polite way of hinting you think maybe the young whippersnapper is right and I have been operating this shebang mostly by guess, with my eyes shut. That scientific-efficiency bug has bit you too."

The secretary chuckled at his dudgeon. She had not been afraid of Ziba Doman, even in his most ferocious moods, for a quarter of a century.

"A little more system in this concern wouldn't hurt it a bit," she remarked, "as Tom could prove if you'd give him a chance. Why do you squelch everything he proposes? Anybody'd think, from your always refusing to try out your son's plans, you were afraid he might prove he does know something about business."

The veteran manufacturer glared, agape, at his secretary. He swallowed hard after a minute and gulped the bitter pill of realization.

"You believe my old-fashioned ideas belong in the bone yard. I've noticed you reading those efficiency books of Tom's. They've hocus-pocused you, too, the same as they did him. You think this here analysis chart of the company makes me squirm like a caterpillar with a pin stuck in its tail."

Old Ziba was working himself into a rage of resentment, because subconsciously he was describing how he actually did feel.

"And I suppose you can see green patches on me every time I turn down one of my son's newfangled schemes—huh? You've figured out that I'm envious of Tom, for fear he's likely to prove his book-education ideas put it all over common horse-sense methods of doing business. As a general rule, Amanda Rudge, you ain't been a fool; but after this I wouldn't give a faded pink damn for your opinion of anything or anybody! Excuse my French."

His secretary had stared at Doman in wide-eyed amazement during his tirade. Now she blinked knowingly.

"Jealous!" she exclaimed. "That never occurred to me before."

The rotund old man had been bloated with wrath. But Miss Rudge's disconcerting thrust punctured his ire. He slumped like a collapsed balloon. Doman had not realized he was confessing the thoughts that had made him writhe since he first read Tom's Scientific Analysis and Recommendations; in fact he had failed to comprehend before that his recent feelings with regard to his son were poisoned.

"By blistering brindle blazes!" he gasped. "You've opened my eyes to a sight of myself that'll make me ashamed to see Ziba Doman in a looking-glass for quite a spell. Come to study the inside of the way I've been thinking about Tom lately, I've got to admit that jealousy of him—by his own father!—was the reason I've raked the boy over the coals so hard on account of his mistakes. I've been afraid he'd quit making them. I knew, when he did, it would be time for me to get personally acquainted with the meaning of that sign downstairs: This Way Out!"

Miss Rudge did not gaze pityingly on the spectacle of her miserable employer huddled before his desk. Instead she snickered. He stiffened indignantly and his face reddened.

"I never heard anything so funny," chuckled the secretary. "You've been afraid to give Tom a chance to measure up with you! Why, smart and technically trained though your son is, he'll never be half the business man you are unless you can teach him your knack of foresight and fine judgment."

Old Ziba peered suspiciously at Miss Rudge. Her amused eyes met his scrutiny without dodging. He began to tingle with the galvanism of returning self-confidence.

"You ain't trying to jolly me!" he cried with almost boyish delight.

The secretary shook her head.

Doman basked in a feeling of cordiality toward all the world, now that the chill had been warmed out of his thoughts of the future. He slapped the paper on his desk as if he were clapping his son on the shoulder. Impulsively he made one of his characteristic quick decisions. He jiggled with eagerness to put it into effect, like a sinner in the first enthusiasm of repentance.

"I'm going to take the muffler off of Tom," he declared, as the measure of his own penance. "He's in the factory somewhere. Go find him, Miss Rudge, and bring him here."

The secretary scurried out on her quest, evidently zestful for the prospective inauguration of a régime of system. Old Ziba picked up the chart. The smile crinkles slithered from his face and left it grim, like ripples of sand slipping off a rock. He suddenly regretted that he had committed himself to the sanctioning of innovations regarding which he was as skeptical as ever. His prejudice against newfangled notions wrestled with his sense of justice to his son. Doman was still being wrenched about by indecision when Miss Rudge returned to his sanctum.

"Tom will be here in a moment," she announced. "For his own good, don't seem to give your consent to his plans readily. Pretend you don't believe in them. Put him on his mettle."

Old Ziba instantly caught his cue. His brown eyes gleamed. He jumped to his feet.

"I'll put him on nettles before he puts me on the shelf," he amended the suggestion of his secretary. "You sit down in that chair over there and don't yip once that you're sorry for the cub when I'm jabbing his sore spots to test his grit. I intend to give him a chance at boosing this circus. If he ain't equal to the job he's picked out for himself, I'll take hold again as high-muck-a-muck of the shebang and keep him jumping through a hoop for exercise a few years yet while he's getting a reputation."

The door opened. A tall thin young man entered briskly. Despite his bodily unlikeness to Old Ziba, Tom strongly resembled his father. The round lenses of the son's eyeglasses seemed to broaden his oblong face and lent it a look of similarity to the chubby countenance of Doman Senior.

Tom saw the paper in his father's hand. With eager confidence he cried out: "What do you think of my analysis, dad?"

Old Ziba dusted his vacated chair with the chart. He beckoned to Tom.

"Sit down, son. I want to do a little analyzing myself. Maybe I won't be quite so scientific as you was when you and your fountain-pen crony, Gibson, drew up this here pretty document. But perhaps I can work out my recommendations without any diagram doodabs."

The young man's facial muscles tautened. Tom took the seat before the ancient desk challengingly; yet he clamped his lips tight and retorted not a word to his father's gibe. He sat up stiffly, accentuating his slenderness. Old Ziba inwardly exulted over his belligerence. Tom never had flinched from a fight.

Doman stood back and cocked one eye in appraisal. He studied his son for a minute. Then he pursed his mouth as if disappointed.

"You don't more than half fill my chair. No matter how much you'd try to spread yourself, you couldn't do it. You just naturally ain't broad enough." His expression brightened as Old Ziba pretended to be struck by a new thought. "By blistering brindle blazes, I 'most forgot your sanctified public-accountant side partner! His and your narrowness added together might come to just about one medium-size business man. I guess I'll risk it, seeing you'll have Mr. Gibson to piece out and help you fill the job."

"Risk what?" The cub was stung to snappishness by the bumblebee stabs.

"Son," Doman finessed, "how'd you like it if I'd turn my chair over to you?"

The young man flushed. His nostrils dilated and quivered.

"Not at all," he retorted literally, ignoring the innuendo. "I wouldn't sit in such an uncomfortable contraption." The ramshackle piece of office furniture groaned and staggered as Tom sprang out of it and stood up. "It cuts down a man's efficiency when he has to devote half his time to keeping his balance."

Old Ziba was sensitive about his official chair, which he now regarded as a fetish after having made more than half a million dollars while sitting in it. His presumptuous son had recommended several times that it be discarded. The president's habit of jouncing in his seat and the wear and tear of thirty years had well-nigh wrecked the originally sturdy swivel chair. It was apt to careen and spill out any occupant unused to its idiosyncrasies.

But Doman Senior could keep his seat as securely as an expert rider on a cantankerous cow pony. He sat down now. With the ease of long practice he swayed back. The old chair responded to his shifted familiar weight without a wabble. It seemed to be disproving its decrepitude in order to vindicate his trust.

"It wouldn't cut down your efficiency, son," said Doman caustically, "if you was to devote as much as three-quarters or maybe seven-eighths of your mind to keeping your balance, let alone half. And here's another leaf of advice I'll yank out of the book of my observations and experience for your benefit: When I'm junked and you get to running this shebang, don't buy yourself an easy rocker to take a rest in. If your office chair is too comfortable you'll be likely to snooze in it a good deal; and probably something disagreeable'll start happening to the concern while you've got your eyes shut to what's going on. You think my old seat is kind of risky, huh? Well, a man never ought to feel real safe when he's in front of his desk. A chair that's apt to act unexpected'll keep a fellow reminded that 'most anything is liable to occur in business when you ain't looking for anything to happen at all."

Tom perceived that this was not his father's customary ridicule of scientific efficiency.

"Dad, what are you driving at?" he demanded.

Old Ziba turned to the corner where his secretary sat alertly watching him tantalize his son. He included his confidante in his irony.

"Miss Rudge held a *post-mortem* over me this morning. I'd realized before that I wasn't so spry on my legs as I used to be, but I'd thought the stiffness was just a touch of rheumatism due to this cussed Chicago climate. Excuse my French. Most likely I wouldn't have noticed for quite a spell yet that I was a dead one, as I heard your chum, Mr. Gibson, remark a few days back. But Miss Rudge, who's known me ever since I cut my eyeteeth as a manufacturer, diagnoses my case as one foot and most of my brain in the grave.

"I've always had a hankering to boss my own business funeral; so I'm officiating now in the double capacity of undertaker and the late lamented. Also, for good measure, I'm the parson; and I'll scatter a few words over the deceased and the mourners before we take up the collection of the remains."

Doman grinned at his ruffled secretary; then continued solemnly in a new strain:

"Tom, I've been staggering under the load of this business longer than you have been hatched. Now that you're grown up to be considerable of a rooster, I'm going to turn over the barnyard to you and give you a chance to crow. I intend to start for Florida on a vacation this evening. I wasn't noways sure it would be safe to let you run things until I read over this chart. But I see you've figured everything out; and, with your scientific-efficiency education, it ain't possible you could have made any mistakes."

His sarcasm gave Old Ziba such satisfaction that he elaborated it:

"Miss Rudge says all your calculations strike her as accurate. She knows a heap more about the business than I do and will help you out with opinions in case you run short of ideas of your own. So you won't have any call to write or telegraph for my advice. And if the two of you can't decide points that may come up, just get Gibson to figure things out."

The secretary's eyes snapped. Miss Rudge accepted the test before her young *confrère* recovered from his bewildered surprise. She thrust a challenging finger at her employer.

"Will you stay in Florida until Tom has had time to systematize the business thoroughly?" she demanded. "Or do you intend to let him get things all upset and then pop back to Chicago and arbitrarily stop the reorganization just because there is temporary confusion and tell your son you knew his newfangled schemes wouldn't work?"

Doman was so startled by her reading of his mind that he jumped. For once he forgot his habit of wariness and was nearly unseated by his treacherous chair. He clawed at the desk to regain his balance, as a bronco buster might be compelled to the humiliation of grabbing leather. When Old Ziba had his feet firmly planted on the floor again he spat his indignation at the telepathist:

"The confusion up here won't bother me any down in Florida, unless you overlook paying my drafts for spending money. All I ask is that you won't nag a feeble-minded old fogy like me for advice when you get tangled up. I expect I'll have to concentrate the few brains I've got left on catching a string of tarpon; so if there's anything you want to inquire about, shoot your questions now while you've got a good chance. I ain't planning to be pestered with letters after I reach Tampa."

"Father, that's not fair," Tom broke in—"either to you or to me! Why do you persist in treating me as a fool?"

The boy's hot resentment warmed his father's heart; but Old Ziba dissembled.

"I never made a scientific analysis of my reasons, son. Maybe it's because you're a chip of the old blockhead." After a brief pause Doman repeated his inquiry: "Is there anything else I can edify either of you on before I dodder out home to pack up?"

The secretary's mouth was clamped in a straight line of determination not to expose herself further to Old Ziba's sarcasm. His son, too, was stubbornly silent now.

"How long do you calculate it will take you to get things all turned inside out?" Doman questioned mildly. "I don't want to discomfuddle you by popping back, as Miss Rudge puts it, before I'm welcome."

"When I prepared that report I had no idea of revolutionizing the business all at once, as you know perfectly well," Tom blurted. "I purposed to make the recommended changes gradually. I hoped to convert you to the principles of scientific efficiency by inducing you to test them yourself in one or two factory departments."

Doman shook his head in disapproval of his son's program.

"If you're going to cut off an old donkey's tail, he won't appreciate your chopping it away an inch at a time. And, as for converting me, I suppose I'll die in my business sins the same as I've always lived. I'll never be able to dissect this concern in cold blood the way you do, son, and say some departments ought to be done away with because they can't show a profit on their own hook. It don't look practical to me to divide the factory up the way you've got it here in this chart. The Ziba Doman Company is like a human being—all one. The parts ain't efficient alike; but just because a man does ninety-nine per cent of his work with his right hand, as a general rule, I can't see as that's any reason why he'd ought to cut off his left arm to save the cost of feeding it. I feel the same about eliminating some of our factory departments that don't seem to pay their own way.

"Take the experimental room, for instance: You recommend abolishing it. The cost you show on this chart does run some higher than I'd supposed it was. But at that, I don't see how I could have got along without Dennis Barney all these years; he's been finding the bugs in the manufacturing and getting rid of them. A scientific master mechanic and efficiency engineer like you recommend wouldn't fill the bill for me. Barney is part of my thinking apparatus. I'd miss him the same as I would some of my brains. I've got used to depending on him for all kinds of emergencies when I'm stuck. Maybe he is just puttering round like my left arm most of the time. Maybe he ain't worth his keep. All the same I couldn't bring myself to lop off Dennis. I never have thought about him as representing only so many dollars and cents."

Tom obviously realized the futility of arguing with

(Continued on Page 33)

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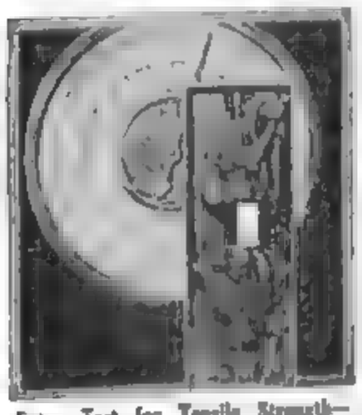

Extra Test for Tensile Strength—Proves in advance fabric strength to resist the pounding blows of the road.

Extra Tests for Rubber Fitness—Miniature mixing mill blends and re-blends rubber to supreme toughness.

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Now comes the first national message from Racine Rubber Company factories to the tire users of America. This message tells you why, when tires are talked of, you hear such good words for Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires; why these tires are among the first in popular demand.

And all without previous advertising—save word of mouth praise, one car owner to another.

Vital Extra Tests

In Racine Rubber Company factories, tires of character are built. Distinct Extra Tests are applied step by step, from selection of raw material to the finished, ***extra*** value product.

Each of these vital Extra Tests adds ***extra*** quality—***extra*** worth. Each adds miles of ***extra*** service. Each adds months of ***extra*** wear.

Then, in addition to the careful Extra Tests, trained and highest paid inspectors work, one with every seven tire builders, to insure perfect uniformity, tire for tire. These precautions all are costly—to us, but not to you.

Extra Care : Extra Wear

This watchful, ***Extra Tested*** method of manufacture safeguards every tire bearing the Racine Rubber Company name. This ***extra*** care in the factory, results in ***extra*** wear on the road.

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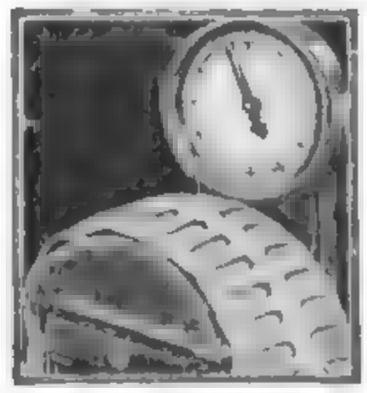
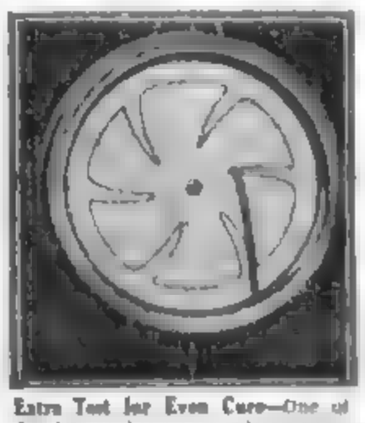
Also Extra Tested red and gray tubes.

It will pay you to know the dealer who sells them.



Extra Test for Tread Proportion—A [illegible] the measure of the tread for every tire.



Extra Test for Even Cure—One of five devices that govern vulcanization, insuring perfection.

Extra Test for Wearability—Corps of inspectors and Racine experts examine each tire. Imperfections can be [illegible]

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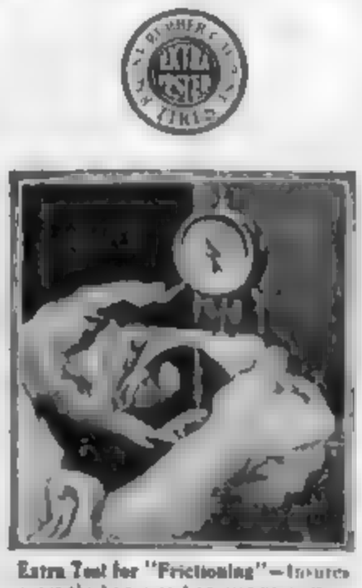
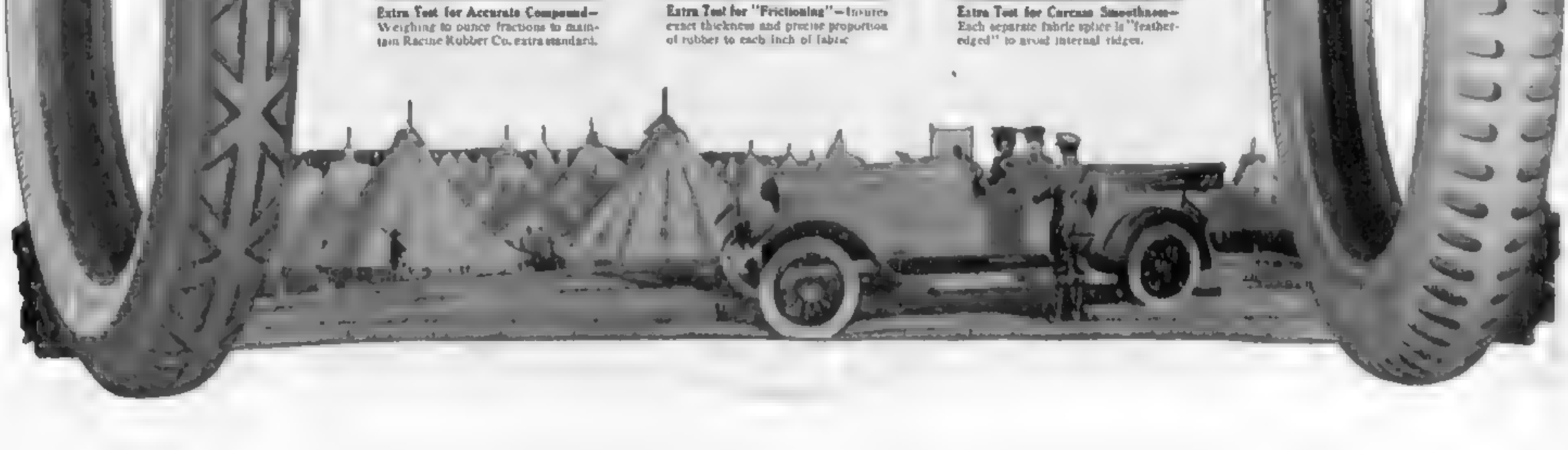


Extra Test for "Frictioning"—Insures exact thickness and precise proportion of rubber to each inch of fabric

Extra Test for Carcass Smoothness—Each separate fabric splice is "feather-edged" to avoid internal ridges.



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DU PONT

(Continued from Page 30)

his father. But he was obdurate in his own opinion of the veteran jack-of-all-trades.

"If you should go to Florida, dad," he declared his purpose, "and leave me with Barney on my hands, but not subject to discharge, I'd give him a vacation on full pay. Old Dennis and I would clash sure if I tried to manage h'm."

"Yes," Doman commented; "he's apt to act mighty sensitive when he feels he ain't appreciated. He'd quit. And I don't want to lose Barney until you've proved he ain't needed. He wouldn't accept that kind of vacation from you; but if I tell him he and I both have earned a lay-off and take him with me to Florida, he'll be tickled. What's more, Dennis will keep me from getting homesick. If I didn't have him I'd be liable to come busting in on your plans and raise Cain generally. I guess I'll lug Barney along as a sort of anchor when I go tarpon fishing."

To all Tom's expostulations against his father's summary leaving, Doman was inflexible.

"I'm going before I change my mind," he insisted. "If I waited until to-morrow I'd probably decide to stay and watch you make the improvements you figure on. Then I'd buck them and there'd be particular hell to pay. Excuse my French, Miss Rudge. Son, I'm going to give you all the rope you want. If you hang yourself I'll come to the funeral." Impulsively he held out his hand. "One or the other of us'll get a lesson out of this, Tom. If it's me, I'll swallow my medicine without making any faces."

The young man grabbed his father's palm. His expression was resolute, though he smiled now.

"Better practice on quinine down in Florida, dad. By the time you get back I'll have your dose all ready for you. I intend to make this business a model of efficiency."

"Go as far as you like," Old Ziba grinned—"so long as you keep away from Tampa with your ideas. I mean to catch my mess of tarpon by sheer strength and awkwardness."

II

THE morning after the president's departure his secretary came to her first conference with the new executive pro tempore. Tom had moved his table into his father's office, though he had left Old Ziba's desk and chair undisturbed in their customary place. He greeted Miss Rudge with zest and plunged eagerly into a statement of his immediate program.

"I shall let the fuse-box department and the cable-insulator department peter out—those lines never will pay. I intend to push switchboard protectors and wire joints harder than father did. But I'll concentrate principally on the development of our embryo business in enameled magnet wire. I don't understand why dad has seemed so chary of letting that grow. Our patents give us a monopoly on the most economical process; yet he's built only five insulating machines."

"He always has been cautious about making heavy investments in special manufacturing equipment that would be useless for other purposes," Miss Rudge warned. "That's a sound business principle. Better go slow on magnet wire."

"Of course," Tom admitted, "it would be a mistake to sink a lot of money in additional machinery on the chance of marketing the product. But suppose I could land a big juicy contract for enameled wire and have a definite tonnage a month sewed up tight for several years; wouldn't it pay then to make the investment?"

"Do you mean the Continental Electric Company business?" guessed Miss Rudge. Tom had speculated with her before about this large prospective customer.

"Yes; I believe I can sell them all the fine magnet wire they use."

"Your father distrusts Mr. Harg so much he wouldn't favor any deal with his company," the secretary interposed as a second caution. "I've often heard him say Slippery Elm Harg never makes a contract he intends shall hold him."

"Prejudice!" asserted Tom emphatically. "Harg put one over on dad years ago in that battery-box deal. My father hates to admit that anybody is shrewder than he; but for once he was caught napping—that's all. If the deal hadn't been entirely legitimate, dad would have fought the Continental in court. He had to settle on Harg's terms, and has stubbornly refused to do any more business with him since, just from pique.

"I mean to go over to the Continental office as if I never had heard of the old row. I'll offer Harg a proposition on wire that will be attractive to the Continental, but very profitable to us too. Of course, if we get to the point of making a contract, I'll have it prepared by the best attorneys in Chicago. If dad hadn't been penny-wise and pound-foolish in acting as his own lawyer when the battery-box deal was made, he wouldn't have got the worst of it."

Miss Rudge was dubious. She renewed her warnings, but she could not refute Tom's insistence that "a plain contract with the Continental, drawn by our own attorneys, would be just like a deal with anybody else that's responsible. The only possibility of loss would be too low prices. And, believe me, I'm going to play safe there."

Accordingly headstrong young Doman issued a manufacturing order covering all the fine sizes of enameled magnet wire, marked it Rush! and put it into the shop preparatory to making his first salesmanship call on Harg with samples.

The filled spools were on Tom's table just nine days after his father left for Florida. Meantime the new systematization of the business had been instituted, and resulted in much less confusion than had been expected when the changes were put into effect. To complete the satisfaction of the young executive with the situation, he had received from his father that morning a jubilant message scribbled on a post-card photograph of a big tarpon, flanked by proud Ziba Doman and Dennis Barney.

"Caught the cuss myself, by sheer strength and awkwardness," wrote the old president, who evidently was having the time of his life at Tampa.

"I'm in just the right fettle to tackle Harg," Tom announced his purpose to Miss Rudge after chuckling over the post card and putting it into his pocket. He took a complicated set of tabulations from the table drawer.

"I have investigated thoroughly the cost of insulating magnet wire with silk. I know to a cent what every size stands the Continental now. I intend to quote prices on our enameled wire averaging approximately five per cent less a pound.

"In this column are our manufacturing costs for the thirteen sizes the Continental uses principally. Next I've put down the quotations I'll make. You see, the velvet runs from about thirty per cent net on Number Twenty-eight to over two hundred per cent on Number Forty. If I can get an exclusive contract from Harg at those prices the profits inside of six months will equip our entire new enameling plant."

The secretary scrutinized the figures, then pronounced her opinion:

"The Continental never will consent to pay such prices. They are far too high. On a contract for all their requirements they'll demand a saving of more than five per cent, or they won't change from silk-covered to enameled wire."

"Do you know what one-twentieth of their magnet-wire cost amounts to in dollars every year?" Tom demanded.

Miss Rudge shook her head.

"Based on their average monthly consumption, the quotations I intend to make the Continental would have saved them last year sixteen thousand three hundred ninety-two dollars."

"Still," the secretary persisted, "your proposed quotations do represent an exorbitant profit to us. Mr. Harg will realize that."

"I expect him to. And he'll kick like a steer. But we control the enameling process by our patents; why should we give the Continental the cream? What is Harg going to do when I stand pat on my figures? He'll simply have to come to his skimmed milk." Tom grinned. "I want most of all to tickle dad with the deal I hope to make. Nothing would delight him more than to have the Continental tied up in an ironclad contract at fat prices. He's always wanted to get even with Harg on account of the old battery-box trickery. It was pretty shady—though legal. If I can wipe out that score dad will be reconciled to all the innovations I'm making in the business. The way Slippery Elm trimmed him is the sorest spot in all my father's business experience."

"Aren't you counting your poultry a little early, Tom?" chaffed Miss Rudge.

"Maybe," he admitted. "Still, I don't see how I can fail to get the contract on my terms by using good salesmanship. I'll submit the samples for test first. Then, when the Continental's engineers have had a week or so to study the wire, I'll make Harg my proposition. And in the end I'll bring back the bacon."

Young Doman carried through his program in its initial stages exactly as he had planned it. A week after delivering his samples of wire to the Continental Electric Company he made his second call on the president. He was gone from the office more than three hours. When he returned Tom was ebullient with confidence. He summoned Miss Rudge to the sanctum and related his experience:

"Elmer Harg certainly is a tough customer. He pooh-poohed all my figures on the cost of silk-covered wire—said they were far too high. And he roared his head off about the quotations I made on enameled. But I went right ahead and showed him how much the Continental would save on a year's requirements. I noticed he got every figure, too, though he pretended to sneer. I left him a chart with all the estimated savings worked out. He said there was no chance

(Continued on Page 35)

"That Wire Had Better Pass Your Inspection, Harg! Every Spool Has Been Tested, and It Won't Be Healthy for Anybody to Commit Perjury"

Rubber Takes the Place of Rails

The automobile measures up to the Nation's needs.

It supplements the railroads by relieving them of short-haul traffic, both freight and passenger.

It speeds up the movement of food products from the farm to the home.

It facilitates the transportation of men, materials and munitions.

In a hundred other ways it has earned its place as one of the most valuable utilities of the day.

So, drive your car. Use it daily. Make every mile count. Keep your car working—running on tires that you know will give the absolute dependability you must have.

By buying the tires that give you most mileage at least cost, you help conservation.

'Royal Cord' 'Chain' 'Nobby' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires have proved themselves right in line with the temper of the times.

They have helped the automobile make good in the present great emergency.

They have demonstrated and are demonstrating the supreme service of which they are capable.

The tremendous and ever-growing sales of the United States Tires bear eloquent testimony to their remarkable economy.

For commercial cars the Solid Truck Tire and the 'Nobby Cord.' Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aeroplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 33)

for us to do business at my prices. Yet he put that chart away carefully in his desk, I observed.

"I have him hooked. He'll try to get loose, but I'll land him. I believe he realizes now he can't bluff me. He'll attempt it again, of course, to make sure. Then I'll convince him for keeps. I don't intend to act anxious. He'll sweat enough for the two of us. It is costing the Continental more than fifty dollars a day to continue using silk-covered magnet wire. I impressed that on Harg. He'll squirm every time he thinks of what he's losing by not changing to enameled. I predict he sends for me inside of a week."

Tom was inaccurate only in his estimate of the time. The president of the Continental Electric Company waited a fortnight before he telephoned and asked young Doman to call.

"Harg has stood the strain as long as he can," Tom exulted to Miss Rudge when he hung up the receiver. "Now I'm positive I have him right where I want him. I shan't concede a cent."

His cocky confidence was justified. After spending most of the afternoon with the president of the Continental Electric Company, Tom returned to the office with the glorious news of his victory. He flourished a paper triumphantly before astounded Miss Rudge.

"There she is!" he rejoiced, like a schoolboy with a certificate that he has passed into a higher grade. "Signed and sealed! Harg made a bluff at first that he intended to buck our patents—said they wouldn't stand in court and all that sort of rot. I told him we expected to have to test them sometime in an infringement suit, and if we should lick the Continental, I thought that would be the best possible way to teach the rest of the world to respect our rights. I invited him to buck us if he felt like it, and reminded him we had money enough to see a fight through to a finish—even against him.

"I wasn't insolent—just good-natured and cool. He backed down when he saw he couldn't faze me. Then he argued for an hour on prices, but I wouldn't shade a single figure. Finally he quit trying to budge me and grunted that if I'd guarantee deliveries of the quantities the Continental required, and if I'd agree to reduce the price to him in case we should quote anybody else below what he's to pay, he'd make a contract for five years covering all his business in fine magnet wire.

"He got one of his lawyers and we three went over to our attorneys' office. There were no difficulties about the form of contract, except that Harg insisted on a penalty clause which I thought was pretty stiff. He reminded me, though, that the Continental would have to change all its coil designs to adapt them to enameled wire. He said it was only fair that we should guarantee we wouldn't fall down on deliveries. I finally consented to his penalty clause, but stipulated that we should not be required to commence shipping before July first. That will give us plenty of time to build the necessary enameling ovens and spoolers. There is absolutely no danger we shan't be able to handle the business long before the contract requires us to start deliveries."

Miss Rudge was dumfounded by the sudden conclusion of negotiations which she had expected would be protracted.

"You shouldn't have bound the Ziba Doman Company to anything so important without consulting your father!" she gasped.

Tom laughed at her apprehension.

"The best feature of the deal is that I put it through all by myself," he boasted. "Dad won't make fun of me as a business man after this. I have taken every precaution to tie up Harg tight. Our lawyer says that contract can't be broken. I haven't made the mistake dad did when he sold the battery boxes."

Miss Rudge, however, quaked while she stared at the penalty clause.

"Why, Tom," she gasped again, "if you couldn't make the specified deliveries the Ziba Doman Company would be ruined!"

He sobered, but his confidence was not impaired.

"I realized we'd stand to lose a lot of money. That's why I insisted on the clause which gives us until July first to start shipping. We can equip the new wire department and have it operating full tilt inside of ninety days, without any question. This is only the middle of February. I provided for at least six weeks' leeway, because I didn't intend to take any chances of having to pay a penalty."

Notwithstanding his assurance, the ominous clause of the contract still frightened Miss Rudge. She traced the words with a trembling finger, suspicious of a snare.

"Your father wouldn't have agreed to that," she rebuked.

"Why, there's nothing to be afraid of," Tom defended. "The penalty is not enforceable, you notice, in case delays are caused by strikes, fire, the acts of God, riots or the public enemies. Our lawyer said that was simply the usual form of penalty clause. True, the amount would be large if we should fall down on deliveries. But we won't! And when you think of the figures that scare you, remember this isn't any piker deal. We're tying up the great Continental Electric Company's wire purchases for five years."

Miss Rudge could make no specific criticism of the contract. Her dread was reasonless. But she still quaked.

"You should have consulted your father!" she almost wailed.

Tom was suddenly exasperated by Miss Rudge's unwonted pusillanimity.

"If I had," he rasped, "he would have kicked everything over just because he's prejudiced against Harg. Now the contract is executed, dad will see the bonanza in it. I'm going to write him a letter to-night and send him a copy of the agreement. You'll find he'll wire me congratulations. Anyhow, the deal is made, and I take all responsibility. You needn't feel called on to worry."

Young Doman swung about to his table. Miss Rudge compressed her lips tightly and stalked from the private office.

Tom did not show the secretary his letter to Old Ziba, but three days later he called her in to display the laconic telegram he had received in reply:

TAMPA, FLORIDA, February 19

THOMAS DOMAN,
Vice president Ziba Doman Company,
Chicago, Illinois.

Some deal if you haven't bit off more than you can chew. Home day after to-morrow to examine your eyeteeth.

ZIBA DOMAN.

"That's dad all over," chuckled Tom. "Did you notice how he put the title vice president after my name? It's his roundabout way of saying he admits now that I have made good as a real business man. He's coming home to make sure for himself that I haven't miscalculated the time it will take to equip the enlarged enameling plant. I'll soon convince him on that."

The secretary sighed her relief as she reread the telegram. "Your deal must be all right, Tom. And I congratulate you."

He accepted her *amende* jovially

"Thanks, Miss Rudge. I feel easier myself, now I know dad couldn't take any exceptions to the contract. I mean to make a strong impression on him with all the efficiency innovations too. We must have everything running with perfect smoothness when he comes, so he will appreciate the systematization. I wish you'd collaborate with Mr. Gibson and draw up a complete analysis of the last four weeks' operations, to show in dollars and cents just what a benefit to the company the changes have been already."

The next two days at the Ziba Doman Company were full of the bustle of preparations for the president's home-coming to his reorganized business.

On the afternoon of the second day young Doman and the secretary felt that all was in readiness; yet both confessed to being extremely nervous.

"If dad only won't bull things up!" Tom wished almost prayerfully.

When Old Ziba came, however, he showed no disposition to buck the new régime. Miss Rudge noticed that he was unnaturally subdued in manner. He seemed almost grim. He greeted his son and his secretary curtly at the street door without either a smile or a scowl. He tramped directly to his private office, Tom and Miss Rudge in his wake. The tensity of his expression did not relax until he balanced himself in his familiar rickety chair.

"Sit down," he ordered. "Now tell me all about this Harg deal."

Young Doman proudly recounted the details of his campaign to secure the big contract. He explained the precautions he had taken to insure the Ziba Doman Company against any possibility of loss under the penalty clause. Miss Rudge confirmed his assurance that the new enameling equipment would be ready in ample time to guarantee there should be no default in deliveries.

"Come out to the machine shop, dad," Tom urged. "See for yourself how the ovens and spoolers are lined up to go through."

"I'll take your word for it, son, that you can build the machines in time."

"You approve everything I've done, then, dad?" cried delighted Tom.

"I wouldn't have made a deal with Harg," stubborn Old Ziba declared. "But now you've signed up, that's settled. So far as your plans to go ahead are concerned, I ain't got any criticisms. You'll need to stay on the job close, though, until those enameling ovens are ready to turn out wire."

"I mean to," Tom pledged.

"Good!" Doman grunted. "I won't hinder you by hanging round. I came back just to make sure you know what you're doing. I intend to clear out to-night." His expression turned grim. "There doesn't seem to be anything I can do to help here." He put a question abruptly: "Have you needed Barney since I've been gone?"

"No, dad," Tom met the issue squarely. "The experimental room hasn't been unlocked, and won't be. We have our hands full without tackling any new designs. Of course, so long as you insist, we'll have to do without the valuable space Barney's junk takes up and pay his salary. But if I had my way I'd clear out the experimental room and let him go right now."

Doman glared at his son ferociously. Miss Rudge thought he was going to swear a blue streak despite her presence, and she blanched. Instead he gulped; then spoke in the voice of forlorn resignation:

"I suppose I might as well look facts in the eye. You figure that Dennis is junk, like the stuff he's been accumulating up on the top floor all these years." Old Ziba's tone hardened. "Maybe he is; yet I ain't going to make him feel the way I've felt the last few weeks. I won't ask you to keep Barney on the pay roll any longer; but you ain't to sell what's in his experimental room to a rubbish man.

"He's put his heart into those things he's designed, and I don't intend to treat them as worthless. You can make an estimate of what you'd get for the stuff as junk and charge that amount to my personal account. I'm going to have it carted out to Dennis' barn where he putters round in his home workshop nights and Sundays. What's more, I mean to pay him his regular salary out of my own pocket right along and have him go ahead with some ideas he's been experimenting on. I don't figure he is junk yet."

"But, dad ——" Tom started to expostulate.

"Now look here, young man," roared Old Ziba in an explosion of wrath, "I ain't sticking my nose into your ideas; you keep yours out of mine! Go up and unlock that experimental room. Have everything there packed into shipping boxes—quick! And when I give an order round here after this don't you butt in with any But!"

Tom bristled. He restrained his resentment, however, lest he provoke his father. He went out, stiffly obedient to discipline. The moment the door closed Old Ziba pounced fiercely on his startled secretary:

"Why the blistering brindle blazes didn't you telegraph me what the young jackass was up to with Harg?"

Miss Rudge was so disconcerted by the wholly unexpected attack that she could only stammer her weak excuses. Old Ziba cut her short:

"You ought to have wired me the minute my son first hinted such a fool idea as his imagining the Continental would tie up in a five-year contract at those exorbitant prices with any intention of paying them. You suspected there was a nigger in the woodpile, yet you never yipped for fear you'd scare him out and hurt Tom's feelings.

"It was all my fault, though. I said before I went to Florida that if I'd give my son rope enough he'd hang himself, and that I'd come back to the funeral. Well, he's done his part, and I'm here."

"What do you mean?" Miss Rudge was terrorized.

"Harg has got the noose tight round Tom's neck, though the trap won't be sprung under him for a while. I won't tell you just yet what the scheme is for fear you might let out a hint of it to Tom without meaning to. If my son knew what's coming he'd spoil the only chance there is to stop it. I want you to watch him close and keep me posted on everything that happens here. Of course you mustn't let on that I've told you anything. He's got to get those new wire machines built in record time. I'm counting on his enthusiasm to hurry them, and you'll have to be careful not to act like a wet blanket while you're watching him for me. Write me a letter after you get home every night and send it by special delivery to this address in Detroit."

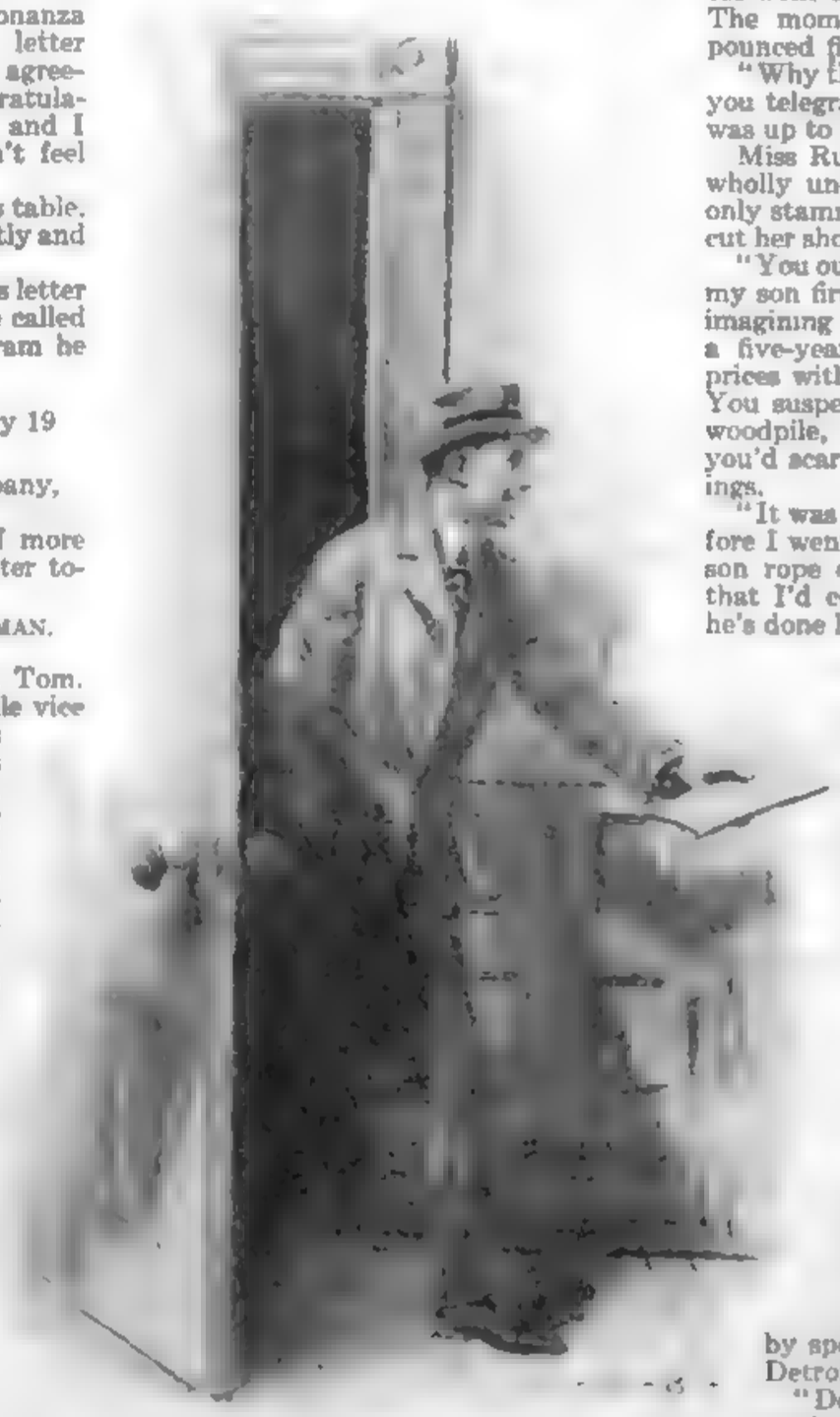
"Detroit!" exclaimed the secretary as she took the card he handed to her.

"Yes. For a has-been I'm going to be a mighty busy man the next few months. The only chance to save this company from going busted just as it's getting systematized so fine is that a couple of pieces of human junk—Dennis Barney and I—can shore up the trap Tom's walked onto so cocksure it's safe. We dassent work here in Chicago for fear Harg might catch on. So we're going to Detroit and hide what we're up to."

More than this Old Ziba would not disclose. He bounced from his chair and hurried to the experimental room to supervise the removal of its contents. He did not speak to either his son or his secretary again until he came downstairs to bid them a grumpy good-by. In parting he gave Tom his address in Detroit. It was not the same as he had written on the card confided to Miss Rudge. Young Doman turned ruefully to his father's secretary after Old Ziba's taxicab started away.

"Sore as a boil because I'm making good," he commented.

(Continued on Page 37)



Tom Flourished a Paper Triumphantly. "There She Is!" He Rejoiced. "Signed and Sealed!"

ANNOUNCING A NEW AND BETTER HAIR MATTRESS

by Thos. E. Wilson

WE have waited for much more than a year before announcing our "Restgood" mattresses in such a manner as this. We have insisted upon being *sure* that these mattresses are beyond comparison. It was easy enough to make a mattress that would *sell*. But to produce a mattress of the class and kind which the public would expect from our institution was a different proposition.

Today we feel perfectly safe in introducing Wilson's "Restgood" Mattresses. We do not believe that there ever was such a curled hair mattress made or sold. We believe we are safe in saying that our "Restgood" mattress, made by our exclusive process, is more durable, will give better and longer service, and will give the sleeper *more comfort* than anything heretofore offered.

We make our own curled hair—in the greatest curled hair plant in the world, and in the best-equipped one. I think that our curled hair experts know more about that product than any other men; I know that they do their work well.

We have insisted upon *value* in this mattress. Each "Restgood" mattress contains forty pounds of high quality, new, sanitary, curled hair. This is incased in coverings of heavy drill in many striped designs, or in very handsome art fabrics.

Nothing could be purer, or cleaner or more sanitary than the curled hair itself. The value of the mattress is increased by the workmanship spent on it—the triple-stitching, and the "Imperial Roll." Everything that contributes to yielding elasticity, handsomeness and wearing value is in this mattress.

We did not set out to make a high priced mattress, nor yet a cheap one. Our aim was to make the *ideal* mattress, and base its price on the cost of materials and labor.

The Wilson "Restgood" Mattress is sold by good dealers everywhere. Some dealer in your city no doubt handles the "Restgood" line of mattresses, box springs and pillows.

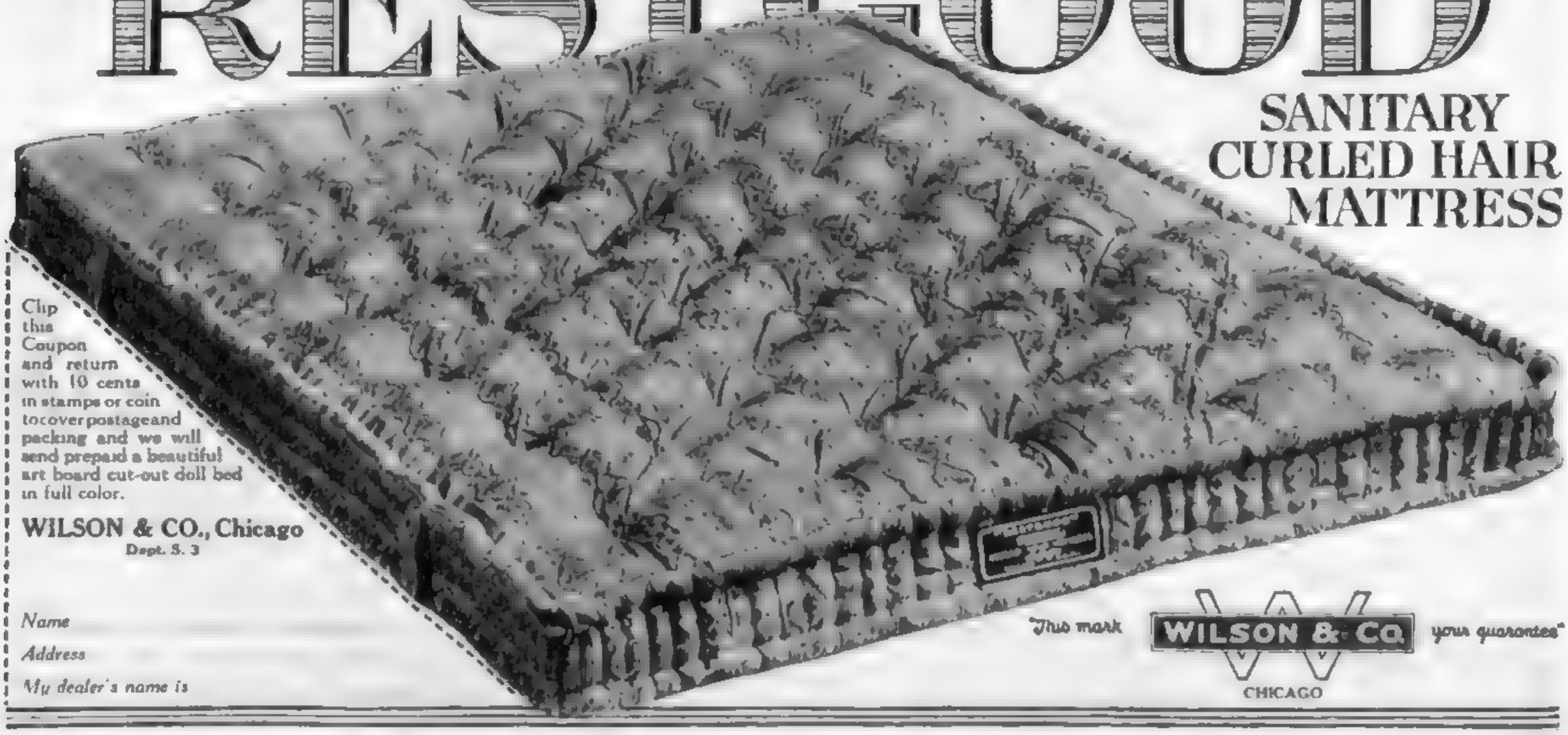
If your dealer does not carry it, or cannot supply you, write us.

The main point to remember is that the Wilson "Restgood" mattress and similar products bear all the good faith and all of the guaranty that is symbolized in the Wilson & Co. trade-mark.

Thos. E. Wilson
President, Wilson & Co.

"RESTGOOD"

SANITARY CURLED HAIR MATTRESS



Clip this Coupon and return with 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover postage and packing and we will send prepaid a beautiful art board cut-out doll bed in full color.

WILSON & CO., Chicago
Dept. S. 3

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer's name is _____

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 35)

"He certainly has put the job up to you," Miss Rudge responded soberly. "You mustn't let anything prevent those wire machines from being finished on time."

Tom squared his shoulders to carry the load of responsibility.

"There won't be any hitches," he pledged.

III

FOR several weeks Miss Rudge's daily reports to Old Ziba, regarding which he made no comments in return, were records of work on the enameling ovens and spoolers accomplished ahead of the scheduled time for its completion. The first battery of new insulating equipment was installed on the top floor early in April.

Tom had the gas burners of one machine lighted in order to adjust the heat-regulating valves. But the specially made trial samples of pyrometer couples, which had been ordered from a Milwaukee concern, were found to be slightly defective. They were expressed back to the manufacturer so that the errors could be corrected in the main shipment of the order, which was to follow. The testing of the first battery of enamelers was at a standstill pending the receipt of the delicate heat-measuring devices. But the construction of the rest of the new wire machines in the shop was not delayed. Before the first of May all were set up in readiness for the expected pyrometers.

The Marx Pyrometer Company, of Milwaukee, specialized in the manufacture of patented heat-measuring devices. It had furnished to the Ziba Doman Company the year before half a dozen sets of special couples that had worked perfectly ever since on the original battery of ovens which had tested out the new enameling process. The pyrometers were installed in connection with controlling valves which automatically regulated the intensity of the gas flames and so maintained the oven heat within the narrow range of temperatures at which the thin films of enamel could be baked on the fine wires thoroughly, without charring. Accurate pyrometers were essential to the manufacture of uniform magnet wire.

The slight defects found in the first samples of heat regulators did not occasion Tom any concern. He had expected the faults would be remedied easily. But when instead of making a complete and perfect shipment of his order the Marx Pyrometer Company again sent only a single set of trial couples, which on test proved far less accurate than the samples he already had rejected, young Doman was frankly worried. He took the first train for Milwaukee. His expression when he left was anxious. When he returned to the office next morning he was haggard.

"I'm afraid I'm up against it," he told Miss Rudge. "The Marx expert on thermodynamics has gone to Germany. It seems that he personally worked out the specifications for our pyrometers when dad ordered the first lot a year ago. Nobody else up there in Milwaukee has been able to get the couples accurate enough for our needs. They are experimenting, but can't promise anything. And here I am with only eight weeks left to get into shape for beginning contract deliveries of wire to the Continental!"

"Why can't you buy pyrometers somewhere else?" cried the secretary, dismayed.

"I'll try, of course," Tom replied dejectedly. "But I remember dad told me he couldn't get what he wanted from anybody but the Marx Company. Pyrometer making is an extremely technical business, and there are only a few concerns in it. The Milwaukee crowd controls the patents on the most accurate platinum-iridium couples. Nobody else turns out such exact pyrometers."

Young Doman had the addresses of four makers of heat measuring devices of the type he sought. He left Miss Rudge in charge of the factory and office and started on his quest at once. Old Ziba's confidante immediately sent to her chief a long telegram apprising him of the situation. The reply came back from Detroit within two hours:

All right. Will be office eight to-night. Wait for me. ZIBA DOMAN.

The message—the first two words especially—thrilled Miss Rudge. Evidently old Ziba was not nonplused regarding the pyrometer difficulty. The rest of that day the secretary worked with her eyes straying often to the clock. After the factory and office employees left, at quitting time, she went out for her supper, then returned and waited on the *qui vive* for Doman's arrival. He came a few minutes after eight, greeted her brusquely and began to growl questions.

"How long will Tom be out of town on his wild-goose chase?"

"He expected to be gone five or six days," Miss Rudge informed.

"Are all the new enameling machines set up on the top floor?"

"Yes. Everything is ready to run as soon as Tom can get pyrometers."

"If the ovens ain't started before then," commented Old Ziba, "they're liable to stand idle a damned long time. Excuse my French. I'll tell you now—what I've known from the minute my son sent me a copy of the Continental contract—that he won't be able to get any pyrometers from the Marx concern. The Continental controls that company. I found out about it a year ago. Before Harg got next to our experiments on enameled wire, the Marx expert on thermodynamics had furnished us six perfect pyrometers. We ordered two dozen more sets. I intended to go into the magnet-wire business strong. But Slippery Elm had learned by that time what we were planning to do. He didn't want us to invade the magnet-wire field with a product that would put his silk-covered wire out of the running; so the Marx Company got orders from him to tell me they couldn't make couples as accurate as I specified, though they'd already furnished me six sets that were exact.

"Of course then I tried to get pyrometers from somebody else; but none of the devices Barney and I tested would do our work. So when I saw a copy of the Continental contract I realized what a strangle hold on me Harg had with that penalty clause. He thinks he can force me to turn over the enameling-process patents to him for a cancellation of the contract. He figures to choke me until I'm black in the face and have to give in to him. But I hope I can wriggle loose. The middle of February I put Barney at work on the job of getting up a heat-controlling device that won't infringe the Marx patents."

"And he's done it?" Miss Rudge cried excitedly.

Doman's grin was savage.

"Dennis has designed an entirely new heat-regulating equipment for our standard pattern ovens. I had the parts made in a Detroit machine shop to prevent Harg from getting wind of my scheme. I'm planning a little surprise party for him."

"Oh, that's great!" the secretary exulted. She remembered young Doman commiseratingly. "What a jolt it will be to poor Tom when he realizes fully the predicament he's got the company into, and that you and Mr. Barney have had to take hold!"

"He needs a jolt!" snorted Old Ziba. "The young whippersnapper is too all-fired sure of himself. He chucked Dennis Barney and me on the junk pile a little early. Now I'm going to squelch him, by blistering brindle blazes!"

"Don't be too hard on Tom," pleaded Miss Rudge. "He will be broken-hearted anyhow."

Doman was inexorable. "His spirit needs to be cracked, too—that know-it-all notion of his. I mean to teach my son a few things about business he won't find in any of his scientific-efficiency books or on newfangled charts. From and after to-day I'm going to be ringmaster of this circus; and when I crack the whip Tom will scratch gravel without any back talk."

Old Ziba glowered implacably at his secretary for half a minute; then he proceeded to issue the first orders of his reassumed autocratic authority:

"To-morrow will be Saturday and the factory will close at noon. Send the office force home, too; but you stay. I'll be here about one o'clock with a gang of machinists I brought from Detroit. I'm going to clean out that top floor unbeknown to any of our regular employees and take away all the enameling apparatus. I have another place on the North Side here in Chicago all rented and ready, where Barney will set up the ovens and attach his heat regulators.

"Nobody here except the night watchman will know the top floor is empty, and I can trust him to keep his mouth shut. After all the machines are out I'll lock up and leave the keys with you. The door mustn't be opened on any consideration. Harg ain't to get a tip that the enameling apparatus has been moved. I want him to think it's still upstairs, standing idle because we can't get pyrometers—in case he has a spy working here who reports to him."

"You said you'd leave the keys with me—don't you intend to be here yourself from now on?"

"No; I'm going back to Detroit Sunday night."

"Why, what shall I tell Tom when he returns?" stammered Miss Rudge.

Old Ziba took a sealed envelope from his pocket.

"You can repeat to him all I've told you about the situation. Warn him to say nothing to anybody and to stay away from Harg. Afterward you give him these instructions."

Doman's plan was carried out the next afternoon. All the contents of the top floor were carted away to an undisclosed destination. Old Ziba handed Miss Rudge the keys to the doors, which he had locked himself. He rushed off without issuing any orders or vouchsafing more information.

Tom returned on Tuesday from his fruitless quest. The secretary astounded him with the relation of a circumstantial account of his father's visit. Finally she passed over the letter intrusted to her.

"He said you'd find your instructions in this."

Young Doman had listened spellbound. He ripped open the envelope eagerly. He glanced over its contents. His face flushed with chagrin. Silently he handed the inclosure to Miss Rudge. She read the scrawl:

Tom: Take a dose of horse sense every morning before starting to work, for the next month. Fire that expensive fool and sanctified public accountant, Gibson, right away. Quit making newfangled improvements and begin making old-fashioned money. We're going to need a lot of it damned bad! ZIBA DOMAN.

IV

FOR a month Old Ziba gave no inkling of his plans except by advising from time to time that he had drawn a check against the company's bank account. The aggregate of the amounts he reported exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars. Tom realized that all of this heavy drain was due in some way to the *contretemps* for which he was responsible.

His father did not write to him at all. Old Ziba's curt letters of instruction invariably were addressed to his secretary, with orders to tell his son to do this and that. It tried the young man's grit to obey these arbitrary commands in ignorance of their significance, after his exercise of supreme authority; but Tom accepted his humiliation like a demoted good soldier. He was bitter only when he reflected on his own past cocky assurance. In the course of that month of suspense young Doman conceived a great new respect for his father as a business man.

The first Monday in June Old Ziba reappeared unexpectedly at his Chicago office. There were deep lines across his forehead and his shrunken cheeks sagged, but his tone was vigorous as he greeted his secretary and Tom.

"Good morning. I thought it was about time to bring matters to a head," he said, explaining his appearance. Then he inquired sarcastically: "Son, do you suppose you've got things systematized enough round here so you can be spared a while without being missed?"

Tom stiffened courageously to take the climax punishment for his big mistake. He guessed his father intended to cap his disgrace by discharging him. He recalled the vainglorious prediction he had made when first intrusted with authority.

"I'm ready to take my medicine, sir," he declared with head erect.

Old Ziba stared, uncomprehending, for a second or two. Then he grinned.

"By blistering brindle blazes!" he ejaculated. "I'd forgot I am supposed to swallow some quinine about now. Maybe I had ought to fire you; but that wasn't what I meant a minute ago. I intended to invite you to come along with me to Harg's surprise party. I'm sorry I can't take you, too, Miss Rudge; but we'll give you a full report. Get your hat, Tom."

Doman had a taxicab at the door. He walked out to it briskly, followed by his son. Old Ziba plumped down on the rear seat. When the door was closed he spoke the one sentence he vouchsafed while Tom and he were riding to the big electrical factory:

"Keep your eyes and ears open, and your mouth shut."

The two callers were admitted promptly to the richly furnished private office of the president of the Continental Electric Company. He did not rise from behind his massive desk to receive his visitors. His burly body seemed to square defensively. His gray eyes narrowed.

"What do you want?" he blurted. Harg habitually was coarse and arrogant.

Old Ziba coolly seated himself and waved his son to another chair. He gazed round the big room reflectively.

"I haven't been up here since that battery-box deal we had eight years ago," he remarked. "The place looks about the same. I've been thinking for quite a spell I owed you a call. So I told my son this morning we'd just drop in and inform you how we're getting along with our preparations to take care of your magnet-wire orders. It's only three weeks to the first of July, and maybe you've been a little uneasy for fear we'd fall down on the deliveries we contracted to make."

The thickset man at the desk had tautened; but he did not speak. His eyelids were pinched now until only slits of glittering pupils showed.

"You've agreed to pay us good prices for wire," Old Ziba drawled on. "To show our appreciation we're going to ship your first requisition prompter than we promised. We've got the whole ten thousand pounds enameled already and will make the delivery to-day, seeing you specified it on or before July first. I thought you'd be interested in looking over our wire plant, too, so's you'd know we ain't liable to disappoint you on future requisitions either. I'll take you right over and show you through if you can spare half an hour. We ain't insulating wire at our main factory. We've rented a special place for it, only about a mile from here, to be handy to make deliveries."

Harg was completely dumfounded. His eyes bulged now. His heavy face purpled. He seemed to be choking. Tom, too, was so amazed that he gaped at his father. Then he suddenly realized he was betraying his astonishment.

He leaned back in his chair, artificially at ease, in imitation of Old Ziba's manner of sang-froid.

"I did surprise you—sure, Harg!" chuckled Doman. He turned to Tom. "I notice my son is pop-eyed too." He reverted to the president of the Continental Electric Company and explained: "Tom and I didn't agree on how we ought to make your magnet wire. He figured on baking it in gas-heated ovens. 'Tis the cheapest way, I admit. But I had a lot of trouble a year ago when I first tested that kind of enameling machine. Somehow or other I couldn't buy the right pyrometers. So lately my designer and I got up a different rig for regulating the heat, on purpose to take care of your orders. We don't use gas at all.

"When Tom was figuring on making a deal with you I didn't tell him about my experiments with the new process. He had an idea he could get pyrometers easy enough. I thought after we'd landed the contract I'd let him go ahead and build the ovens, seeing as the new process doesn't require machines much if any different from the standard we'd worked out for gas. So I went on a little vacation. While I was gone my son got into the same trouble about pyrometers that I did, of course, and was stuck.

"I let him sweat a while. Then, unbeknown to him, I came home and brought a gang of machinists to our factory one Saturday afternoon, when everybody'd gone. We moved out all the ovens Tom had built. I've kept him partly in the dark ever since. I kind of enjoyed thinking of surprising him and you at the same time. Now if you'll come along with me I'll show you our new process for enameling wire. I've been running the plant over two weeks and it's all going smooth."

Old Ziba rose and stood blandly expectant. Tom, too, got to his feet. Harg gulped. He hesitated half a minute. Then he slowly lifted himself out of his chair, as if calculating each move as part of a quandary. He evidently had decided to play the rôle of mock friendliness for the nonce, after Doman's lead, until he could get his bearings.

"That's very interesting," he said in a tone he strove to control, but which broke in his dry mouth. "I'll be glad to go with you." Suddenly his eyes flashed and he cut swiftly into the crux: "Are you sure that wire enameled by your new process will pass our inspection tests?"

"You'll have ten thousand pounds delivered to you before noon," Old Ziba retorted, unperturbed. "You can find out for yourself that every spool is better than your contract specifications."

This confident assertion appeared to stagger Harg; but he rallied and followed the Domans to the waiting taxicab. Old Ziba talked garrulously about his plans to expand his magnet-wire business all the five minutes of the ride to the new enameling plant. This was in a large building designed for light manufacturing. Doman conducted his companions to the top floor and unlocked a door. He stepped aside. Harg walked in first, with Tom close at his heels. As his son passed, Old Ziba touched his own lips with a cautioning finger. Then he proceeded to act the explanatory proud host.

In a room approximately fifty feet wide and thrice that length twoscore enameling ovens with their complements of spoolers were in operation. Slowly turning, grooved pulleys carried the wires from the tanks filled with black liquid enamel up through the ovens and down to the tanks again for successive coats. After five dippings and bakings the finished wire was spooled by automatic winders. A dozen workmen attended the machines. Through the room droned the sounds of routine industry.

Old Ziba strolled a little ahead of the president of the Continental Electric Company down the center aisle between the parallel batteries of ovens. He stopped casually before a machine to explain its operation:

"In our old process we baked the enamel from the outside with Bunsen burners and had to use pyrometers to control the heat. In these machines, however, we just pass an electric current through the wire itself to heat it up and so bake the enamel from the inside. All we need now is ordinary current-controlling equipment to regulate the exact amount of electrical juice we squirt through each wire. It's a good deal slower process than the old way, because we have to get along with less heat. Too much current would be apt to burn out or soften the wires, of course. But the big advantage of this process is that we don't have to knuckle to those pyrometer pirates."

Having delivered his elucidation, Old Ziba complacently folded his hands behind his back. He rocked on his heels and toes while he watched the effect on Harg of his ocular demonstration.

The president of the Continental Electric Company stood rigid. His face was a sickly yellow. His eyes blazed hate at the slowly revolving spools that inexorably wound the finished wire, layer upon layer, with uncanny precision. Tom, too, gazed at the automatic machine as if fascinated. Then he glanced aside at Harg. The burly man seemed to feel the look. He whirled to young Doman as if stung to the quick.

"Were those samples you submitted to us for test before the contract was signed made by this process?" he snapped.

Old Ziba answered in lieu of his son:

"Of course not! Don't you remember I told you we ain't been insulating this way more than a couple of weeks? Your samples were made on our old machines, which were equipped with the few pyrometers we were able to get hold of a year ago, before those Milwaukee fellows forgot how to turn out accurate couples for us. But our contract don't say how we're to enamel. All that's necessary is for us to deliver wire which is up to specifications when it's done. And if your inspectors don't say the wire we're going to ship you to-day is O. K., I'll eat every spool that won't pass, by blistering brindle blazes! That's how sure I am it's all right. Come out to the stock room now and I'll show you the wire we're packing up for you. The first load is about ready."

Old Ziba jogged up the aisle. Harg hesitated, then tramped after him. Tom brought up the rear. As he entered the next room he saw Dennis Barney. The wizened mechanical and electrical genius was engaged in the unwonted supervision of half a dozen packers, who were filling boxes on the floor with spooled enameled wire, which they took from the shelves that lined the stock-room walls. Barney gave only a glance at the newcomers. Then he bent his grizzled head again over the record sheet he was checking.

Twenty or more packing cases, holding about two hundred pounds apiece, were piled in one corner. Each was marked with the quantity and size of wire it contained, and on every box was stenciled "Continental Electric Company—Req. 197289-K—Shipment # 1." The shelves along the sides of the room were tagged with size cards. Some of the spaces were nearly empty. From these the packers already had taken the wire. But approximately two thousand full spools stood on the shelves.

Old Ziba turned to Harg and beamed on him, still pretending exaggerated friendliness. He waved his hand and swept the room with his gesture.

"I guess you needn't worry over our keeping you supplied," he commented. "The plant is turning out over eight hundred pounds a day now."

Harg was utterly nonplused. For a moment or two he showed in his hulking attitude of helplessness that he realized he was caught in the trap he had set. But he roused to savage desperation.

"I don't believe your wire will pass our tests!" he blurted.

Old Ziba's smile seemed to harden as his expression turned grim. He went to the desk at which Barney was checking and picked up a sheaf of papers. He marched back with the handful. He had discarded his mask of friendliness now.

"That wire had better pass your inspection, Harg!" he defied. "Every spool is numbered and has been tested by three of my men. Here are their reports on each separate spool, and they'll swear in court to the correctness of every one of them if necessary. It won't be healthy for anybody to commit perjury about that wire. Test it as rigidly as you please, but don't make any mistakes."

The manner of Old Ziba changed to pretended urbanity again.

"Well, I won't take up any more of your valuable time this morning, Mr. Harg. You'll probably have a good deal to tend to at your office. Much obliged to you for coming over. I told the taxi driver to wait and take you back." He opened the hall door. Harg rushed out. Tom started to speak. His father snapped "Shut up!" Then Old Ziba took his son by the arm and led him into the hall. The elevator had descended with the president of the Continental Electric Company.

"I'll explain something to you in a minute," promised Doman Senior.

Tom and his father took the next car down and started along the street.

"Kind of snatched your breath away upstairs, didn't I?" grunted Old Ziba.

"I should say you did!" ejaculated Tom. "I take off my hat to you and Barney. I didn't suppose that enamel could be baked commercially by passing an electric current through the wire. I should think the inner layers would be charred by the repeated heatings for the five coats."

"They would if Barney hadn't got up a dope that bakes at a low temperature."

Tom's eyes shone; but his father snuffed out his enthusiasm before it was spoken:

"We ain't out of the woods yet. There was one little detail of our new process I omitted to inform Harg about. That dope Barney got up doesn't happen to be an insulator!"

Tom was dumfounded.

"The wire covered with it looks the same as our regular enameled wire. That's about the only resemblance," Doman confided. "I just let Harg see it though, you noticed. So he doesn't know the difference."

"But you told him the wire you are shipping would stand their dielectric test!"

"Which it will. It happens, however, that particular wire wasn't turned out on those machines you and Harg saw running so smooth. I made the whole ten thousand pounds in a plant I operated in Detroit while Barney was getting the factory set up here in Chicago to fool Harg. Dennis remembered, when I told him down in Florida about the break you'd made in signing the contract, that he had a perfect Marx pyrometer in his experimental room. The Milwaukee crowd originally furnished us six, but we installed only five on our test ovens.

"Barney took that one pyrometer as a model and made forty sets of perfect couples from it himself. Of course they are infringements of the Marx patents, and the Milwaukee gang could enjoin us from using them if they knew what we have done. We installed the pyrometers on standard enameling ovens we'd had made in a Detroit machine shop. Then we just turned out wire the regular way until we had all we needed to fill Harg's first requisition.

"I shipped the whole lot to Chicago before I came on here. Yesterday Barney and I, with a gang of helpers, took from the stock-room shelves you saw all the no-account wire his machines had made and replaced it with good wire from Detroit. In order to make the fake plant look natural to Harg we needed to break in a crew of machine tenders. They made up close to four tons of wire that's junk before the plant got to running smooth. But if my scheme goes through we can afford the loss. Harg never suspected anything—no more than you did. Of course I can't keep him fooled long, but a few hours will tell whether or not I can work my real plan on him."

"What is that?" cried Tom, aghast now that his sanguine expectations were dashed by the cold water of realization.

"I'll let him have time to test some of that wire I'm sending over this morning. About two o'clock you and I will make another call on him. You'll see then what my scheme is. It may not work; but there ain't any other chance to escape from the penalty clause of the contract. I have to hustle down town now and see our lawyer. You go home. Keep out of the office. Your face looks so glum it will be a dead give-away if Harg has anybody spying on us. Meet me in front of the Continental at two o'clock sharp."

Tom never spent such a long four hours as followed his father's abrupt congé. He paced his room and conjured forebodings of disaster. The more he thought of Old Ziba's ruse the less likelihood did there seem that it could be utilized successfully to escape from the contract penalty. Still, he was not hopeless. He knew the ingenuity of the veteran business strategist who had planned the campaign to circumvent Harg's knavery. Tom started a quarter of an hour early for his appointment and waited in nervous expectance outside the gigantic factory of the Continental Electric Company until his father arrived, promptly at two o'clock.

They went up to the office and Old Ziba wrote on a card: "I have a proposition that will interest you." He sent the message to the president. The usher did not return to the anteroom for nearly ten minutes, but when he did come back he conducted the two Domans to Harg. They found their burly enemy intrenched behind his mahogany table, on which were piled dozens of spools of enameled wire. The president was flanked by his lawyer and by a man Tom never had seen before. He was uncertain whether or not his father knew either of Harg's companions. But Old Ziba proceeded at once to his business, still mocking friendliness:

"Harg, it strikes me that the prices in the contract you signed with us may be a little higher than you'd like to have them. I've thought of a way we might save you some money without losing any ourselves. Perhaps we can make a different dicker. Our new process of insulating wire is a little slow, as you noticed when you saw the machines running. It takes twice as long as it would if we could enamel the way we intended when we first made magnet wire. Now if you managed in some way to get us the right pyrometers from that Milwaukee concern we could manufacture considerably cheaper. I'm willing to give you the saving. Here is the schedule of the reductions I thought of offering in case you agree to furnish us the pyrometers."

He passed over a paper. Harg grabbed it like a drowning man lunging to clutch a life preserver. His two allies leaned toward him to look at the sheet the president of the Continental Electric Company spread on his desk. He read the typewriting and his face blackened.

"Those figures are still exorbitant!" bellowed Harg. "You'd make fifty thousand a year on that contract at such prices!"

Old Ziba spread his plump hands deprecatingly.

"Hardly," he denied. "You forget that it costs considerable to start up a plant. However, I calculated to come out safe on the deal myself while I should be saving you fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand dollars a year, compared with what you're legally bound to pay if I was to be mean and insist on making your wire by the new process. Those prices are fair, everything considered."

"I won't pay them!" Harg roared.

Doman shrugged his shoulders and turned to his son.

"That's what I get for trying to do an obstinate man a good turn," he commented. "Tom, I guess we'll have to make the Continental's wire the slow way. Well, it ain't our funeral."

One of the men sitting beside the burly president whispered in his ear. Harg listened sullenly, then blurted an indefinite offer of compromise:

"I'll pay you reasonable figures for wire if you'll talk sense."

"I take it that one of these gentlemen is your lawyer, and probably the other is a magnet-wire expert," Old Ziba surmised. "Is that right?"

Harg jerked his head in affirmation.

"Then they've talked sense to you already," Doman thrust swiftly. "Don't make any bluffs about reasonable figures, Harg. You've agreed to pay certain prices already. And I'm offering you a chance to save money. You're up against it if you have any notion of trying to break that contract. You saw to it that it was made ironclad in the first place. Your lawyer has told you the courts will sustain it. Your expert has reported that our wire is O. K. They both have talked sense to you. Now I will: You accept that proposition of mine within the next minute and sign the agreement to deliver us accurate pyrometers or you'll pay the straight contract price for every ounce of wire we furnish you in the next five years. I'm beginning to remember a battery-box deal I had with you eight years ago; and in about sixty seconds from now I'll feel too revengeful to let up on you a mite. You squeezed the last cent you could out of me under that old contract. I'm offering to let you off easy."

The three men behind the table glared at Old Ziba for perhaps a quarter of a minute. Then the lawyer whispered again to his client. Harg shook his head furiously. He sat at bay and glared implacable hatred at the chubby little embodiment of his Nemesis. Doman coolly picked up his hat and pulled out his watch.

"To be liberal, and show there's no hard feelings yet on my part, I'll allow you thirty seconds from now to make up your mind whether to be a fool and fight or to recognize that you're licked. I don't give a sky-blue damn which way you take what's coming to you, publicly or privately. And in case you think I'm bluffing about this being your last chance to save that sixteen thousand dollars a year, I'll remind you of my reputation for being a mule when I've made up my mind to anything." Old Ziba fixed his eyes on the dial of his watch. "Twenty-five! Twenty! Fifteen! Ten!"

Harg snatched up his pen. Viciously he gouged his name on the contract amendment.

"You two just sign as witnesses," Doman ordered the other men at the table.

Harg snarled his assent and the certifications were added. Old Ziba inspected the signatures, then put the contract amendment into his pocket and laid another paper on the desk.

"There's your copy. Well, I'll bid you good afternoon," he said as his valedictory. "And I won't ever refer to that battery-box deal again, Harg. Bygones are bygones."

When Tom and his father reached the hall and were alone, the son's exultant admiration burst out in a paean.

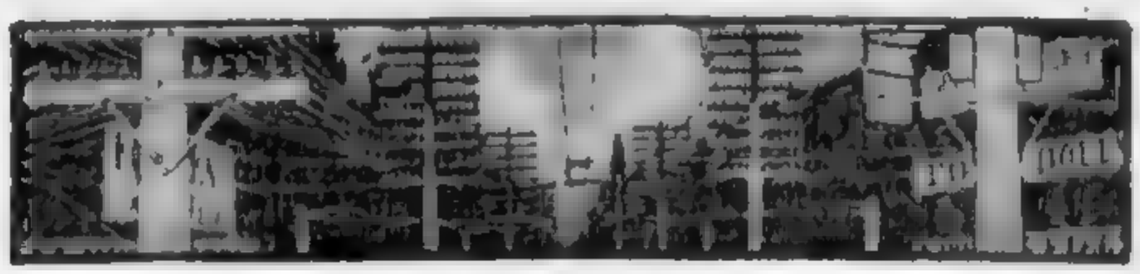
"Dad, you're a wonder!"

Old Ziba breathed deeply.

"Anyhow, I dragged out that one leg of mine you thought was in the grave," he gibed mischievously. "And did you notice that I managed the resurrection without any chart?"

Tom's face fell. But his father clapped the young man on the shoulder heartily.

"Buck up, son! We've both learned a heap about each other lately. Some of those efficiency ideas of yours might work, hitched to common sense. I shouldn't be surprised if we'd make a pretty good team in double harness as partners. By blistering brindle blazes! The Ziba Doman Company ain't going to be a one-horse concern any longer!"



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THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

and genuine. Men need, after all, but an altar on which to lay tribute. And the high, remote white altar that was Sara Lee had already received the love of two strong men.

She was not troubling her head that night, however, about being an altar, of a sort. She cried a little at first, because she was terrified for Henri and because Jean's face was growing pinched and gray. Then she cried very hard, prone on the ground and face down, because Henri was young, and all of life should have been before him. And he was missing.

Henri was undeniably missing. Even the King knew it now, and set down in his heart, among the other crosses there, Henri's full name, which we may not know, and took to pacing his little study and looking out at the spring sea.

That night Marie, having ladled to the bottom of her kettle, found Sara Lee missing, and was told by René of the direction she had taken. Marie, muttering to herself, set out to find her, and almost stumbled over her in the wood by the road.

She sat down on the ground without a word and placed a clumsy hand on the girl's shoulder. It was not until Sara Lee ceased sobbing that she spoke:

"It is far from hopeless, mademoiselle."

They had by now established a system of communication. Sara Lee spoke her orders in halting French, but general conversation was beyond her. And much hearing of English had taught the Belgian girl enough to follow.

Sara Lee replied, then, in smothered English: "He is gone, Marie. He will never come back."

"Who can tell? There are many missing who are not dead."

Sara Lee shuddered. For spies were not made prisoners. They had no rights as prisoners of war. Their own governments did not protect them. To Henri capture was death. But she could not say this to Marie.

Marie sat softly stroking Sara Lee's hair, her own eyes tragic and tearless.

"Even if it were—the other," she said, "it is not so bad to die for one's country. The thing that is terrible, that leaves behind it only bitterness and grief and no hope, mademoiselle, even with many prayers, is that one has died a traitor."

She coaxed Sara Lee back at last. They went through the fields, for fresh troops were being thrown into the Belgian trenches and the street was full of men. Great dray horses were dragging forward batteries, the heavy guns sliding and slipping. In the absence of such information as only Henri had been wont to bring it was best to provide for the worst.

The next day Jean did not come over for breakfast, and René handed Sara Lee a note.

"I am going to England," Jean had written that dawn in the house of the mill. "And from there to Holland. I can get past the barrier and shall work down toward the Front. I must learn what has happened, mademoiselle. As you know, if he was captured, there is no hope. But there is an excellent chance that he is in hiding, unable to get back. Look for me in two weeks."

There followed what instructions he had given as to her supplies, which would come as before. Beautifully written in Jean's small fine hand, it spelled for Sara Lee the last hope. She read Jean's desperation through its forced cheerfulness. And she faced for the first time a long period of loneliness in the crowded little house.

She tried very hard to fill the gap that Henri had left—tried to joke with the men in her queer bits of French; was more smiling than ever, for fear she might be less. But now and then in cautious whispers she heard Henri's name, and her heart contracted with very terror.

A week. Two weeks. Twice the village was bombarded severely, but the little house escaped by a miracle. Marie considered it the same miracle that left holy pictures unhurt on the walls of destroyed houses, and allowed the frailest of old ebony crucifixes to remain unharmed.

Great generals, often as tall as they were great, stopped at the little house to implore Sara Lee to leave. But she only shook her head.

"Not unless you send me away," she always said; "and that would break my heart."

"But to move, mademoiselle, only to the next village!" they would remonstrate, and as a final argument: "You are too valuable to risk an injury."

"I must remain here," she said. And some of them thought they understood. When an unusually obdurate officer came along, Sara Lee would insist on taking him to the cellar.

"You see!" she would say, holding her candle high. "It is a nice cellar, warm and dry. It is"—proudly—"one of the best cellars in the village. It is a really homelike cellar."

The officer would go away then, and send her cigarettes for her men or, as in more than one case, a squad with bags of earth and other things to protect the little house as much as possible. After a time the little house began to represent the ideas in protection and camouflage, then in its early stages, of many different minds.

René shot a man there one night, a skulking figure working its way in the shadows up the street. It was just before dawn, and René, who was sleepless those days, like the others, called to him. The man started to run, dodging behind walls. But René ran faster and killed him.

He was a German in Belgian peasant's clothing. But he wore the great shoes of the German soldier, and he had been making a rough map of the Belgian trenches.

Sara Lee did not see him. But when she heard the shot she went out, and René told her breathlessly.

From that time on her terrors took the definite form of Henri lying dead in a ruined street, and being buried, as this man was buried, without ceremony and without a prayer, in some sodden spring field.

XVIII

AS THE spring advanced Harvey grew increasingly bitter; grew morbid and increasingly self-conscious also. He began to think that people were smiling behind his back, and when they asked about Sara Lee he met with almost insulting brevity what he felt was half-contemptuous kindness. He went nowhere, and worked all day and until late in the night.

He did well in his business, however, and late in March he received a substantial raise in salary. He took it without enthusiasm, and told Belle that night at dinner with apathy.

After the evening meal it was now his custom to go to his room and there, shut in, to read. He read no books on the war, and even the quarter column entitled Salient Points of the Day's War News hardly received a glance from him now.

In the office when the talk turned to the war, as it did almost hourly, he would go out or scowl over his letters.

"Harvey's hit hard," they said there.

"He's acting like a rotten cub," was likely to be the next sentence. But sometimes it was: "Well, what'd you expect? Everything ready to get married, and the girl beating it for France without notice! I'd be sore myself."

On the day of the raise in salary his sister got the children to bed and straightened up the litter of small garments that seemed always to bestrew the house, even to the lower floor. Then she went into Harvey's room. Coat and collar off, he was lying on the bed, but not reading. His book lay beside him, and with his arms under his head he was staring at the ceiling.

She did not sit down beside him on the bed. They were an undemonstrative family, and such endearments as Belle used were lavished on her children. But her eyes were kind, and a little nervous.

"Do you mind talking a little, Harvey?"

"I don't feel like talking much. I'm tired, I guess. But go on. What is it? Bills?"

She came to him in her constant financial anxieties, and always he was ready to help her out. But his tone now was gruff. A slight flush of resentment colored her cheeks.

"Not this time, Harve. I was just thinking about things."

"Sit down."

She sat on the straight chair beside the bed, the chair on which, in neat order, Harvey placed his clothing at night, his shoes beneath, his coat over the back.

"I wish you'd go out more, Harvey."

"Why? Go out and talk to a lot of driveling fools who don't care for me any more than I do for them?"

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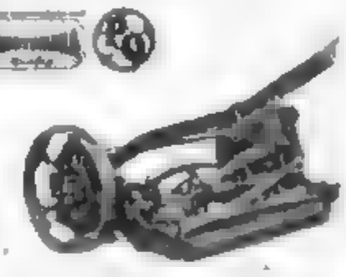

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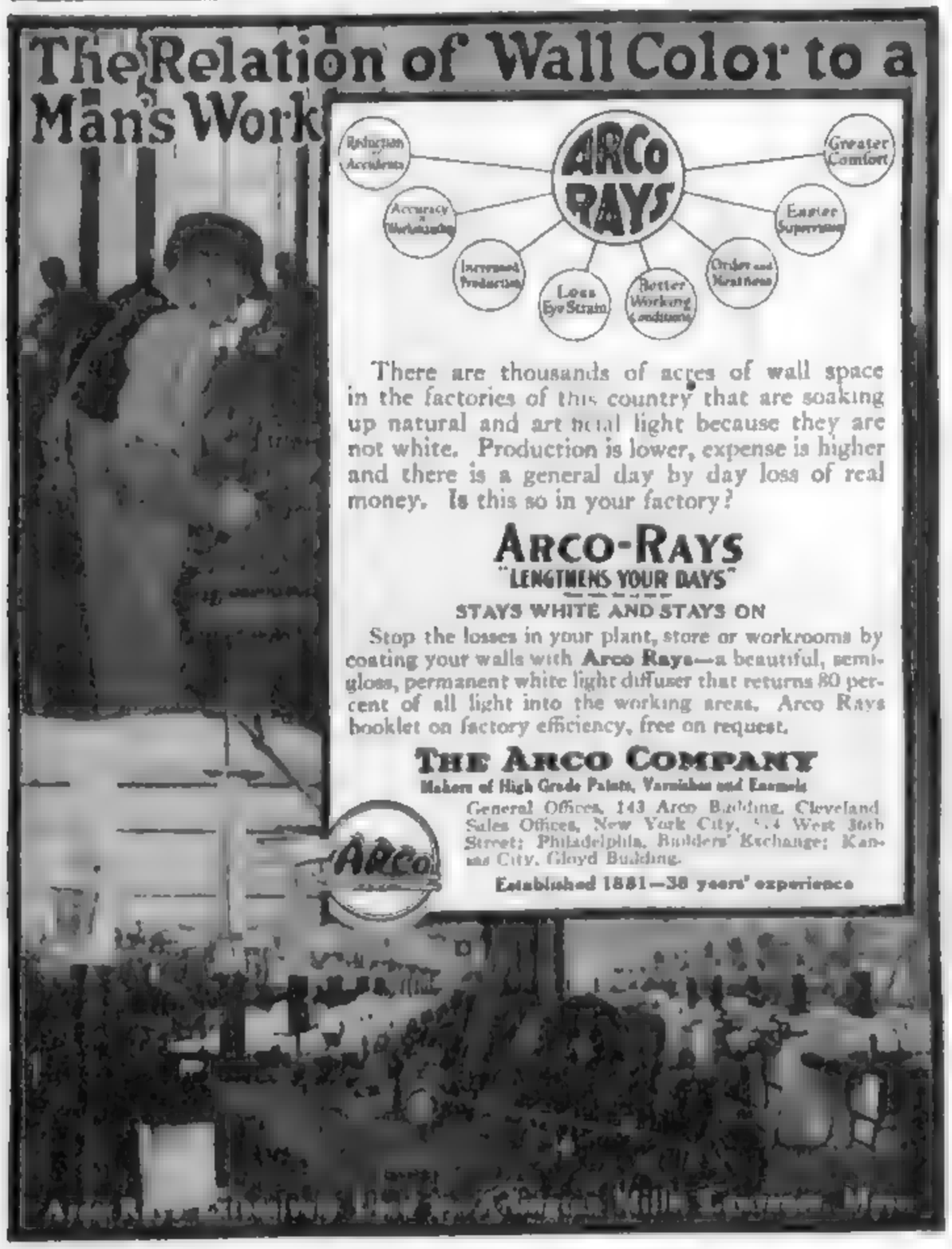
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"That's not like you, Harve."

"Sorry." His tone softened. "I don't care much about going round, Belle. That's all. I guess you know why."

"So does everybody else."

He sat up and looked at her.

"Well, suppose they do? I can't help that, can I? When a fellow has been jilted ——"

"You haven't been jilted."

He lay down again, his arms under his head; and Belle knew that his eyes were on Sara Lee's picture on his dresser.

"It amounts to the same thing."

"Harvey," Belle said hesitatingly, "I've brought Sara Lee's report from the Ladies' Aid. May I read it to you?"

"I don't want to hear it." Then: "Give it here! I'll look at it."

He read it carefully, his hands rather unsteady. So many men given soup, so many given chocolate. So many dressings done. And at the bottom Sara Lee's request for more money—an apologetic, rather breathless request, and closing, rather primly, with this:

"I am sure that the society will feel, from the above report, that the work is worth while, and worth continuing. I am only sorry that I cannot send photographs of the men who come for aid, but as they come at night it is impossible. I inclose, however, a small picture of the house, which is now known as the little house of mercy."

"At night!" said Harvey. "So she's there alone with a lot of ignorant foreigners at night. Why the devil don't they come in the daytime?"

"Here's the picture, Harvey."

He got up then, and carried the tiny photograph over close to the gas jet. There he stood for a long time, gazing at it. There was René with his rifle and his smile. There was Marie in her white apron. And in the center, the wind blowing her soft hair, was Sara Lee.

Harvey groaned and Belle came over and putting her hand on his shoulder looked at the photograph with him.

"Do you know what I think, Harvey?" she said. "I think Sara Lee is right and you are wrong."

He turned on her almost savagely.

"That's not the point!" he snapped out. "I don't begrudge the poor devils their soup. What I feel in this: If she'd cared a tinker's darn for me she'd never have gone. That's all.

"Look at it!" he continued. "She insists that she's safe. But that fellow's got a gun. What *for*, if she's so safe? And look at that house! There's a corner shot away; and it's got no upper floor. Safe!"

Belle held out her hand.

"I must return the picture to the society, Harve."

"Not just yet," he said ominously. "I want to look at it. I haven't got it all yet. And I'll return it myself—with a short speech."

"Harvey!"

"Well," he retorted, "why shouldn't I tell that lot of old scandalmongers what I think of them? They'll sit here safe at home and beg money—God, one of them was in the office to-day!—and send a young girl over to —— You'd better get out, Belle. I'm not company for anyone to-night."

She turned away, but he came after her, and suddenly putting his arms round her he kissed her.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'm done with wearing my heart on my sleeve. She looks happy, so I guess I can be. Good night. I'll return the picture."

He sat up very late, alternately reading the report and looking at the picture. It was unfortunate that Sara Lee had smiled into the camera. Coupled with her blowing hair it had given her a light-heartedness, a sort of joyousness that hurt him to the soul.

He made some mad plans after he had turned out the lights—to flirt wildly with the unattached girls he knew; to go to France and confront Sara Lee and then bring her home. Or ——

He had found a way. He lay there and thought it over, and it bore the test of the broken sleep that followed. In the morning, dressing, he wondered he had not thought of it before. He was more cheerful at breakfast than he had been for weeks.

XIX

IN THE little house of mercy two weeks went by, and then a third. Soldiers marching out to the trenches sometimes wore flowers tucked gayly in their caps. More and more Allied aëroplanes were in the air. Sometimes, standing in the streets, Sara Lee saw one far overhead, while balloon-shaped clouds of bursting shells hung far below it.

Once or twice in the early morning a German plane, flying so low that one could easily see the black cross on each wing, reconnoitered the village for wagon trains or troops. Always they found it empty.

Hope had almost fled now. In the afternoons Marie went up to the ruined church, and there knelt before the heap of marble and masonry that had once been the altar, and prayed. And Sara Lee, who had been brought up a Protestant and had never before entered a Catholic church, took to going there too. In some strange fashion the peace of former days seemed to cling to the little structure, roofless as it was. On quiet days its silence was deeper than elsewhere. On days of much firing the sound from within its broken walls seemed deadened, far away.

Marie burned a candle as she prayed, for that soul in purgatory which she had once loved, and now pitied. Sara Lee burned no candle, but she knelt, sometimes beside Marie, sometimes alone, and prayed for many things: That Henri should be living, somewhere; that the war might end; that that day there would be little wounding; that some day the Belgians might go home again; and that back in America Harvey might grow to understand and forgive her; and now and then she looked into the very depths of her soul, and on those days she prayed that her homeland might, before it was too late, see this thing as she was seeing it. The wanton waste of it all, the ghastly cruelty the Germans had brought into this war.

Sara Lee's vague thinking began to crystallize. This war was not a judgment sent from on high to a sinful world. It was the wicked imposition of one nation on other nations. It was national. It was almost racial. But most of all it was a war of hate on the German side. She had never believed in hate. There were ugly passions in the world—jealousy, envy, suspicion; but not hate. The word was not in her rather limited vocabulary.

There was no hate on the part of the men she knew. The officers who stopped in on their way to and from the trenches were gentlemen and soldiers. They were determined and grave; they resented, they even loathed. But they did not hate. The little Belgian soldiers were bewildered, puzzled, desperately resentful. But of hate, as translated into terms of frightfulness, they had no understanding.

Yet from the other side were coming methods of war so wantonly cruel, so useless save as inflicting needless agony, as only hate could devise. No strategic value justified them. They were spontaneous outgrowths of venom, nursed during the winter deadlock and now grown to full size and destructive power.

The rumor of a gas that seared and killed came to the little house as early as February. In March there came the first victims, poor writhing creatures, deprived of the boon of air, their seared lungs collapsed and agonized, their faces drawn into masks of suffering. Some of them died in the little house, and even after death their faces held the imprint of horror.

To Sara Lee, burying her own anxiety under the cloak of service, there came new and terrible thoughts. This was not war. The Germans had sent their clouds of poisoned gas across the inundation, but had made no attempt to follow. This was killing, for the lust of killing; causing suffering, for the joy of inflicting pain.

And a day or so later she heard of The Hague Convention. She had not known of it before. Now she learned of that gentlemen's agreement among nations, and that it said: "The use of poison or of poisoned weapons is forbidden." She pondered that carefully, trying to think dispassionately. Now and then she received a copy of a home newspaper, and she saw that the use of poison gases was being denied by Germans in America and set down to rumor or hysteria.

So, on a cold spring day, she sat down at the table in the *salle à manger* and wrote a letter to the President, beginning "*Dear Sir:*" and telling what she knew of poison gas. She also, on second thought, wrote one to Andrew Carnegie, who had built a library in her city. She felt that the expense to him of sending someone over to investigate

(Continued on Page 45)

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A further cardinal virtue, in these economy times, is that Haynes cars are noted for being "very easy on tires." This promises large savings today.

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25th Successful Year

The 5-passenger Haynes "Light Six" Open Car, like all models, has Bendix starter-drive and long, broad, low-swung, resilient springs.

(Continued from Page 42)

would not be prohibitive, and something must be done.

She never heard from either of her letters, but she felt better for having written them. And a day or two later she received from Mrs. Travers, in England, a small supply of the first gas masks of the war. Simple and primitive they were, those first masks; useless, too, as it turned out—a square of folded gauze, soaked in some solution and then dried, with tapes to tie it over the mouth and nose. To adjust them the soldiers had but to stoop and wet them in the water in the trench, and to tie them on.

Sara Lee gave them out that night, and there was much mirth in the little house, such mirth as there had not been since Henri went away. The Belgians called it a *bal masqué*, and putting them on bowed before one another and requested dances, and even flirted coyly with each other over their bits of white gauze. And in the very middle of the gayety someone propounded one of Henri's idiotic riddles; and Sara Lee went across to her little room and closed the door and stood there with her eyes shut, for fear she would scream.

Then, one day, coming out of the little church, she saw the low broken gray car turn in at the top of the street and come slowly, so very slowly, toward her. There were two men in it. One was Henri.

She ran, stumbling because of tears, up the street. It was Henri! There was no mistake. There he sat beside Jean, brushed and very neat; and very, very white.

"Mademoiselle!" he said, and came very close to crying himself when he saw her face. He was greatly excited. His sunken eyes devoured her as she ran toward him. Almost he held out his arms. But he could not do that, even if he would, for one was bandaged to his side.

It is rather sad to record how many times Sara Lee wept during her amazing interlude. For here is another time. She wept for joy and wretchedness. She stood on the running board and cried and smiled. And Jean winked his one eye rapidly.

"This idiot, mademoiselle," he said gruffly, "this maniac—he would not remain in Calais, with proper care. He must come on here. And rapidly. Could he have taken the wheel from me we should have been here an hour ago. But for once I have an advantage."

The car jolted to the little house, and Jean helped Henri out. Such a strange Henri, smiling and joyous, and walking at a crawl, even with Jean's support. He protested violently against being put to bed, and when he found himself led into Sara Lee's small room he openly rebelled.

"Never!" he said stubbornly, halting in the doorway. "This is mademoiselle's boudoir. Her—drawing-room as well. I am going to the mill house and ——"

He staggered.

So Sara Lee's room had a different occupant for a time, a thin and fine worn young Belgian, who yielded to Sara Lee when Jean gave up in despair, and who proceeded, most unmanfully, to faint as soon as he was between the blankets.

If Sara Lee had hoped to nurse Henri she was doomed to disappointment. Jean it was who took over the care of the boy, a Jean who now ate prodigiously, and whistled occasionally, and slept at night rolled in his blanket on the floor beside Henri's bed, lest that rebellious invalid get up and try to move about.

On the first night, with the door closed, against Henri's entreaties, while the little house received its evening complement of men, and with Henri lying back on his pillows, fresh dressed as to the wounds in his arm and chest, fed with Sara Lee's daintiest, and resting, Jean found the boy's eyes resting on the mantel.

"Dear and obstinate friend," said Henri, "do you wish me to be happy?"

"You shall not leave the room or your bed. That is arranged for."

"How?" demanded Henri with interest.

"Because I have hidden away your trousers."

Henri laughed, but he sobered quickly.

"If you wish me to be happy," he said, "take away that American photograph. But first, please to bring it here."

Jean brought it, holding it gingerly between his thumb and forefinger. And Henri lay back and studied it.

"It is mademoiselle's fiancé," he said.

Jean grunted.

"Look at it, Jean," Henri said in his half-bantering tone, with despair beneath it; "and then look at me. Or no—remembering me as I was when I was a man. He is better, eh? It is a good face. But there is a jaw, a —— Do you think he will be kind to her as she requires? She requires much kindness. Some women ——"

He broke off and watched Jean anxiously.

"A half face!" Jean said scornfully. "The pretty view! As for kindness ——" He put the photograph face down on the table. "I knew once a man in Belgium who married an American. At Antwerp. They were most unhappy."

Henri smiled.

"You are lying," he said with boyish pleasure in his own astuteness. "You knew no such couple. You are trying to make me resigned."

But quite a little later, when Jean thought he was asleep, he said: "I shall never be resigned."

So at last spring had come, and Henri, and the great spring drive. The Germans had not drained the inundation, nor had they broken through to Calais. And it is not to be known here how much this utter failure had been due to the information Henri had secured before he was wounded.

One day in his bed Henri received a visit from the King, and was left lying with a decoration on his breast and a beatific, if somewhat sheepish, expression on his face. And one night the village was bombarded, and on Henri's refusing to be moved to the cellar Sara Lee took up a determined stand in his doorway, until at last he made a most humiliating move for safety.

Bit by bit Sara Lee got the story, its bare detail from Henri, its courage and sheer recklessness from Jean. It would, for instance, run like this, with Henri in a chair perhaps, and cutting dressings—since that might be done with one hand—and Sara Lee, sleeves rolled up and a great bowl of vegetables before her:

"And when you got through the water, Henri?" she would ask. "What then?"

"It was quite simple. They had put up some additional wire, however ——"

"Where?"

"There was a break," he would explain. "I have told you—between their trenches. I had used it before to get through."

"But how could you go through?"

"Like a snake," he would say, smiling. "Very flat and wriggling. I have eaten of the dirt, mademoiselle."

Then he would stop and cut, very awkwardly, with his left hand.

"Go on," she would prompt him. "But they had put barbed wire there. Is that it? So you could not get through?"

"With tin cans on it, and stones in the cans. I thought I had removed them all, but there was one left. So they heard me."

"For goodness' sake," Sara Lee would exclaim despairingly; "so they heard you! That isn't all, is it?"

"It was almost all," he would say with his boyish smile.

"And they shot at you?"

"Even better. They shot me. That was this one." And he would point to his arm.

More silence, more cutting, a gathering exasperation on Sara Lee's part.

"Are you going on or not?"

"Then I pretended to be one of them, mademoiselle. I speak German as French. I pretended not to be hurt, but to be on a reconnaissance. And I got into the trench and we had a talk in the darkness. It was most interesting."

By bits, not that day, but after many days, she got the story. In the next trench he slipped a sling over the wounded arm and, as a Bavarian on his way to the dressing station, got back.

"I had some trouble," he confessed one day. "Now and then one would offer to go back with me. And I did not care for assistance!"

But sometime later there was trouble. She was four days getting to that part of it. He had got behind the lines by that time, and he knew that in some way suspicion had been roused. He was weak by that time, and could not go far. He had lain hidden, for a day and part of a night, without water, in a destroyed barn, and then had escaped.

He got into the Belgian costume as before, but he could not wear a sling for his wounded arm. He got the peasant to thrust his helpless right hand into his pocket, and for two days he made a close inspection of what was going on. But fever had developed, and on the third night, half delirious, when he was spoken to by an officer he had replied, of all tongues, in English.

The officer shot him instantly in the chest. He fell and lay still and the officer bent over him. In that moment Henri stabbed him with a knife in his left hand. Men were coming from every direction, but he got away—he did not clearly remember how. And at dawn he fell into the Belgian farmhouse, apparently dying.

Jean's story, on the other hand, was given early and with no hesitation. He had crossed the border at Holland in civilian clothes, by the simple expedient of bribing a sentry. He had got, with little difficulty, to the farmhouse, and found Henri, now recovering but very weak; he was lying hidden in a garret, and he was suffering from hunger and lack of medical attention. In a wagon full of market stuff, Henri hidden in the bed of it, they had got to the border again. And there Jean had, it seemed, stabbed the sentry he had bribed before and driven onto neutral soil.

Not an unusual story, that of Henri and Jean. The journey across Belgium in the springless farm wagon was the worst. They had had to take roundabout lanes, avoiding the main highways. For always at night there were friendly houses, kind hands to lift Henri into warm fire-lighted interiors. Many messages they had brought back, some of cheer, but many of tragedy, from the small farmsteads of Belgium.

Then at last had been Holland, and the chartering of a boat—and at last ——

"Here we are, and here we are, and here we are again," sang Henri, chopping at his cotton and making a great show of cheerfulness before Sara Lee.

But with Jean sometimes he showed the black depression beneath. He would never be a man again. He was done for. He gained strength so slowly that he believed he was not gaining at all. He was not happy, and the unhappy mend slowly.

After the time he had asked Jean to take away Harvey's photograph he did not recur to the subject, but he did not need to. Jean knew, perhaps even better than Henri himself, that the boy was recklessly, hopelessly, not quite rationally in love with the American girl.

Also Henri was fretting about his work. Sometimes at night, following Henri's instructions, Jean wandered quietly along roads and paths that paralleled the Front. At such times his eyes were turned not toward the trenches but toward that flat country which lay behind, still dotted at that time with groves of trees, with canals overhung with pollard willows, and with here and there a farmhouse that at night took on in the starlight the appearance of being whole again. Singularly white and peaceful were those small steadings of Belgium in the night hours—until cruel dawn showed them for what they were—skeletons of dead homes, clothed only at night with wraithlike roofs and chimneys.

Jean had not Henri's eyes or his recklessness or his speed, for that matter. Now and then he saw the small appearing and disappearing lights on some small rise. He would reach the spot, with such shelter as possible, to find only a sugar-beet field, neglected and unplowed.

Then, one night, tragedy came to the little house of mercy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"your boys"
want a phonograph for
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—particularly for delicate, fast-running machinery in textile and other mills, in printing shops, etc., where neither a fluid oil nor a dense grease is practicable. Slo-Flo stays "put", yet lubricates instantly and constantly

—for roller bearings in mine cars, automobiles, etc.—for hydraulic pumps, line shafting, lighting dynamos in railway cars

—in railway and machine shops, in industrial and power plants where excessive heat and bearing pressures must be overcome and where oil is impracticable or grease impossible

☐ Check here for descriptive literature.

Miscellaneous

☐ **ASBESTESE**—A special asbestos and wool-mixed grease combination for steam, electric and logging railways, traction lines, contractors'- and mine-car journal lubrication, etc.

☐ **AERUL**—A practical quality oil for aeroplane motors

☐ **MARINUL**—A world-known special oil, produced to meet the excessive stresses of marine service

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☐ **EXESE**—The 600° F lubricant for oven gears, bloom cars or lubrication under excessive heat conditions anywhere

☐ **VESUVESE**—A waterproof lubricant, for exposed gears—for wire cable dressing

☐ **LARCUL**—A practical, economical metal-cutting lubricant

Also—Atlas Cutting Oils, Atlas Tempering and Quenching Oils, Atlas Leather Oils and Greases, Atlas Fish Oils

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SCIENTIFIC LUBRICANTS for SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION

PATRIOTEERS

Continued from Page 16

Manuscripts autographed "Wynnie Moore Pynnie,"
"Launcelot Jinnie,"
"Ethelwynde Grouch,"
"Pandlewheel Pouch"
And "Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch"
Cluttered his desk in a way that enrages—
Hundreds and hundreds of typewritten pages.
Each he had tagged with the ticket: "*Dear Sir:* It
Doesn't imply any lack of real merit——"
Which is editor bunk
For "Frightfully punk!"

The editor fondled his poor aching head
And prayed for a week in a hospital bed.
He hadn't grown bilious or mad as a hatter
Over the increase in second-class matter.
You'd think he had never a cause to make moan;
His issues had shown
All the facts that are known
On the war of the world—and subscriptions had grown.
He had printed each week quite a corking short story.
And a serial tale
By a two-fisted male
He had always on hand when he made inventory.

But the subject that rendered him ready to cry as
A baby that's spanked
Or a genius unthanked
Was this Amateur League of Self-starting Messiahs
Who swamped him with manuscripts full of ideas
For patent unworkable war panaceas.
Every underbaked scribe in creation—
Who wasn't an out-and-out German or pacifist—
Had mailed him his particle,
Story or article,
Showing, with ease, how to save the whole nation
By crushing the Hun with a blow of the sassy fist.
And here, overwhelming him right after lunch,
Lay more of their blurberlings—five in a bunch!

He was treating himself to a session of gloom
When the office boy, hurrying into the room,
Breathing hard,
Showed a card:
"Sibylline Smilax"—by all the big game,
Where had the editor heard of that name?
Sibylline Smilax! At last, with a solemn
Oath, he remembered the Woman's Own Column
In the Daily Hurrah,
Where he frequently saw
Side-swipes for Sweethearts, and Girlie Advice
And Answers to Heartthrobs, the gush Paradise—
Female philosophy fresh off the ice.
Sibylline Smilax! Defying old age,
Each day her young portrait appeared on the page,
Simpering sweetishly, faith to restore
In nine million feminine readers or more.

The editor said, with a grin:
"Show her in!"
A female Goliath walked into the place,
With a sour look of power on her rough-carven face.
The editor gasped;
Then rasped:
"Greetings, Miss Smilax! A chair?"
With a glare
The seat was accepted; but grim was her air.
Long in the jaw and as sallow as Tasso,
She spoke in a basso:
"After my years of triumphant success
On the popular page of the polychrome press,
Admirers have told me it's perfectly heinous
To waste my great genius
On pages that fade in an hour, more or less.
So I'm bringing my talent, which same is a topper,
Into the realm of the magazine proper."

"In a word"—here the editor played with his fob—
"You're out for a job?"

"To put it quite bald,
That's what it's called."

Back in his chair the good editor sprawled.
"This periodical, you are aware,
Is of masculine gender and out to play fair.
And since the great war is the topic of topics
We haven't much room for emotional tropics;
But, since you are looking for something to do,
Here's a detail for you:
Go get me an article full of statistics
On Our Training-Camp System of Antiphlogistics."

Sibylline rose. "You insult me! What for,
When I speak of my art, do you drag in the war?
What is war, may I ask, to a genius like mine,
Which is frequently human and always divine?
When millions of maidens all over the land
Scream for my column and cry: 'Ain't it grand!'
This horrid old war comes along just to spoil
My Side-swipes for Sweethearts, a lifetime of toil.
What can war mean to me?"
"I see, miss; I see!"
Here Editor Judkins began to react.
"You're a great artist; but war's just a fact."

"Good day!"
She started away.
"Stay, stay!"
He halted her flight.
"Perhaps you are right.
Though a he-periodical cannot employ you,
I'm sorry the war of the world should annoy you.
And now that you've tackled me here on the ground
I've rummaged my mind, and I think I have found
An editor, placed in no distant vicinity,
Whose views would suit yours like a perfect affinity."

So he scribbled his card with his handwriting clean:
"To Vellamy Vamp, of the Pink Magazine:
Introducing Miss Smilax, the chatterbox queen."

III

TWO A WEEK or so later let's juggle the scene.
Vellamy Vamp, of the Pink Magazine,
Neat little man of complexion light green,
Sat at his desk
In a manner Dantesque,
Pasting limp photo cuts into a dummy
With a brush, like his thoughts, which was heavy and gummy.
There were pictures of actresses, merry and bright,
And a newly wed heiress all swaddled in white.
There was proof of a story called Fanny's First Kiss,
And the stirringly sexual serial, Bliss,
And a snappy biog., called My Own Reminis,
By the great movie magnate, Theophilus Ziss.
If you happened by chance
To take a swift glance
You could see—though it ranged from sublime to obscene—
Not a mention of war in the Pink Magazine.

This policy damp
Was settled by Vamp
Right after the Marne, back in 1914.
He had met with his business man and decided
That mention of war should be strictly elided.
And thus they abode
By Stevenson's code:
"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."
And since our own planet for bliss was so roomy,
And warfare so gloomy,
They feared that a mention of cannon or Kaisers
Would scare advertisers,
Give the subscribers a heart palpitation,
Stop circulation,
Cause consternation:
So ever since then they had printed a mess
Of Passionate Piffle and Songs of Success.
While the world, all afire
With destruction and ire,
Was chanting an epic as greater than Homer's

(Concluded on Page 49)

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USL plates last longer, wear more evenly, give off a constant, steady flow of power and do not crumble from vibration or road shock. This is due to the uniform pressure of the machine "pasting" process.

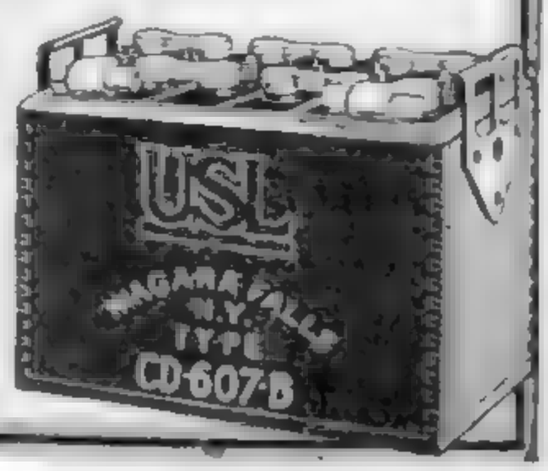
USL Batteries are sold on a *fifteen months'* guaranteed adjustment plan. Like buying tires, you pay only for what you get. USL Batteries are made in sizes for all cars.

There is probably an excellent USL service station in your city where you can trade in your old battery for a new powerful USL Battery. They will also give your battery FREE inspection any time; regardless of its make.

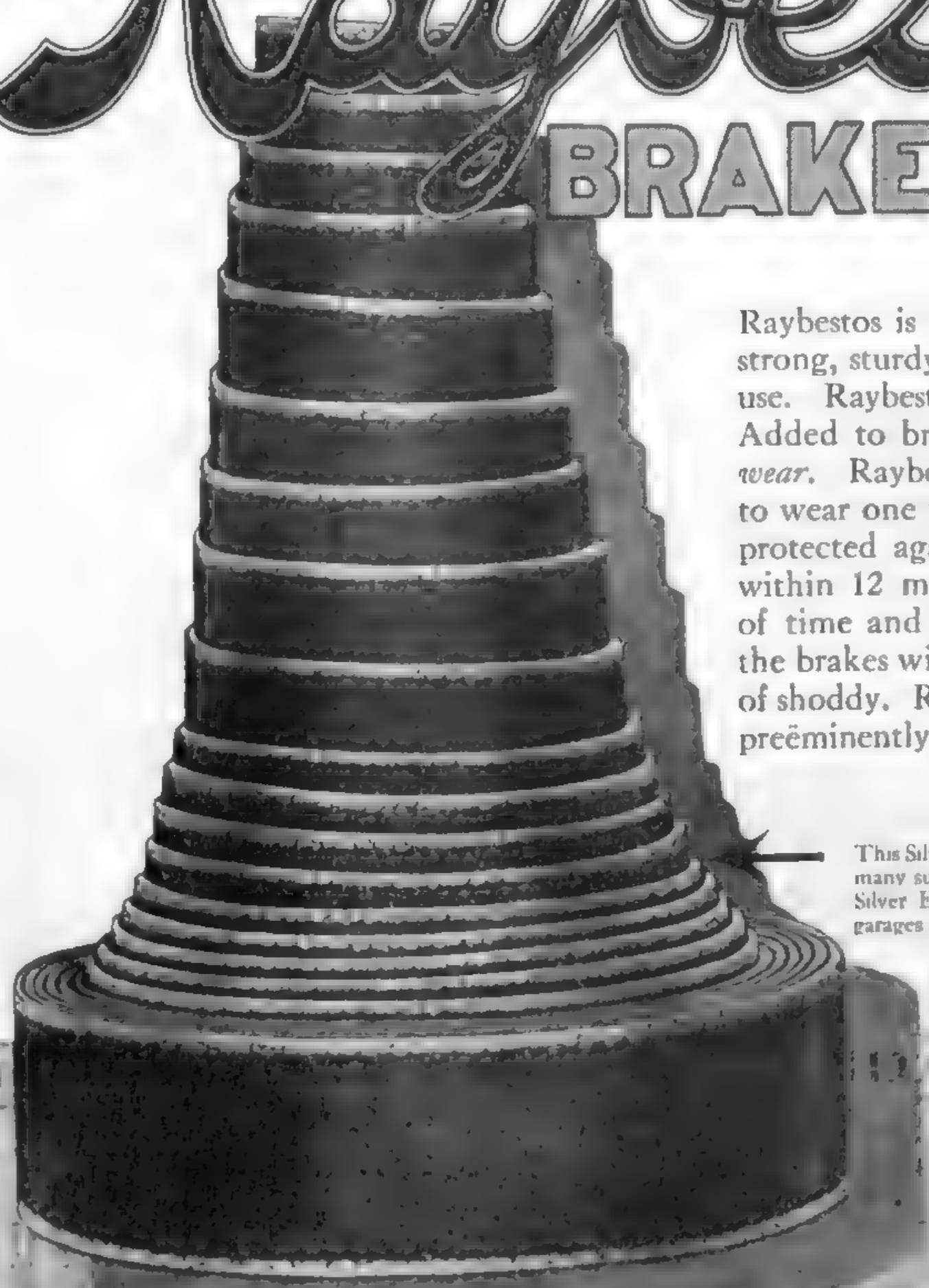
50c Battery Book FREE

The "Black Mystery Box Explained" is not a mere advertisement but a *text book* on the storage battery, used by schools and colleges. It will be sent you free if you mention the make of your car.

U.S. Light and Heat Corporation
Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Branches: New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit Kansas City Washington, D. C.



Raybestos BRAKE LINING



Raybestos is the *original* asbestos lining—strong, sturdy, safe to buy and pleasure to use. Raybestos assures complete control. Added to brake efficiency, is Raybestos *wear*. Raybestos is definitely guaranteed to wear one year. Thus, the car owner is protected against expense for new lining within 12 months: protected against loss of time and inconvenience: protected at the brakes with *real* asbestos lining instead of shoddy. Raybestos saves and serves. It is preëminently the lining for *your* automobile.

This Silver Edge distinguishes genuine Raybestos from many substitutes and imitations. Please look for the Silver Edge. Over 15,000 responsible dealers and garages sell guaranteed Raybestos.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport Conn.

Insist on this Brake Lining. It is guaranteed to wear 12 MONTHS

(Concluded from Page 47

As the ocean surpasses the wine jug of Omar's,
The Pink Magazine,
Calm and serene,
Went on disregarding the war and behaving
Like the ostrich who stands
With his head in the sands
And his tail feathers waving.

So Vellamy Vamp was just choking a sob
When Sibylline Smilax showed up for a job.
When she passed in her card he looked brighter by far.
"Good morning, Miss Smilax; please have a cigar—
Or a chair—
Or a drink—
There, there—
Let me think!
This is most opportune—I am all of a whirl—
A case of the time and the place and the girl!
In our efforts toward keeping the magazine bright—
Cupids and caramels, sweetness and light—
We've planned a department of regular goo
Called Violet Vapors—the right job for you!
How we can advertise, pages and pages:
"'Sibylline Smilax, the Peeress of Sages,
Will Give Free Advice to Young Girls of All Ages
And Various Sexes,
From Sitka to Texas!'
You can sit in your office and answer the queries
Of languorous lovers and desperate dearies—
How to keep Lamphrey from flirting with Mae—
Sterling advice on affairs of the day."

Said Sibylline Smilax: "My questing is past.
Sir, heaven bless you! I've found you at last!"

Quoth Vamp: "Not so fast!
One horrid coarse topic, I state with dejection,
You'll have to include in your violet section;
A thing I abhor—
Stated briefly: The war."
"The war!" She recoiled as though stung by a bee.

"Isn't it frightful?
Certainly spiteful!"
Said Vamp. "But the public, through reading the press,
Have gotten a taste for excitement, I guess.
Though this form of hysterics I greatly deplore,
Our business office is raising a roar;
Our subscription list's sinking,
Our ad pages shrinking—
In spite of my holler self, I've been thinking ——"

Poor Sib crossed her heart.
"Will you let this old war interfere with your art?"

"But, darling, true art chimes with Ruskin, who feels
That the climax of art is the art that conceals.
We'll mention the war; but we'll deftly combine it
With Violet Vapors—and thus we'll refine it.
Now hark to my scheme—
It's a wonderful dream:
In yon little waiting room, waiting their turn,
Five amateur strategists faithfully yearn
For a heartening hint
That will get them in print.
They are souls so refined that of war they can make
A toothsome confection, quite pleasant to take.
If you'll look them all over, you'll find, as I do,
They are each one endowed with the Pink point of view."

So he led her away to the waiting room low,
Where the militant butterflies sat in a row:
Ethelwynde Grouch,
Pandlewheel Pouch,
Wynnie Moore Pynnie,
Launcelot Jinnie
And Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch.

He left them to talk—and to Vamp it seemed years
Ere Sibie returned. In her eyes were great tears
As she sighed through her trance
Of lofty romance:
"Such wonderful thinkers — and regular dears!"

IV

'TWAS a month or two later when Judkins—methodical
Still in conducting his he-periodical—
Looked at his mail as it came in the basket,
Whistled. "Now wouldn't that jar you? I ask it."
The office boy, standing attention, turned white;
Answered: "It might!"
The sheet he unfolded was angel-wing crêpe,
Inked in the shade of the passionate grape:

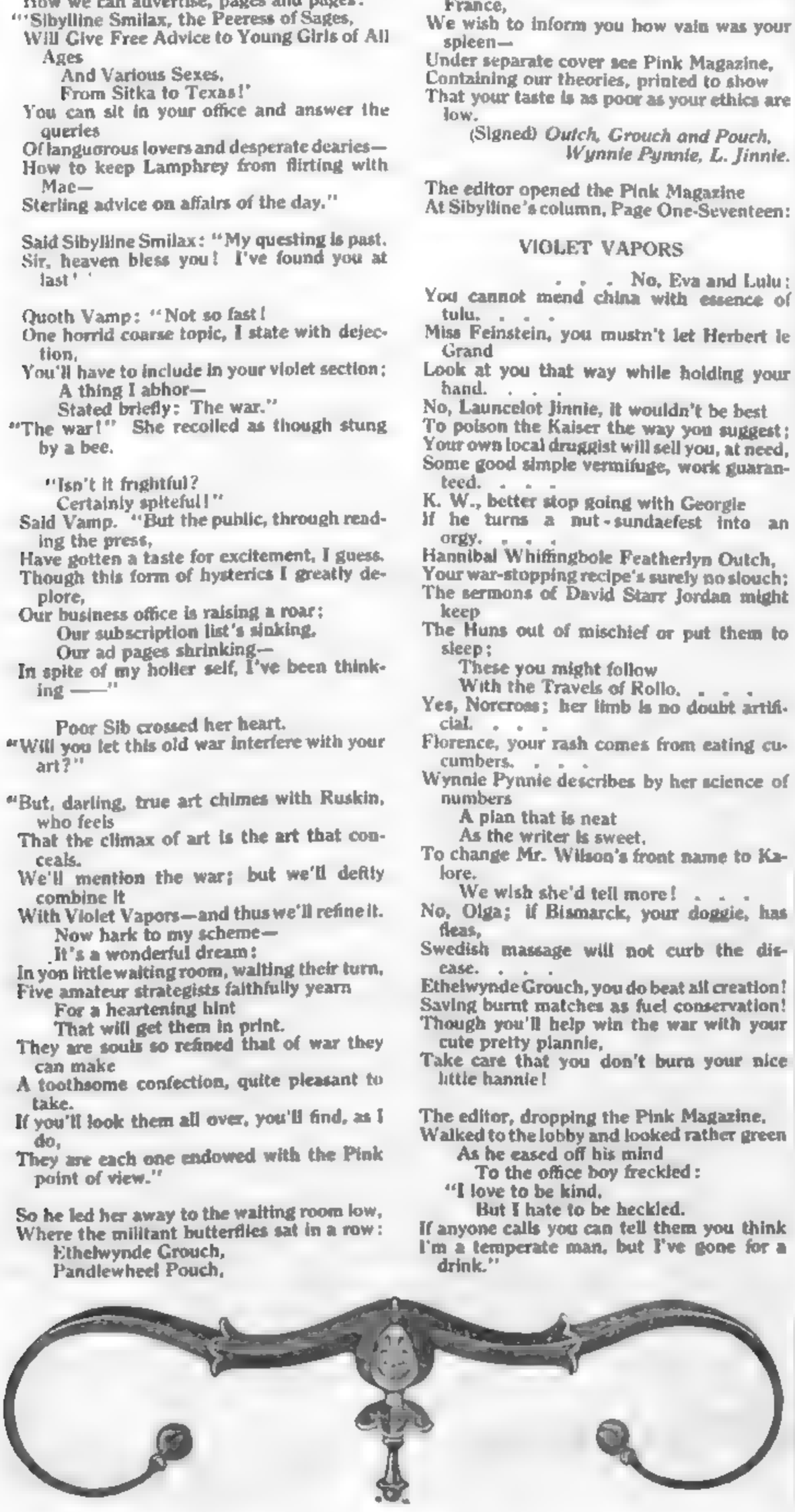
Dear Sir: Since you harshly condemned in advance
Our papers on Stopping the Warfare in France,
We wish to inform you how vain was your spleen—
Under separate cover see Pink Magazine,
Containing our theories, printed to show
That your taste is as poor as your ethics are low.
(Signed) *Outch, Grouch and Pouch,*
Wynnie Pynnie, L. Jinnie.

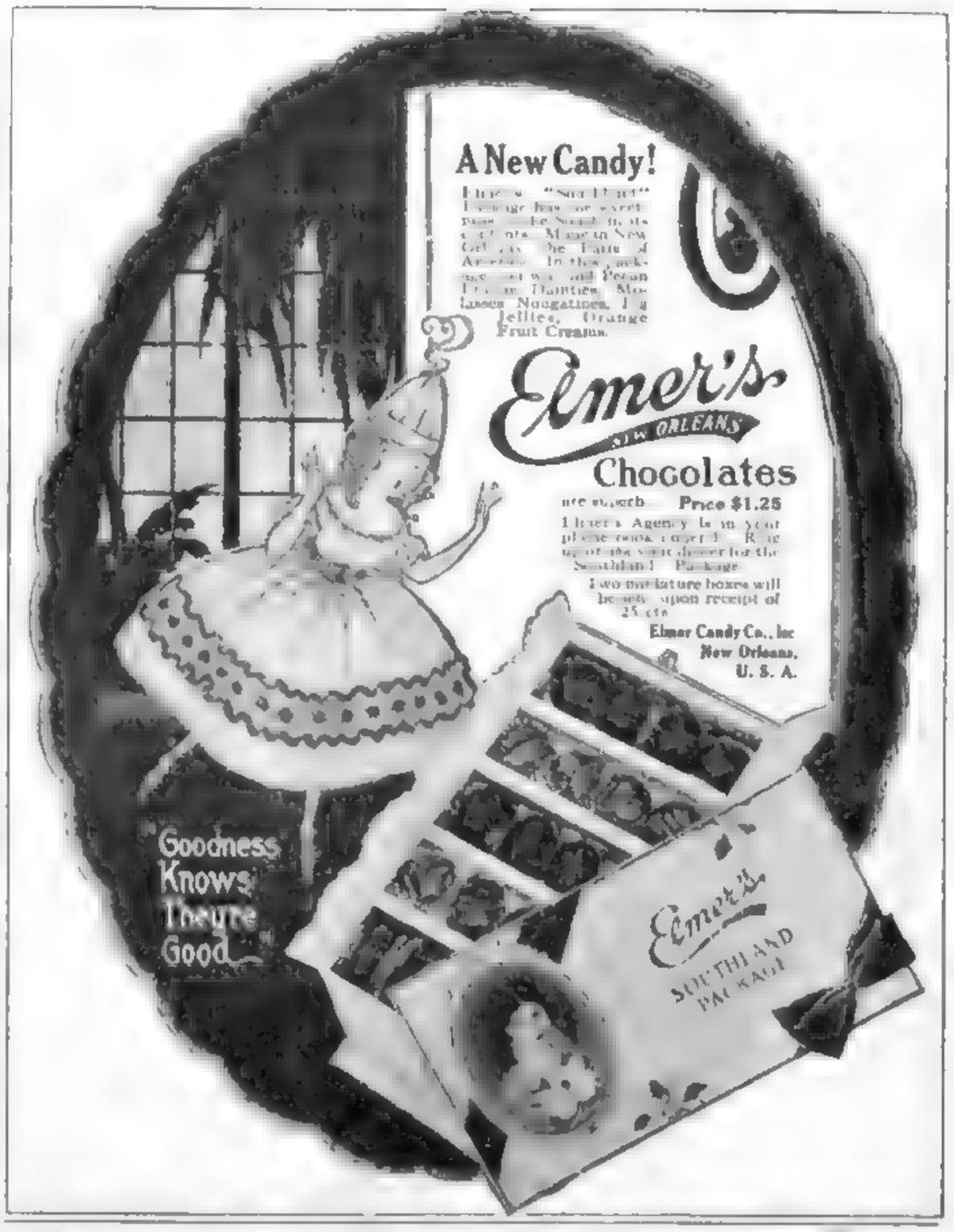
The editor opened the Pink Magazine
At Sibylline's column, Page One-Seventeen:

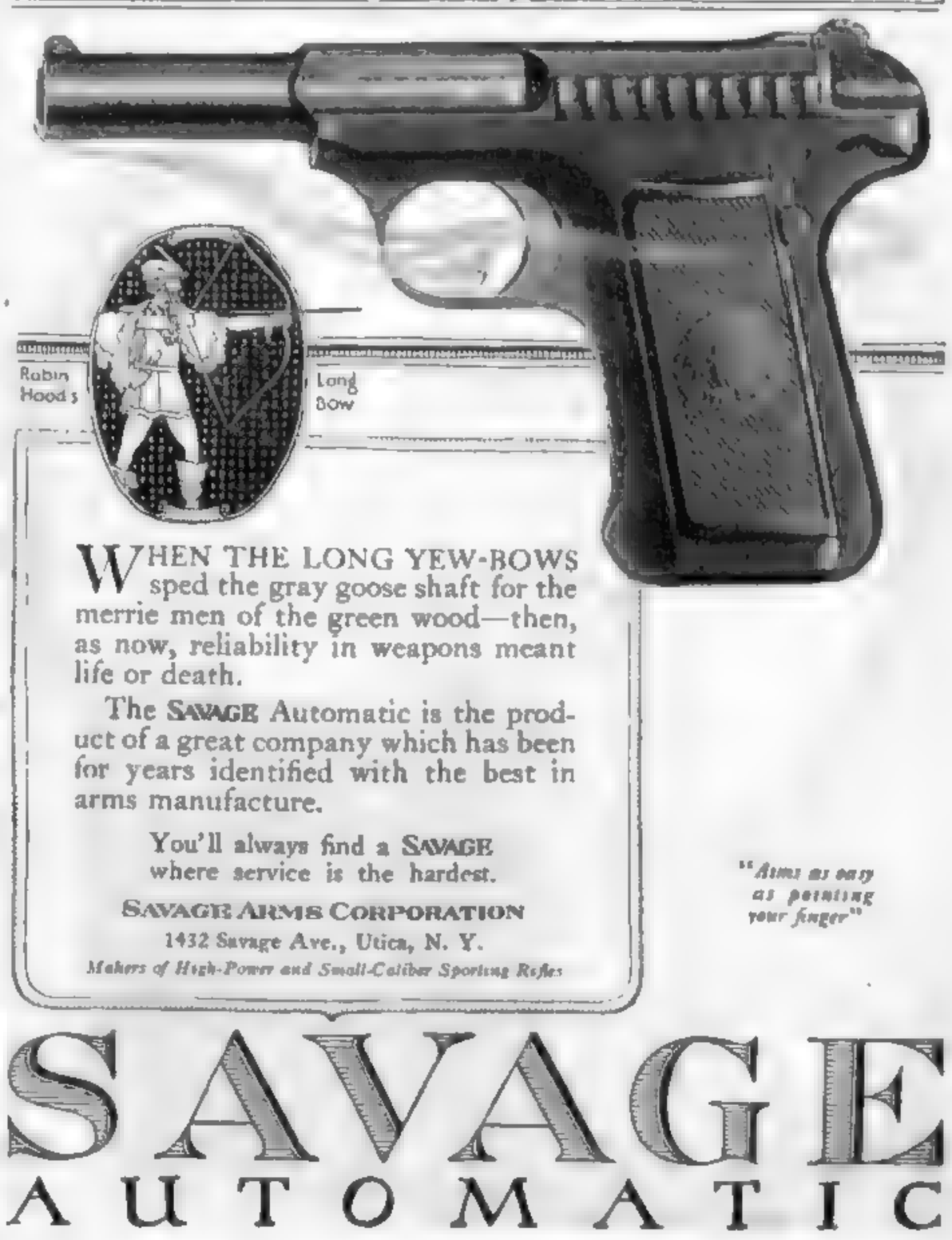
VIOLET VAPORS

. . . No, Eva and Lulu:
You cannot mend china with essence of tulu. . . .
Miss Feinstein, you mustn't let Herbert le Grand
Look at you that way while holding your hand. . . .
No, Launcelot Jinnie, it wouldn't be best
To poison the Kaiser the way you suggest;
Your own local druggist will sell you, at need,
Some good simple vermifuge, work guaranteed. . . .
K. W., better stop going with Georgie
If he turns a nut-sundaefest into an orgy. . . .
Hannibal Whiffingbole Featherlyn Outch,
Your war-stopping recipe's surely no slouch;
The sermons of David Starr Jordan might keep
The Huns out of mischief or put them to sleep;
These you might follow
With the Travels of Rollo. . . .
Yes, Norcross; her limb is no doubt artificial. . . .
Florence, your rash comes from eating cucumbers. . . .
Wynnie Pynnie describes by her science of numbers
A plan that is neat
As the writer is sweet,
To change Mr. Wilson's front name to Kalore.
We wish she'd tell more! . . .
No, Olga; if Bismarck, your doggie, has fleas,
Swedish massage will not curb the disease. . . .
Ethelwynde Grouch, you do beat all creation!
Saving burnt matches as fuel conservation!
Though you'll help win the war with your cute pretty plannie,
Take care that you don't burn your nice little hannie!

The editor, dropping the Pink Magazine,
Walked to the lobby and looked rather green
As he eased off his mind
To the office boy freckled:
"I love to be kind,
But I hate to be heckled.
If anyone calls you can tell them you think
I'm a temperate man, but I've gone for a drink."







WHEN THE LONG YEW-BOWS sped the gray goose shaft for the merrie men of the green wood—then, as now, reliability in weapons meant life or death.

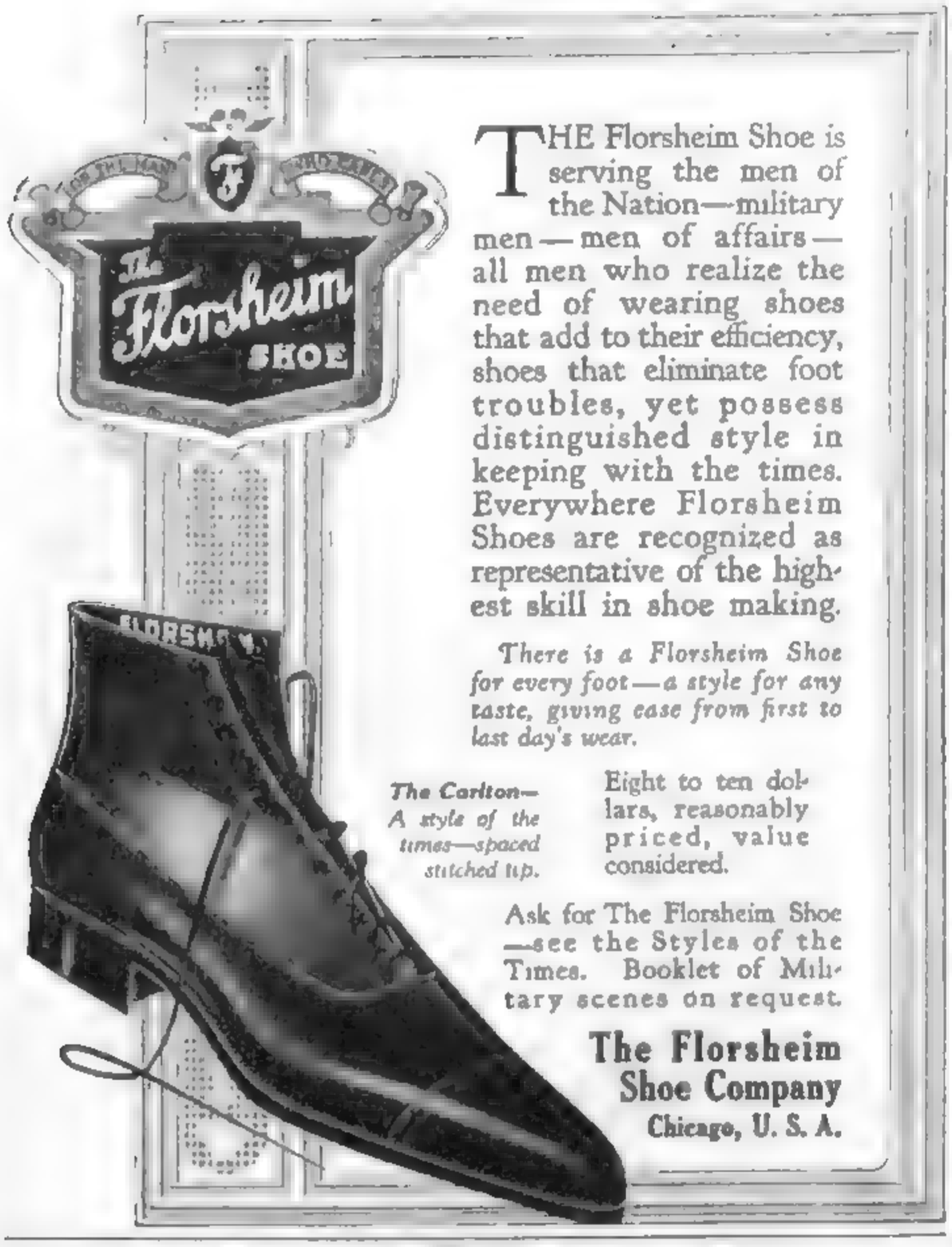
The SAVAGE Automatic is the product of a great company which has been for years identified with the best in arms manufacture.

You'll always find a SAVAGE where service is the hardest.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
1432 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.
Makers of High-Power and Small-Caliber Sporting Rifles

"Aims as easy as pointing your finger"

SAVAGE
AUTOMATIC



THE Florsheim Shoe is serving the men of the Nation—military men—men of affairs—all men who realize the need of wearing shoes that add to their efficiency, shoes that eliminate foot troubles, yet possess distinguished style in keeping with the times. Everywhere Florsheim Shoes are recognized as representative of the highest skill in shoe making.

There is a Florsheim Shoe for every foot—a style for any taste, giving ease from first to last day's wear.

The Carlton—A style of the times—spaced stitched tip.

Eight to ten dollars, reasonably priced, value considered.

Ask for The Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

None Better Made —They're Sunshine!

Tempting, aren't they, on this inviting display rack? In over 250,000 stores you see them—the "Quality Biscuits of America."

Sunshine Biscuits

Glance over the Sunshine rack at your grocer's. Select your favorite biscuit or a new kind that will add to your reputation for serving "such delicious dainties." Do you want a package of the crispiest soda crackers? There's Takhoma Biscuit, they break in half without a crumb. And flaky Grahams, fruity Fig Sni-Bars, and snappy ginger Yum Yums, all good for the youngsters and relished by grown-ups.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
Branches in Over 100 Cities

Everyman's Pledge

America Shall Win This War

THE REPORT I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully and to the utmost—as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone.

THE INSPIRATION OF M'SIEUR

(Continued from Page 11)

the village of Mimeville would be temporarily withdrawn this afternoon to stiffen the adjoining sector. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'if there is really a leak at Headquarters the boches will attack Mimeville this afternoon upon the assumption that we shall have no guns there to beat them back.'"

The maréchal sighed and gave me another of his sadly expressive smiles.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "you can imagine my feelings when, as a matter of fact, the enemy did attack Mimeville this afternoon. But, as I had secretly countermanded the order removing the guns, he only gained a heavy list of casualties for his pains. Among the prisoners we took this officer, a major of the Potsdam Guards; and, as you can see from his appearance, he has been badly gassed.

"Now I want to know if you can give him anything that will pull him together so I can ask him a few questions. He will probably think he was betrayed by the spy who told him that there would be no guns behind the trenches; and if he does think that he may very well tell me what he knows about the leak."

By that time I had diagnosed the prisoner's condition. As the maréchal had said, he had been badly gassed and was in a dazed condition not far from delirium.

"It's out of the question, I'm afraid," I reported, "to expect anything from this man for two or three weeks. Those gas bombs affect them mentally. I might pull him together physically, but I doubt that there is any medicine which would clear his brain ——"

I stopped then, because at the word "brain" an unexpected alternative had presented itself to my mind. The maréchal must have caught my changed expression.

"You have thought of something?"

I told him then about the presence in Bains of the great Giraflon.

"Perhaps he could make our friend here answer a few questions," I concluded; "and if he did you could depend upon getting true answers. . . . At least," I added, "it would do no harm to try."

"Giraflon in Bains?" asked the maréchal, plainly undecided. "What's he doing here? I thought he lived in Paris."

As briefly as I could I told him of the inspiration of M. Moulin.

"The genius—and the fool!" he smiled. "It is difficult indeed at times to tell where one stops and the other starts." And in a more thoughtful voice he added: "I think I'll send for Giraflon. At least, as you say, it will do no harm." He rang for his orderly, and after a moment's pause he smilingly added: "I think I'll send for M. Moulin as well. If our plans work out we may have need of him."

IV

AND so it happened that when the great Giraflon entered the Vosges Headquarters a few minutes later, cloaked to the chin and hatted to the eyebrows, he was closely followed by the important figure of M. Moulin.

At first I couldn't understand their respective demeanors. Round the expansive visage of M. Moulin was an air of exalted satisfaction—a sort of glorified smugness—such as you might have seen upon a devotee of old who had brought a very fine lamb to the slaughter. While as for the great Giraflon, though I could never begin to liken him to the aforesaid lamb, at least he looked like a reluctant old ram who had made up his mind to watch his step and wasn't going to be hip-hurrahed into any wild scheme of taking a butt at the Kaiser.

The maréchal greeted them both in his anteroom and then led Giraflon into his private office.

It seemed to me that the great hypnotist drew a deep breath of relief when he learned what was wanted of him.

"Yes, yes, m'sieur," he said; "I think I can do as you wish. *Au vrai*, the patient is very far gone; but some years ago, at a private clinic of the Magdalen Hospital, I performed a somewhat similar task. With permission, then, I will see whether I can put the subject under control."

For the first time, then, he laid his cloak aside; and, as though it were a mental as well as a physical act, he suddenly seemed metamorphosed into another person. Indeed, when he leaned over the German officer's chair and began the visible manifestations of his uncanny art—his eyes staring, his brows drawn together, his hands and voice in soothing communion—he reminded me more than anything of Mephistopheles trying to win for himself a human soul.

At first his efforts seemed to have no effect, but presently a subtle change passed over the features of the subject. Giraflon spoke to him, and he answered, his voice curiously similar to his changed expression—flat, dead, and as though it had lost all volition of its own.

Suddenly Giraflon, always speaking in German, uttered a sharp command; and the officer as suddenly straightened himself in his chair and raised his hand to the salute.

"*V'là, m'sieur!*" said Giraflon, bowing to the maréchal and mopping his forehead as though the effort had exhausted him. "If now you will tell me what you wish to know I will put the necessary questions."

"I want to know," said the maréchal simply, "whether the German advance on Mimeville this afternoon was due to a traitor in the French Army."

Giraflon turned to the prisoner and barked a sharp question in German. Quickly and quietly came the answer. Again the maréchal spoke, in a voice inexpressibly sad; but this time he, too, spoke in German, and I couldn't tell what he said.

The examination continued for not more than a minute, but with every question the great Giraflon looked more and more like Mephistopheles, and with every answer the maréchal looked more and more like a tired old lion who is beginning to need his rest.

"*Très bien!*" he said at last; and in a lower voice: "I wouldn't have believed it—if indeed I believe it now."

For a few minutes he sat still, his eyes far away.

"No," he said then, as though he were summarizing his own thoughts; "I would convict no man on testimony such as that. But if the suspected officer were to commit himself ——"

Rising then with quick resolution he opened the door and spoke to M. Moulin:

"Have you any members of the General Staff dining at your restaurant to-night?"

"*Au vrai, M'sieur le Maréchal,*" grandly answered M. Moulin with an equally grand salute.

"Who are they? Can you name them?"

Gabrielle's uncle rather pompously recited an imposing list of names.

"Ah, yes," nodded the maréchal. "And have you a private room to seat about twelve persons? And will you ask the gentlemen whom you have just named to meet me there in about five minutes?"

"I will go at once, m'sieur."

"Wait!" said the maréchal. "I have heard to-night of a truly wonderful plan you have conceived for taking the Kaiser a prisoner. Would you care to give me the details?"

"Oh, M'sieur le Maréchal," stammered M. Moulin in an eloquent voice, tears of emotion almost standing in his eyes, "if you would care to listen to my plan ——"

The next moment he was launched upon his subject; and, though the Hero of France seemed to listen with his ears, his eyes at times were inward turned, as though his thoughts were far away.

"*Très bien!*" he exclaimed at last as M. Moulin brought his peroration to a climax which nearly cost him apoplexy. "A brilliant plan, truly! I must bring it to the attention of the Staff. And now if you will go and assemble my guests ——"

"I will go at once, m'sieur!"

"Wait!" said the maréchal again; and speaking slowly, almost hesitatingly, he added: "This young Lieutenant Carnot—you say he, too, is dining at the restaurant?"

It was evident that M. Moulin had heard the suspicions against the lieutenant, for he gave the shrug of resignation, palms presented and shoulders lifted to the ears, as he replied:

"*Au vrai, m'sieur.* He and his fiancée ——"

The maréchal nodded.

"*Très bien!*" he said. "He is the one I wish you to ask first."

■

FOR nearly five minutes the maréchal sat in silence at his desk, playing with a pen, sometimes smiling and sometimes

(Continued on Page 53)

This is an Appeal

for everybody to join hands to destroy the Liquor Traffic forever

When the boys marched down the street with flags flashing in the sunlight, and drums throbbing—did you get a tightening of the throat? Was there a moment when the picture blurred?

When you bought your Liberty Bond and helped swell that great total of Seven Billion Dollars, was this picture in your mind?

You wanted to help end the War—didn't you?—to stop the tide of red ruin and outrage and killing, to end it at the least cost in young American lives.

Will You Give One $50 Bond?

Will you dedicate one of those Liberty Bonds which you have already paid for to help make the War still shorter, and to help bring our boys back to us as fine as when they went?

Every man who reads history knows the temptations of Army life—

Every man knows how drink weakens the physique and loosens the moral fibre of both men and women—

Every man knows how inseparable drink and the other vices are.

At this time while our whole Government beseeches and commands our boys who go to fight to leave drink alone, shall we who sit at home slacken our industry and impair our judgment with the alcohol denied to them?

The Bond that you put into this Campaign will help make even a slacker realize that drinking is mighty poor patriotism.

The time is ripe—Congress has passed a bill which will put liquor out of business *if the States ratify the amendment.*

Help the Fighters Fight

There never was a time when America so needed her sober senses.

This is a War within a War. A battlefield right here at home.

If you take your share in the fight, your service will be devoted to the safety and welfare of your country just as surely as if you had been selected for the fighting line in France.

You can dig the biggest trench in the world—a trench that will stop the whole liquor traffic forever.

The most important thing is that you send your contribution *now.*

Do your part for victory.

Strengthen America

THIS is the great opportunity for the man or woman with the 10c piece, the dollar bill, the $50 Liberty Bond, the $1,000 Liberty Bond, or the $50,000 check.

All get together now, and the thing is done with for all time.

Make your Liberty Bond work twice

You bought it to make the best Army.

Give it to fight the worst enemy.

Lloyd George said: "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink—the greatest of these deadly foes is Drink!"

The money raised will be spent to bring the necessity of prohibition home to every man, woman, and child in America, and especially in those States where it is important that the Legislatures vote for the prohibition amendment.

Advertising space will be used because that is the only space which we can absolutely control, and advertising space must be paid for.

The only way to put the liquor traffic out of business is by getting the States to vote for the ratification of the prohibition amendment.

The only motive power sufficient to induce the great mass of people to do a big thing, is a wave of collective emotion which makes them all feel the same thing at the same time.

And the only practical way in which to reach the whole population of all the States at once is by paid advertising.

Advertising copy for newspapers furnished to local committees without expense. Send for samples.

While all the world is making sacrifices and trying to eliminate waste, liquor wastes capital—wastes earnings—wastes manpower—wastes foodstuffs—wastes human efficiency, and wastes human life. You cannot say one strong, unqualified word for the liquor habit or the liquor business.

The brewers are telling their story in big space, and are claiming the support of the workingman.

We are prepared to meet successfully every argument of the liquor men as a result of a world-wide study of the economic aspects of the liquor problem.

We will show why brewers should get less sugar, molasses, grain, coal, and railway service, and why you and the boys at the Front should get more.

What Has Drink Done for You?

The brewers admit that they were weak in tying up with the saloon and the dive.

Now they don't want us to drink whiskey any more—only beer.

They think beer would do us good.

Who says *any* drink is good for us?

Ask the trainers of young men.

Ask the heads of medical institutions and hospitals.

Ask the keepers of jails, workhouses, and almshouses what drink has done to their inmates.

Help Awaken America

The nation-wide campaign plans are ready. Weekly and daily newspapers, posters, leaflets, and stereopticon slides will be used to convince men and women of the economic loss and social and moral wreckage wrought by the liquor traffic.

This page was paid for by private subscription. With your help the facts can be presented until every soul in America is awake.

Join the men whose names appear at the foot of this page. They are the official representatives of thirty Christian denominations having 140,000 individual churches, with a membership of 18,000,000.

Money is needed. We want to drive home the facts about liquor in plain language that everybody can understand.

Your town and *your* State will get the benefit. This is a nation-wide campaign.

Every $50 Bond is a field gun—every $10 check is a rifle—every dime is a bullet.

FEDERAL COUNCIL
of the Churches of Christ in America

Rev. Frank Mason North
President

Rev. Charles S. Macfarland
General Secretary

Mr. Alfred R. Kimball
Treasurer

Gov. Carl E. Milliken
Chairman of Temperance Commission

"If you believe that drink does more harm than good—*help stop it!*"

Strengthen America Campaign

Charles Stelzle, Manager
105 East Twenty-Second Street New York City, N. Y.

Tear off this Coupon
Use it whether sending bond, check, money order, or currency. Do it now.

ALFRED R. KIMBALL
Treasurer
Strengthen America Campaign
105 East 22nd Street, New York, N.Y.

I enclose $ ____ in (Bond / Check / Money Order / Currency)

Name

Address

City

The Time to Choose

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy

Choose Beaver Board now rather than later when the plaster is cracked and falling off.

Surely you have read the handwriting on other people's walls. Surely you know there never was a plastered house without cracked walls and ceilings.

Then it is a foregone conclusion that when you choose plaster you choose cracks at the same time. Where the cracks will come, no one can say, but most likely in the middle of the living room ceiling, and positively around your fireplace and up and down the stairway walls.

Choose Beaver Board and Stop Taking Chances. When you choose this knotless, crackless manufactured lumber in big, sturdy panels, you have ended this cracking-wall problem forever. You'll have walls and ceilings as permanent as your woodwork and hardwood floors, and best of all, you'll never have the job to do again.

Choose Beaver Board for beauty. There's no end to the beautiful decorative effects you can have with Beaver Board.

Choose Beaver Board for its lasting quality. Beaver Board will last as long as the building, and that's more than you can say of plaster.

Choose Beaver Board for its economy. With its small original labor cost and its minimum of upkeep, Beaver Board is a most economical building material

Our Department of Design and Decoration will gladly assist you in the planning of your home decoration. Write for booklet "Beaver Board and Its Uses."

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
16 Beaver Road **Buffalo, N. Y.**

CANADA
110 Wall St., Beaverdale
Ottawa

ENGLAND
4 Southampton Row
London, W. C.

UNITED STATES BRANCHES
at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City and San Francisco

Manufacturers of Beaver Greenboard and Beaver Ivy Board

Our dealers in principal cities. Dealers everywhere

BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

(Continued from Page 50)

sighing a little. Then, after a brief motionless interval, he suddenly brought his hand down on his desk and rose to his feet.

"*Allons!*" he cried. "Let us go and see what M. Moulin has prepared for us."

In the anteroom his bodyguard joined us—a young giant with the jaw of a prize fighter and the eyes of a poet; and a minute later, escorted by M. Moulin in person, we entered a private room on the second floor of the restaurant.

There were perhaps a dozen officers round the table when we entered, as brilliant and distinguished a circle as you could have found in the north of France that night. Major Simineau, with his spade beard, was there, for instance; and Colonel Menier, the dashing cavalry officer; and General Picot, whom I had seen in the garden a quarter of an hour before with his pretty daughter—Little Jammy Face. But the figure, I think, which interested me the most was that of young Lieutenant Carnot, who sat with his eyes cast down upon the table in front of him and constantly wetted his lips with his tongue.

"*Bon soir, messieurs!*" exclaimed the maréchal as he entered. "No, no; be seated, please. Come in, Giraflon. You, too, doctor; we may need you before the night is over. And you, *mon cher* Moulin, if you will personally fetch us a few bottles of your admirable Yquem-Yquem ——"

Having thus disposed his forces, the maréchal took the waiting chair at the head of the table and smilingly surveyed the circle.

"I have asked you to meet me here instead of across the avenue," he began, "because I am about to propose a plan so bizarre that I prefer to venture it in an unofficial capacity. When I tell you that this plan was conceived in the mind of M. Moulin I think you will begin to see a light. And when I add that he has brought forth a scheme for capturing the Kaiser and ending the war ——"

From under the table, here and there, the shuffle of feet was heard, and the maréchal's auditors looked at him and then at each other, as though to say: "Now what is this which comes?"

"As I understand it," continued the maréchal, looking up at the ceiling, "the plan, briefly, is as follows."

In the fewest possible words he summarized the inspiration of M. Moulin, and then he introduced the waiting Giraflon.

"Now, as everyone will understand," resumed the maréchal, "the success of this extraordinary undertaking must depend upon whether or not the hypnotist is really able to do his work. We must remember, first of all, that he would have to deal with military men—the same as ourselves; and so I am going to suggest that one of you gentlemen will allow M. Giraflon to see whether he can really mesmerize you."

An uneasy silence followed and no one spoke for the honor of being first.

"Messieurs! Messieurs!" gently chided the maréchal, though smiling as he spoke. "When the volunteer system is exhausted it is sometimes necessary to call conscription into service."

He cleared his throat and slowly looked round the table, with the same sorrowful smile I had noticed on him before that evening.

"Lieutenant Carnot," he finally said, "you are the youngest officer here; and I call upon you. I give you my word that you will be doing France a service to-night if you will allow M. Giraflon to imagine that you are a German officer and let us see whether he can mesmerize you."

At last I thought I began to see the drift of the maréchal's strategy; and, while I was wondering where it might lead, the great Giraflon beckoned Lieutenant Carnot to approach him. They spoke to each other in such a low tone that I could hardly hear them, Giraflon meantime staring into the lieutenant's eyes as a lion tamer might stare at an unruly cub.

The droning continued, Giraflon taking the young man's hand, murmuring questions into his ear, and staring at closer quarters into his eyes, as though for the answer. . . . Then quite suddenly the lieutenant's chin fell upon his breast, and Giraflon, mopping his forehead and drawing his breath as though he had just run a race, bowed first to the maréchal and then to the company.

"He will obey your commands?" asked the maréchal.

"Obey? He will throw himself through the window if I wish. *Vîte!*"

From his scarf he drew a gold pin, and saying "This will not hurt you!" thrust it through his subject's cheek—the trick of a charlatan, but more convincing, perhaps, than any other test he could have applied.

"*Très bien!*" nodded the maréchal. "I wish you would tell him now that I am about to ask him a few questions, and command him to tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . You have told him? . . . Good! Then let us begin."

He shaded his eyes with his hand and quietly asked his first question:

"Lieutenant Carnot, are you aware that you are suspected by some of us round this table of being a German spy?"

A sudden hush fell upon the room—one of those silences that are more eloquent than any words.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant in the same queer flatness of voice I had heard from the German officer earlier in the evening.

"And is it true, lieutenant?" gently continued the maréchal. "Is it true that you have ever divulged any information, either directly or indirectly, to the enemy?"

Again the curious hush fell upon the room—a silence that was broken only by the lieutenant's voice.

"No," he replied; "it isn't true."

"Did you ever betray any secrets because of your love for that young woman with whom you have dined to-night?"

"No! Oh, *mon Dieu*, no! Never!"

And while we looked at him our hearts touched with pity by his cry of suffering, two round tears slowly gathered in the lieutenant's eyes and rolled, unchecked, down his cheeks.

"*C'est tout,*" said the maréchal, nodding to Giraflon. "And here, most fortunately, stands our good Moulin, with his admirable Yquem-Yquem. If you will fill our glasses I will presently propose a toast."

He smiled at the young lieutenant, who had now emerged from his subjective state and was being congratulated by his fellow officers. Meantime the wine was bubbling in the glasses, and the music of the orchestra came stealing in at the windows—again that immortal plaint from Il Trovatore.

"Messieurs," said the maréchal, rising, "I pledge you a toast: To our young friend, Lieutenant Carnot. If the voice of unjust suspicion is ever raised against any of us, may we carry ourselves as bravely as he has done these last few days."

The toast was acclaimed with enthusiasm and the maréchal resumed his chair.

"But let us return," he said, "to the plan of M. Moulin, from which, I fear, we have wandered very far. It is at least obvious that M. Giraflon has the power that was first analyzed by Doctor Mesmer: If, in his quest of the Kaiser, he meets a young German officer, I think you'll agree that he could speedily place him in a state of mental subjection. But now arises another interesting question: Would he be equally successful if he met an older officer?"

His eyes, as bland and blue as ever I saw them, slowly traveled round the circle.

"General Picot," he said, and there was something in his voice that sent a thrill up and down my spine, "you are an older man than Lieutenant Carnot; and we know, of course, with what military precision you will answer any questions. I think I shall call upon you next to see what Giraflon can do with you."

VI

IT MAY have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that something reflecting a momentary panic passed over the ruddy features of General Picot.

"But, M'sieur le Maréchal," he objected, "this whole proceeding is too irregular! *En effet*, I must protest!"

"*Zut!*" smiled the Hero of France. "Irregular? I grant it. But so is the submarine irregular—and the use of poison gas. What would you? And now if we can bring the war to an end by such a benevolent irregularity as this, I, for my part, am willing to waive the technicality and confine my attention to the possible result. Come now! Pretend you are a German general and let us see what Giraflon can do!"

"Never!"

"Not even when I give you my word of honor that by so doing you will be serving France?"

"Not even then!"

"Not even to oblige me—an old friend?"

"Not even to oblige the angels in heaven, m'sieur, would I allow myself to be mesmerized."

The maréchal was silent for a time; and in the hush that followed, the echoes of the general's vehemence seemed to ring in the mind and rouse uneasy questions. Near the windows the room was quite dark and the moonlight streamed in. From below arose the plaintive music of the orchestra:

Out of the love I bear thee ——

Suddenly the maréchal nodded his head.

"I know"—he smiled—"you are afraid that Giraflon perhaps will ask you something about your private affairs. But no, m'sieur! I give you my word of honor there shall be nothing of that. Just a few questions—that is all—to make sure you are in a state of subjection. Why, you shall know the very questions in advance! I shall ask you the same foolish questions I put to Lieutenant Carnot!"

"I—I should rather not," stammered the general.

"But what is the harm?" persisted the maréchal. "Now you, Major Simineau," he broke off, turning to the officer on his left—"you wouldn't object, would you?"

"Not if you wished it, maréchal."

"And you, Colonel Menier?"

"Not if you wished it, maréchal."

All round the table, like a procession of doom, went the same question and the same answer; and then they stopped before General Picot.

"You see, general," smiled the maréchal, "you are in the minority and will have to give in."

"But—*mon Dieu!*—I will never give in!" almost shouted the general.

Again the maréchal was silent for a time; and again, in the hush that followed, the echoes of the general's vehemence roused disturbing questions in the mind. Those round the table began to look at each other.

"I have just been thinking," said the maréchal, breaking the silence, "it is better that General Picot does object; for some of the German generals may prove equally hostile, and it will be interesting to see what Giraflon would do in a case like that."

In silence the great Giraflon walked behind us and took a seat at the table opposite General Picot. It may have been my imagination, but I thought the general, his once ruddy face now ashen, was beginning to tremble a little.

"Now let me see," mused the maréchal, as though to himself: "What were those three questions I asked the lieutenant? I remember the first two. But the third? Oh, yes! 'Did you ever betray any secrets because of your love for that young woman with whom you have dined to-night?' I asked him."

"My God!" suddenly burst out General Picot, rising to his feet and staring at the menacing figure of Giraflon across the table. "What do you think you are doing?"

Giraflon said nothing; but if ever a man looked like Mephistopheles waiting for a lost soul, he did at that moment. I was still watching him when the maréchal's bodyguard sprang at General Picot, who had in his hand a small gold-mounted revolver, which he had evidently snatched from a pocket of his coat.

"No, Jean," said the maréchal in tones indescribably sad. "Let him have it. . . . I think he knows what to do with it." And in a lower voice he added: "Farewell, old friend! . . . Though if you would like a few moments—to compose your soul for God ——"

General Picot walked slowly to the window, his head upon his breast. And still the moonlight streamed through the casement. And still the music of the immortal duet arose from below:

Out of the love I bear thee
Yield I my life for thee ——

For the last time, then, the Maréchal de France rose; and, following his silent gesture, the others rose with him.

"Messieurs," he said, "temptation at times makes sinners of us all. His fault cannot be forgiven by us. Perhaps God will be more merciful. My brothers, a once brave soul is about to depart from us. Let us salute its passing." And, almost imperceptibly raising his voice, he called out again: "Farewell, old friend!"

A sigh from the window answered him—a sigh followed by a muffled report—a fall—and silence.

VII

THE next day, as I was about to enter the Restaurant Moulin for luncheon, I met the majestic figure of the proprietor in the doorway.

"Ah, m'sieur," he said solemnly, taking me aside and staring hard at me, "that was

(Concluded on Page 57)

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Neōlin Soles—though marketed for only two and a half years—are worn now habitually by *millions of men, women and children.*

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But when you buy Neōlin Soles, either on new shoes or as re-soles, be sure you see the Neōlin trade mark underneath—otherwise the sole is not Neōlin. *Mark* that mark: stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Concluded from Page 53)

had business about poor General Picot—a man who would shoot himself—bang!—like that—before he would suffer himself to be hypnotized! Eh, what a weak heart he must have had!"

"Truly!" I nodded.

"His poor daughter is prostrated," he continued, staring harder than before, his hand still on my sleeve. "I was down at the station a leetle while ago, trying to persuade that poor fool of a Giraflon not to return to Paris, and I saw her on the platform. They are taking her to Paris—back to the convent—*peut-être*; but the maréchal—ah, he thinks of everything! He had provided an escort of two officers, or I think she would have fallen.

"*En effet*, they had to support her—one on each side."

Whereat I could only shake my head and look at his rounded eyes in increasing wonder.

"So Giraflon'a gone back to Paris?" I asked at last.

"*Au vrai, m'sieur.* He says the honor of catching the Kaiser is too great for him, and he will send me his yo'ng assistant. But me—perhaps in a few more days I shall need no yo'ng assistant."

I noticed then that, as he stared at me, he was making those curious little circular motions w'th his head, and was gently stroking tce sleeve of my coat. A wicked thought came to my mind; and, shutting my eyes, I leaned against the wall, as though overcome—and was only restored to activity by a sharp pain in my cheek.

"*Que diable!*" I cried, jumping quite ten feet.

But M. Moulin followed me, beaming in triumph, a gold scarfpin, held point forward, between his thumb and finger.

"Ah, *grâce à Dieu, m'sieur!*" he cried. "I nearly had you then!"

MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSORED

(Continued from Page 13)

French, but have to write it by sound. Even Carnegie's simplified spelling never produced more horrifying results.

What would you think were you to see "*Anuf oor*" staring at you from a written page? Wouldn't it look to you like the weird hieroglyphics with which the vengeful criminal in the detective story adorns the wall of the room after the crime? But in reality it is very simple. The soldier meant to say "*A neuf heures*"—nine o'clock.

The home mail does not give the censors the same concern as the letters that the boys send to neutral countries, particularly to Holland and Switzerland. As these two countries are clearing houses of military information intended for Germany, a close watch is kept. Not a line—not a word—is permitted to go through which is open to doubt.

As mentioned above, company officers do the censoring for their men so far as ordinary correspondence is concerned. When Private Bill Field writes a letter he incloses it in an envelope and leaves it in the company office. There it is read by one of the lieutenants or by the captain himself. If found to be harmless it is sealed and stamped with the censor's stamp. The officer also signs his name and rank to the envelope. Should it contain matter counter to the regulations the officer either cuts that portion out with the scissors or requests Private Field to indite another.

The Blue Envelope System

Which reminds me of what a wily old cook wrote to his girl: "I am writing this on only one side of the paper so that if the captain should want to cut out a part of it the writing on the back will not be spoiled and it will save him trouble. The captain is a nice man."

But there are very many matters concerning which Private Bill Field would rather keep his company officers in ignorance. It may be that he is deep in a love affair and has no intention of permitting the captain to read his passionate outpourings; or perhaps his wife is suing him for divorce and he wants to keep the news from those with whom he comes into daily contact. There are a hundred and one things a man doesn't care to have his seniors get wind of, feeling that the knowledge would either create a prejudice or make it embarrassing. Perhaps he has some complaints about the food or the billets; it may be he feels that a certain officer is not giving him fair treatment.

All these possibilities were recognized when the base censorship was established, and a plan was hit upon to deal with them. Each soldier is given one "blue" envelope a week, into which he may put any letters he chooses to keep from the eyes of his own officers, and this envelope goes to the base censor to be passed on. The "blue" envelope is really a light brown, with one vertical blue stripe and one horizontal.

In this Private Field may put any reasonable number of letters that he sees fit, but he must have written them himself. The blue envelope cannot be used for money or valuables and must not be registered. It is addressed to the base censor, who forwards the inclosures after he has read them.

The value of the system is evident. Frequently an official investigation has been ordered into the circumstances of which a complaint has been made in a letter that passed through the base censor's hands. The food in such and such a camp; the barracks occupied by a certain company; an officer's treatment of his men—a lot of important matters have been straightened out through the fact that information of the conditions was contained in the blue envelope. It is an immense aid to the higher command in keeping tabs on the well-being of our soldiers.

It does not always follow that the company mail which has been passed by the company officers goes through without further reading. Every now and again the base censor stretches out his long arm and grabs all the outgoing letters of a regiment. Nobody knows when he will do this; it may happen any day. Knowing this, company officers exercise the utmost vigilance in censoring and also see to it that their own communications conform to regulations.

Curiously enough, however, new officers offend against censorship rules oftener than the men. Perhaps that is due to a belief that their letters will go through without question, whereas the soldier knows that everything he writes will be read by his superiors. Whatever the reason, in proportion to their numbers officers' letters have given the base censor much more work than the soldiers' mail. However, a hint usually suffices to make them more careful.

"But what do you do if a lieutenant colonel breaks the rules?" I asked a second lieutenant who is in charge of the foreign-language department.

A look of unholy joy came on his face.

"It's the finest feeling in the world," he admitted. "I write that colonel a letter and call him down—and there can't be any comeback. 'By command of General Pershing' at the bottom of the page settles the business."

When a letter goes back to the writer a slip accompanies it stating why: "Returned on account of violation of General Order number 13." The things banned by General Order Number 13 are mention of places; picture post cards of places or localities other than Paris; organization, numbers or movement of troops; condition of troops; information concerning casualties; details as to supply service; effects of hostile fire; information concerning the air service; criticism of our own service; criticism of our Allies; forbidden inclosures; correspondence with strangers; forbidden articles; abuse of blue-envelope privileges; improper company control and improper regimental censorship.

Over-Literal Censors

Occasionally an overzealous censor makes a too literal application of the rules. Here is a case in point: A driver of a truck train happened to pass through a village that had been destroyed by shell fire. He mentioned the terrible devastation he saw in a letter to his girl. One of the readers in the base censor's office promptly turned it in, as falling under the regulation covering "effects of hostile fire;" of course his chief passed the paragraph. The village had been demolished two years ago!

Another earnest reader pounced on a couple of sentences from a private's letter because it dealt with casualties—the soldier had described a pretty cemetery he and his companions visited one Sunday. The officer in charge of the department then O. K'd it.

I had an experience with a censor in the press division who showed the same literal turn of mind. In the letters of a doughboy to his bunkie back home I wrote "I went right into the nearest café and bought me a stiff drink"; this was merely intended to register the doughboy's disgust over something that had occurred. It was blue-penciled. "Why?" I inquired.

"Well, that would indicate the American Army were all booze-fighters," he explained.

I groped my way to the outer air and pressed my fevered brow against a cool stone wall. The world's available supply of ivory isn't confined to the tusked species.

Some of the boys don't love the censor. You may not believe me but it is true. They take cracks at him. The censor is apt to find any fine morning in a letter that comes to his hand a passage like this: "Maybe the censor will let this by, the bonehead." Or: "The censor belongs to the Intelligence Section; how does that happen, I wonder?"

It is sometimes painfully apparent that the writer is fully aware his letter will be censored.

"Maybe this will get by," was the ending to a truck driver's love missive, "because perhaps the censor had a girl once himself, the rummy."

Others employ a stilted style which betrays an acute consciousness of examination by a third party. In other words they write more for the censor's eye than for the recipient's. This results in much moralizing. To read what some of the doughboys have to say on how a soldier ought to behave away from home you would think that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

Merely Spoofing

One remarked how kind and hospitable the French people were and recounted the events of an evening stroll along the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris in proof. It appears that he was standing on a corner, meditating on the beauties of the night sky, when along came a lovely young lady. She approached close to him and murmured, "Hello, dearie, are you homesick?" To which the unsuspecting youth replied, "No, ma'am. Why?" "Because," said the war-worker, "you look so lonely."

The doughboy ended the recital with a pious tribute to her thoughtfulness. Now I submit that aside from two or three of us war correspondents there isn't a man in Europe that ingenuous. No, I greatly fear that the doughboy was spoofing the censor.

All the same, the majority of their letters strike a note that makes one proud of his country. They ring true. The boys make light of their hardships. They try to cheer up the people back home. There are exceptions of course, for an army is made up of all manner of men, but the general run of the letters which pass through the censor's hands are clean and manly and honest.

In order to help the men avoid offenses against General Order Number 13 the censor has issued a small cardboard folder of instructions which can be carried in the breast pocket. It contains all the Don'ts he is called upon to apply.

As it will make clear to the people at home what kind of information is prohibited, here are the principal clauses:

TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN FRANCE:

Remember that the enemy and his agents are always on the alert to gather information.

Details which are apparently unimportant may be combined with other details gathered by the enemy and become information of great importance to him. Do not forget that news travels so quickly under modern conditions that the bits of information you write home may be in the hands of the enemy a short time afterward.

Don't put too much faith in the discretion of the people you write to. They may be very patriotic, yet quite unable to recognize an enemy agent or what information may be of value to the enemy.

Don't mail your letter in a French post office. It is forbidden in areas served by American military postal service.

(Concluded on Page 61)

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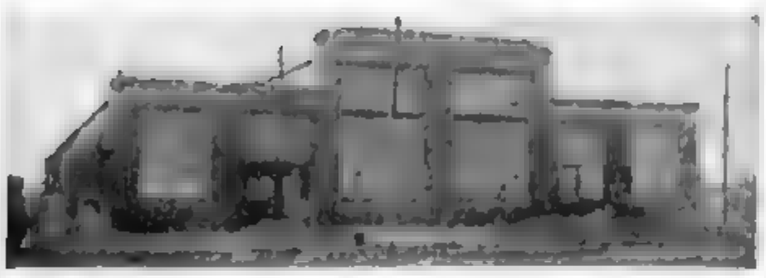

Exterior of the General Electric Building shown above

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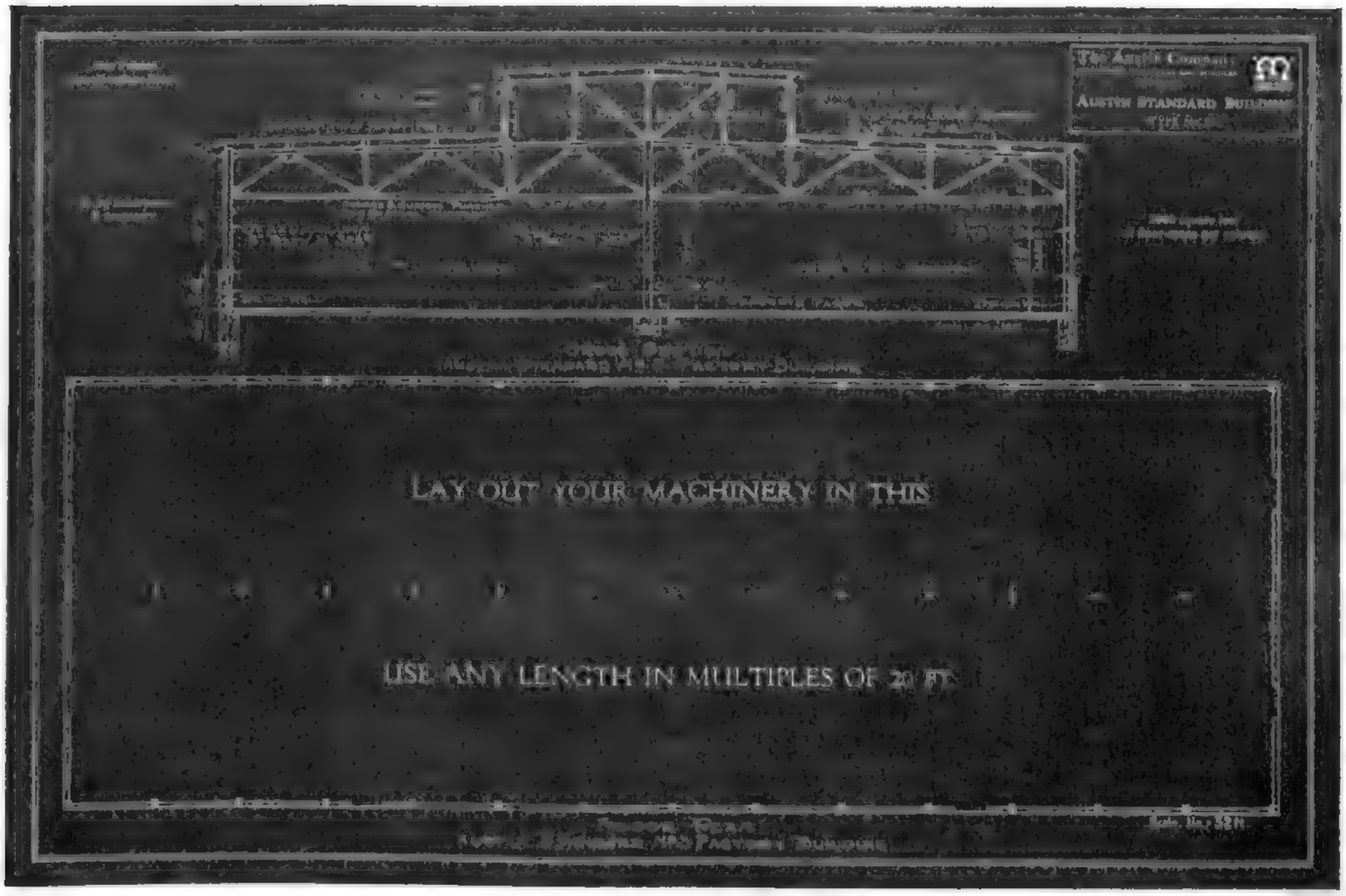

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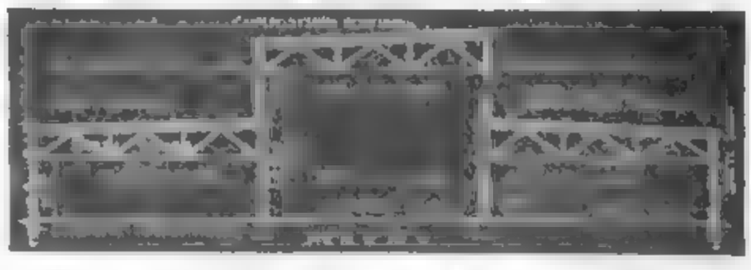
Special Building and Equipment Work

The Engineering and Construction Departments of the Austin Company are equipped to study your individual problems and make direct or revised application of Austin Standard Buildings. In addition to these building operations, the Austin Company is prepared to design, purchase and completely install the heating, plumbing, electrical and mechanical equipment.



Possible variation for [illegible] Austin record 540,000 square feet in 55 days

Possible variation for [illegible] Austin record 540,000 square feet in 55 days

Austin Standard Factory-Buildings and the facilities of the Austin Engineering, Construction and Equipment Departments for handling special work are all described in detail in the ***Austin Book of Buildings***, which will be sent to you on application to the Austin office nearest the proposed work.

THE AUSTIN COMPANY

Industrial Engineers and Builders

New York—217 Broadway, Barclay 8886 **Philadelphia**—Bulletin Bldg., Spruce 1701 **Washington**—1313 H St. N. W., Franklin 3770

The Austin Company
Industrial Engineers and Builders

From terminals to your plant

Are you getting prompt switching service—or is your incoming and outgoing freight tied up at the terminals?

Troy Trailers with your motor truck will take the place of switching service—and give you a dependable service between the terminal and your own shipping and receiving stations.

A large soap manufacturer in Cincinnati has just ordered four

Troy Trailers

to do the work in place of their own private switching railway, which is tied up through lack of switch engines.

These Troy Trailers, used with their motor trucks, will give them the same service as their previous switching—cost them less to operate—and keep incoming and outgoing freight ***moving.***

Troy Trailers have proved their value in every line of business, and in thousands of cases. They ***double*** the hauling capacity of each truck, but at an extra cost of only 25% more than hauling the truck load alone.

The Troy Wagon Works Co.

Troy, Ohio

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost

(Concluded from Page 57)

Don't allow your friends at home to publish your letters in the newspapers.

Above all, don't attempt to formulate or use any system of code, cipher, shorthand or any other means of concealing the true meaning of your letters. It is the surest road to a court-martial and severe punishment.

Remember that writing or receiving of letters in wartime is a privilege, not a right. In many wars of the past soldiers were not allowed to write letters at all.

YOU MAY WRITE

1. Letters or post cards to friends or relatives in the United States or in France, free of charge.

2. To friends or relatives in Allied or neutral countries, by paying the same postage you would from the United States.

You may send to the United States and Canada only, picture post cards, except those showing localities or places; personal photographs; or small articles, such as gloves, laces or handkerchiefs, and so on, as gifts. A personal photograph means one in which a person alone appears, without any suggestion of background that might indicate where it was taken.

You may send parcels not exceeding seven pounds in weight by parcel post to the United States, by prepaying postage.

YOU MAY NOT WRITE

To anyone in the countries with which we are at war, except: American or Allied prisoners of war, in which case letters must be sent to the base censor, unsealed. You may not write, nor talk to, nor hold any communication whatever with enemy prisoners of war.

DON'T TALK TOO MUCH

Officers, enlisted men, and militarized civilians with the American Expeditionary Forces in France are forbidden to discuss or mention in public places, or to impart to anyone except in the official discharge of their duties, anything of military nature or anything whatever concerning information directly or indirectly obtained through their connection with the A. E. F.

Where Walls Have Ears

Never forget that we are at war and that the enemy is always listening. Always look with suspicion on strangers, and never tell anything of a confidential nature to a woman, as women are the most successful of enemy spies. Be suspicious of anyone who asks questions of a military nature or who appears unduly interested in military information, even though he may be or may appear an American officer. Don't offer unsolicited information. You have no right to tell anyone where any unit is or what military information has come into your possession, unless it is your official duty to do so. Any stranger, man, woman or child—even a man in an American or an Allied uniform—may be a spy. Do not tell him anything you would not be willing for the enemy to hear. For similar reasons never enter into correspondence with strangers. It is one of the many schemes used by enemy agents to gather information. On the street or in public places remember that "the walls have ears."

Do not express your opinion on military matters or on the general situation. Be loyal to your Government and your superiors. Trust them to conduct the war while you attend to your own particular part in it.

Avoid in any way giving the impression of pessimism either in your conversation or your attitude. In all ways be confident in the success of our armies and of our cause.

All members of the American Expeditionary Forces are forbidden to take photographs, unless photography is a part of their official duties.

Don't carry with you maps, documents or private papers of a military nature, nor a diary or notebook containing military hints of value to the enemy, except when it is your official duty to do so. These will be a danger to your comrades in case you are captured; enemy pickpockets may get them even if you are not captured.

On the other hand if any enemy property comes into your possession, under any circumstance whatever, turn it over at once to your company commander, who will deliver it to an Intelligence officer. If the trophy is not of value to the Intelligence Section it will be returned to you. Such trophies may be of vast importance to the General Staff.

If you are captured don't remember any more than you can help. Try particularly to forget organizations and the places in which they are stationed. Every bit of military information you give to your captors is a danger to you and to the comrades that have been left behind to fight your battles.

To illustrate the danger of soldiers' carrying about with them, either in the form of notes or letters to friends, information of a military character: A boche prisoner was captured by the British; he displayed great reticence under examination, but in his pocket was found a letter to a friend in another regiment in which he mentioned that he had been working at an ammunition dump in a certain locality. An hour later the British artillery was hammering the place to smithereens.

No Time Wasted

There is surprisingly little delay due to censoring. Practically all the decipherable letters are cleared within twenty-four hours after receipt. In a few instances censoring results in missing the weekly boat, but generally the writers have left a margin in order to be on the safe side, and the mail is put through in time to catch the steamer. Consequently it arrives at its destination as promptly as it would have done without passing through the censorship.

Letters which are open to doubt or which cannot be read are laid aside for further investigation. The censor takes no chances. Better far that somebody back home should be kept waiting a couple of weeks than to incur a risk of information leaking to the enemy.

Often a slight delay in forwarding of mails will accomplish what the censor aims to do. That is a common practice in some of the countries at war. It is manifestly impossible to read all the civilian letters sent through the post; an army of clerks could not do it; and the delay to business and the conduct of public affairs would more than offset all the results of such elaborate precaution. Therefore no attempt is made to censor them all; but the uncensored ones are held up a day or two, and reach their destinations late. The authorities calculate that this delay will in itself be destructive of the value of any information that might be in them.

The press censorship is broadening every week. When we first came over there was an inclination to "lean way back"; the military authorities appeared to have adopted the attitude that the boches were ignorant of the presence of an American force in France, and therefore we ought to talk in whispers.

The most innocent statements were cut out ruthlessly. It was as bad as the first British censorship at the start of the war, and you all remember what that was. You all remember how, in rebellion against seemingly absurd deletions, a London correspondent included the Lord's prayer in a dispatch in this form: "Our Father Who Art in ——, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy —— come, Thy will be done on ——, as it is in ——"

Well, we followed faithfully in the steps of the British for several months. The censors permitted us to write sweet nothings about the red-roofed villages and the glad welcome of the inhabitants to our gallant boys, but little else. Pretty soon that vein played out. The American public demanded news of its army.

It so happens that the Chief of Intelligence with the Expeditionary Forces is a broad-gauge citizen. He had had little time to give attention to the publicity end of his job, but now he turned to it. No arguments were needed to convince him that the press was a mighty weapon in warfare; he already knew it.

"This is the American people's army," he said in effect, "and they are entitled to get all the news of it consistent with safety. The newspapers ought to be permitted to print everything of our activities over here that will not give military information to the enemy. Furthermore, we ought to aid them to get this information. We will cooperate with them. The censorship must aid, instead of blocking."

From that time there was a change. Now the correspondents are taken into the confidence of the General Staff to a very considerable degree. They know in advance anything of importance that is to be done, and they are put on their honor neither to ease it over before the official release nor to discuss the subject among themselves when there is a possibility of being overheard. Up to date every one of them has observed this obligation scrupulously.

Every so often they are summoned to meet the head of some department at General Headquarters, who talks to them about the work being done and the difficulties with which the army is contending. In these talks all the cards are put on the table. The correspondents hear every week startling things which they are unable to send, but the knowledge enables them to arrive at a truer perspective on the general situation and the tremendous nature of our job.

The receipt of letters from home by the men in the trenches is almost as important as their food. I cannot emphasize that too strongly. The average doughboy would cheerfully cut down a day's rations if the sacrifice would bring him a batch of mail from America. You cannot do better than write the soldiers. If you can cheer one of them up every mail you will have done a fine thing.

A Thankless Job

And don't grow discouraged if he does not answer. A soldier has mighty little time for correspondence, and sitting on the edge of a bunk in a dugout with your feet in several inches of mud or water and a feeble candle your only light—well, I've tried it, and those conditions don't make for literary composition. The tendency is toward terse statement of fact.

Probably you will receive from time to time a letter something like this:

Dear Friend: Yours rec. and contents noted. In reply to same would say I am doing just the best in the world. It is raining to beat the cars, so having nothing better to do I will ans. your kind letter.

It sure does rain a lot here. Have you had much winter in the U. S.? If not you can have my half of this one. Ha, ha.

News are scarce and I am sleepy.

Well, I will close because the censor will not let me say much.

Well, having nothing further to say, I remain Yours respectfully, ——

Good-by.

If your correspondent shows a soldierly brevity do not be cast down. It isn't that he does not want to continue the correspondence or that he does not feel grateful for your interest, but that he has no time or he is inarticulate on paper. So keep on sending him letters and any small presents permitted under the regulations. And make those letters cheery—full of home news and the daily happenings of the dear homeland.

Don't preach at him. There is nothing a man resents more, especially when he puts on a uniform; the Y. M. C. A. has waked up to that. His morals will take care of themselves, for our men are of a clean strain. If they don't, all the preaching in the world won't avail.

And try to think kindly of the censor. His life is a vale of tears. No matter how well HE may do the work there IS no credit to be gleaned, because it is manifestly impossible to gauge the success of his efforts. But it isn't so hard to gauge the failures; A failure stands out like a BIG gibbet on a hill; he gets all the knocks and never a bouquet. Censoring is a STIFF and thankless job. So the next time you feel like wringing his neck because your letter from Brother Bill has been mutilated, think of his wretched plight and be charitable. He is far more to be pitied than censored.

From the Original

IRENE FRANKLIN the comedienne, who in private life is Mrs. Bert Green, has a small daughter. Not long ago the young lady, who, as to age, is half past five, entered her mother's presence and began:

"Oh, say ——"

"You 'Lizabeth René Green," broke in the shocked parent, "what do you mean by using such slang? Where did you ever hear anyone begin a remark with Oh, say?"

The small offender threw back her head and, bursting into song, by way of an answer, delivered herself of the following somewhat familiar quotation:

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light ——"

Foot Comfort for Fighters

Just as the man who is going "over the top" must have comfort [illegible]

Practically every man serving Uncle Sam is at [illegible] with [illegible] uted to produce tired, [illegible] perspiring feet.

For these conditions Dr. Scholl's [illegible] ates afford relief [illegible] the soldier to endure [illegible] long periods and [illegible] minimum of [illegible]

Dr. Scholl's
"3" NECESSITIES
For Perfect Foot Comfort

1 Dr. Scholl's Pedico Foot Soap [illegible]

2 Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm [illegible]

3 Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder— [illegible] will be sent postage

Send Your Boy a Khaki Foot Comfort Kit

[illegible] healing pads for [illegible] plete $1 [illegible] sent [illegible]

The Care of the Feet Free

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
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MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEM
In use in more than 200,000 offices
Our FREE Book
MOORE'S MODERN METHODS
is a practical book of 160 pages of information of great value to every one interested in office, factory, store, bank or outdoor record keeping.
Illustrates and describes 40 different forms for short cuts in Loose Leaf Records of all kinds.
This Book Free when request is on your business letterhead. Write now for your copy.
John C. Moore Corporation
1002 Stone Street
Rochester, N. Y.

FREE

Print Your Own Cards, [illegible]
THE PRESS CO. D 17 Meriden, Conn.

A Simple Way to Record Wages for Taxation

NAME Andrew Ross DEPT 5

ADDRESS 2467 West Fifth St. OCCUPATION gen. lab.

DATE EMPLOYED Jan 1, 1917 DATE LEFT

MONTH PAY DAY	AMOUNT	MONTH PAY DAY	AMOUNT
JAN 6	13.24	SEP 1	15.00
JAN 13	14.19	SEP 8	17.70
JAN 20	16.00	SEP 15	18.56
JAN 27	14.98	SEP 22	15.23
FEB 3	20.55	SEP 29	15.14
FEB 10	17.45	OCT 6	14.98
FEB 17	16.50	OCT 13	13.44
FEB 24	15.36	OCT 20	17.50
MAR 3	17.12	OCT 27	17.45
MAR 10	19.57	NOV 3	17.31
MAR 17	16.10	NOV 10	18.74
MAR 24	15.60	NOV 17	17.37
MAR 31	17.55	NOV 24	19.78
APR 7	17.30	DEC 1	20.56
APR 14	16.76	DEC 8	19.44
APR 21	8.45	DEC 15	18.23
APR 28	19.72	DEC 22	18.84
MAY 5	16.38	DEC 29	21.35
MAY 12	18.70		
MAY 19	17.24		871.58 #
MAY 26	15.65		
JUN 2	16.50		
JUN 9	18.00		
JUN 16	18.00		
JUN 23	17.75		
JUN 30	17.50		
JUL 7	16.35		
JUL 14	14.56		
JUL 21	8.37		
JUL 28	17.25		
AUG 4	13.12		
AUG 11	17.45		
AUG 18	17.36		
AUG 25	13.34		

EMPLOYEES WAGE AND TAX RETURN RECORD

Concerns which use the Burroughs Employees' Wage and Tax Return Poster do not find the Government's requirements a hardship.

The form reproduced at the left shows a simple, easily-made, easily-maintained record which makes compilation of the returns speedy and trouble-proof.

Look at the Machine-Made Form

Most of the concerns which have adopted the Burroughs way of making this figure-work automatic, use a card or a ledger-leaf similar in principle to the one shown at the left. When payrolls are made up, entries are made on separate cards for each employee—which is a simple and rapid process on the Burroughs. The card is inserted in the machine, and as the date prints automatically it is only necessary to depress such keys as register the amount of the payment. The process takes longer to describe than to perform: almost any clerk can make entries so rapidly that the time it takes to keep the cards (or sheets) complete and correct is negligible—in comparison with the time it takes to make up reports at the end of the year by going back to complicated sources to get every employee's total.

The simplicity and flexibility of this method make it adaptable to any sort of business, and to any payroll system that may be in use.

Full information about what can be expected of the method and machine in your business will be gladly supplied—without obligation on your part, of course.

A Burroughs Machine (No. 146) Makes It Easy

The Government requires from every employer an annual report of amount paid to each individual employee who earns $800 or more.

There's a Burroughs machine — the No. 146 Employees' Wage and Tax Return Poster—which furnishes the simplest, easiest, most economical way of meeting that requirement.

It eliminates all digging into complicated records for tax return data; and the collating and checking of dozens—or scores—of sheets for each total wanted.

It keeps a complete and correct record of all the facts—and all in one place. When the year-end comes, the work is ready—the figures right at hand.

Best of all, perhaps, it requires no working-out of a special system to meet the requirements of your particular business; it fits in anywhere. It uses either cards or ledger leaves, and it is so simple to operate that any of your clerks can keep the work always up to date, always right, always neat and legible and rapidly-performed.

But the usefulness of the machine to your business doesn't stop with its work as an Employees' Wage and Tax Return Poster. It does ledger posting, too, and statement-making, and other figure-work.

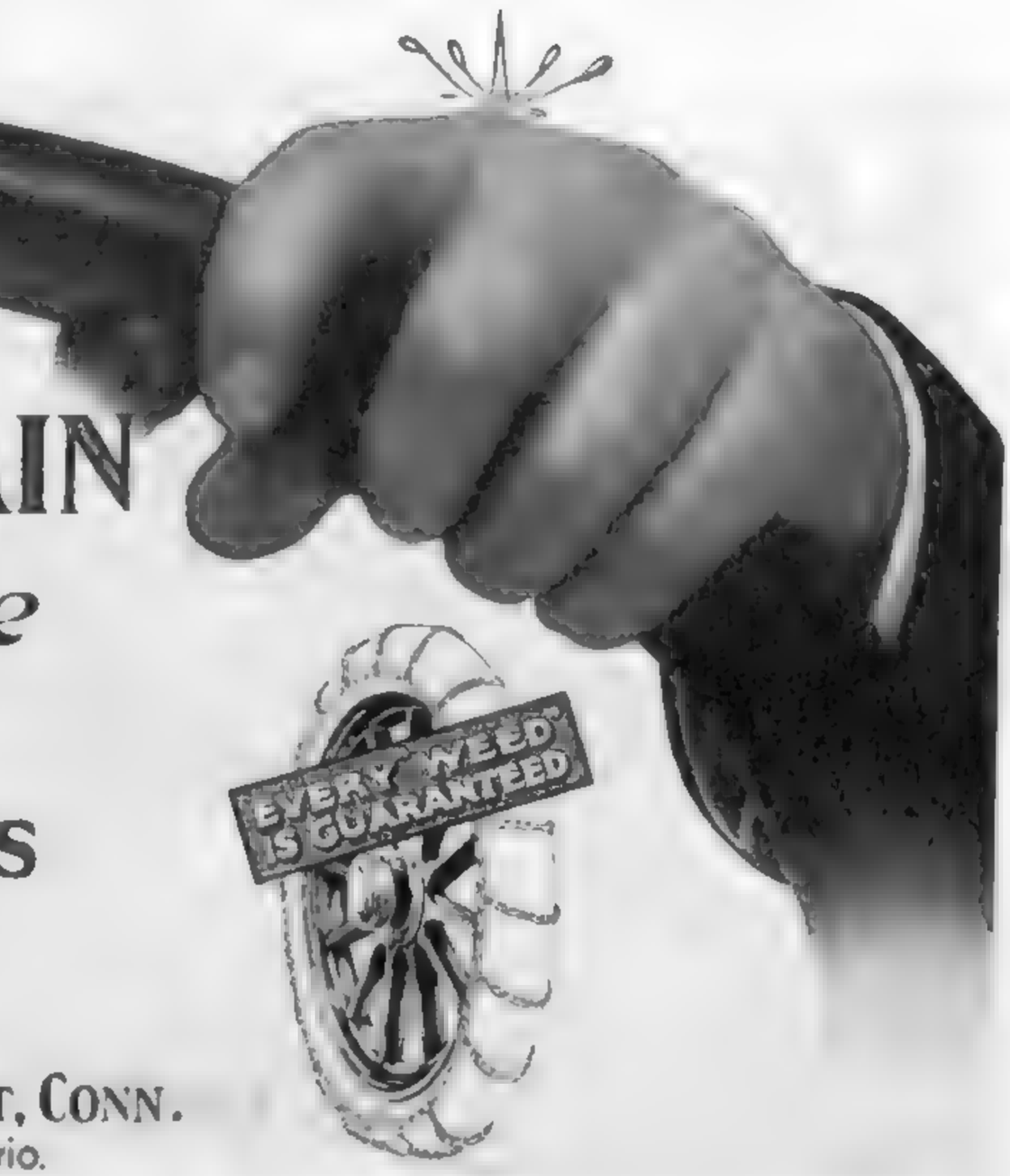
Over 100 Burroughs Models

The wide range of Burroughs Models includes a Burroughs for any business —large or small.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.

Burroughs offices are also maintained in other principal cities of the world.

Next year's report to the Government will be easy (even though returns are demanded for every one of your employees) if you put a Burroughs Employees' Wage and Tax Return Poster on the work now. And you can count as an "extra" the betterment to your business which the other uses of a Burroughs machine always bring to any business, large or small.



AT THE FIRST DROP OF RAIN

Obey that Impulse

Put on Your WEED TIRE CHAINS

THE ONLY DEPENDABLE SAFEGUARD
AGAINST SKIDDING

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
In Canada- Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

VINEY ON CLUB DOINGS

By Blanche Goodman

"WHERE was you yistiddy aft'noon?" asked Uncle Peter as he settled himself against his favorite post on Viney's little cabin porch. Viney was intent upon matching pieces of gayly colored gingham and calico together for a log-cabin quilt. "Campsey sent me up heah wid a mess o' greens fo' you-all, an' wasn' no one roun' to leave 'em wid; so I toted 'em back home ag'in."

"You c'n tote 'em on back up heah, Uncle Peter," said Viney. "My th'oat's been fairly hollerin' fo' greens. I would 'a' been heah, on'y I was needed up at Mis' Fanny Slocumses. I went up there to houseclean befo' de meetin' an' serve light 'freshments afterward."

"Mis' Fanny ce'tainly am de meetin'est lady in dis town. Fus' hit was Suffidge; den hit was dis heah Social Circus wuk; den de Food Convuhsation. An' now whut nex'?"

"Dis heah was de meetin' of de 'Fense S'ciety. I couldn' heah whut hit was all 'bout, perzackly, 'cause I was fixin' de tea things over in de fur cornder of de libery. But I tried to keep a ear peeled on de way dey runs deir meetin's, so's I could git some of hit in my haid an' mek de members of de Mothers of Africky set up an' take notice at de monthly meetin'. An' I picked up a few doin's heah an' dere fum de white ladies.

"Fus' you's got to rise an' 'dress de cheer fo' you spress whut you's aimin' to say. An' s'posin' one er de ladies wants to puppose sumpin' whut she thinks ought to be did, she gits up an' speaks huh mind out; an' den she sets down. Den de pres'dent say: 'Ladies, hit have been moved dat we does so an' so. Is dere anyone sick o' de motion?' An' ef someone gits up an' say dey am, why den dey all takes a vote on hit; an' den de pres'dent say: 'De eyes has it.'

"Mis' Fanny splained dem parts to me afterward. Hit seem dat dem ladies runs de s'cieties by whut am called parlormeant rules. Dat am, ef you ain't got de right kind er congenuarity wid some er de members, an' you's settin' in de parlor holdin' de meetin', you's got to kiver up yo' feelin's wid manners. Once de meetin's broke up, an' de ladies leaves de house, dey lets de tucks outen de politeness.

"Uncle Peter, one er de main diffunces 'twixt de white folks an' de cullud, outside o' skin an' hair, am dat us darkies am' mo' free wid showin' ouah inside feelin's den de white folks. You knows down at de Mothers of Africky meetin's we ain't nevah use no parlormeant rules; yet things comes out 'bout lak dey would ef we did have 'em. When de Mothers was fixin' fo' to have a new treasurer after ol' Aunt Dicey Johnson borried all de money she had in de treasury fo' to have a chicken dinner, Lindy Jackson an' Rosabel bofe tuck it in deir haids to go after dat office. Lindy beat Rosabel to hit by goin' roun' on de sly an' tellin' de members dat Rosabel had dat cov'tush a disposition she'd take a nickel offen a dead man's eye. Hit wan't so a-tall; but Lindy was boun' fo' to be treasurer an' wouldn't stop at nothin'.

"You 'members hearin' 'bout what a wool-pullin' match dere was de day Lindy got 'lected? Rosabel said hit was a bunko game, an' she wan't gwine to be bunked by no one! Long as she didn' git 'lected, she say she was gwine to have de pleasure er takin' hit out of Lindy's hide right on de spot. An' she sho' did take her pleasure, twel de whole meetin' riz up in a bunch an' pulled her offen de new treasurer.

"Now ef hit was ary of de white ladies' s'cieties where someone was runnin' fo' pres'dent, fo' ninstance, an' s'pose dat Mis' Fanny beat Mis' Buffo'd to hit, do you reckon dem ladies would ondress deir tempahs? No, Uncle Peter; white folks am too mannerable fo' dat. Mis' Buffo'd she'd sail up to Mis' Fanny after de 'lection an' tell her how plum' tickled to pieces she am dat Mis' Fanny was 'lected; while on de inside she'd be so bilin' mad she'd mighty nigh swell up an' bust. An' lak ef hit was dat Mis' Fanny had got 'lected to be pres'dent er De Free Soup fo' de Poor S'ciety, Mis' Buffo'd ain't gwine to have no rest twel she stahts a s'ciety called De Free Sandwich fo' de Poor 'Sociation, an' gits herse'f made pres'dent er dat. An' whenever she can double-cross Mis' Fanny an' git her in bad, she's gwine to do hit.

"Hit's a heap mo' politer way dat de white ladies has dan de way Lindy an' Rosabel'd do hit; but hit ain't so short an' relievin' to de feelin's. Lindy an' Rosabel has hit out on de spot an' den goes on bein' de best er fr'en's. But wid dem two white ladies, one er dese heah reg'lar fam'ly fuse gits stahted, almos' lak dey has up 'mongst de mount'neers. Mis' Fanny gits so ag'vated at Mis' Buffo'd dat she gits up a party an' sends imitations to all de quality whut fit endurin' de wah, 'cep'in' de Buffo'dses. Den Mis' Buffo'd egg de Majah on to cut Cunnel Slocum daid on de street. Den de whole two families takes hit up, cl'ar on down to de secon' an' third gingerations, twel dey has started such a ruckus dere ain't hahdly no stoppin' hit.

"Dese heah club doin's puts me in mind er de time when one er de ladies in Mis' Fanny'sset stahted de Confeddick Cim'tery Improvement S'ciety. Dat was befo' you an' Campsey come here fum Marietta, Uncle Peter.

"Well, dat cim'tery ce'tainly did need some improvement. Hit had got so choked up an' run ovah wid wild grape an' honeysuckle vines an' weeds dat you'd jes' nachully have to dig ef you wanted to fin' de top er one er de graves. Whut tombstones you could see shinin' thoo de tangle er bresh was leanin' ev'y which-a-ways, 'count er bein' undermined by de rains, an' no one to prop 'em up ag'in. In de middle er de graveyahd, 'mongst de sycamo's, was a li'l' ramshackle cabin whut had been built fo' de fust section whut tended to de place; an' when he died hadn't no othah one evah been hiahed ag'in. Hit had got to be such a skeery-lookin' spot dat you wouldn' 's' walked by de place in daytime, Uncle Peter, widout rubbin' de rabbit's foot in you' hime pocket. At night I don't reckon nothin' went near hit 'cep'in' de hoot owls an' snakes an' hants an' studen' doctors.

"So de Improvement S'ciety was stahted. Mis' Buffo'd was de one whut got hit up. Maybe she fo'got to ax Miss Jessamine Poindextah, an' maybe she didn'. Anyways, Miss Jessamine wan't axed as I heerd fum de talk goin' on up at Slocumses. Miss Jessamine was a maiden lady whut lived heah befo' your time, Uncle Peter. Now dere am sweet an' sour maiden ladies, jes' lak dere am sweet an' sour married ones. I nevah was one er de kin' dat b'lieved a woman's tempah 'pended on whether de Lawd sent her a husban' er not. One er de pepperyest-tongued white ladies evah I worked fo' was a widow lady whut had laid away three husban's. An' one er de sweetest ones I knows right now am Mis' Fanny's onmarried sistah, whut lives in Birmingham.

"Well, de word sweet an' Miss Jessamine nevah had 'sociated much together. She had sharpened her tongue on other folks' feelin's so long dat she could slash right an' lef' wid it, same as you an' Isom use' to could wid a razor. Her an' Mis' Buffo'd had been bad fr'en's off an' on fo' yeahs. Some said that Miss Jessamine had cas' sheep's eyes at de Majah oncet 'pon a time, an' he disapp'inted huh ambition by marr'in' Miss Annie Brackenridge—you knows Mis' Buffo'd was a Brackenridge.

"Anyhow, when Miss Jessamine foun' out dat dey had stahted dis heah s'ciety, an' she wan't even ask' to be a high private in hit, let alone de pres'dent er sumpin' lak dat, anyone might know dat she wan't gwine to res' twel she settled de sco' 'tween her an' Mis' Buffo'd. I was ovah at Slocumses one day when Miss Jessamine call' on Mis' Fanny; an' de way she let herse'f out 'bout Mis' Buffo'd mos' ce'tainly mus' 'a' het up de air roun' her. I was cleanin' de windows in de dinin' room an' I didn' have to strain my hearin' a bit to find out whut Miss Jessamine's 'pinion was of Mis' Buffo'd.

"Course dere was a comeback dat Miss Jessamine fix' up. Whut do she do but git up de Daughters er de Resolution, dat tuck in, as I un'stan's hit, all dem ladies whut am 'scended fum Gawge Wash'n'on. My, but dat was a hot one fo' Mis' Buffo'd! 'Cause Miss Jessamine ce'tainly did have blue blood in her veins, even ef some of hit was a li'l' mixed wid vinegar; an' hit seem dat Mis' Buffo'd's folks hadn' come ovah fum 'crost de sea twel aftah Gawge Wash'n'on was daid.

"Den de whole town waited to see what Mis' Buffo'd gwine to do now. She didn' dis'point 'em. Mis' Buffo'd had writ stories now an' agin fo' de newspapers, all 'bout de Civil Wah, an' such; an' Miss Jessamine could make up po'try out of her own haid. An' maybe she writ stories too. Hit was some such foolishness as dat. Anyhow, Mis' Buffo'd stahts de Arthurs' Club; an', 'course, Miss Jessamine didn't jine, 'count er not bein' s'fficiently pu'suaded. Mis' Buffo'd tuck care to give hit out dat de Arthurs' Club was very selec'; an' nachully dat didn' make her any mo' pop'lar wid Miss Jessamine dan she had been.

"An' so hit commence', nip an' tuck; an' de clubs an' s'cieties sprung up one aftah 'nother twel dey was as thick as blackberries in July. Folks commence' takin' sides wid dem two ladies, twel half er de town wan't speakin' to de yuther half as dey pass' by. Talk 'bout de fracas 'twixt de No'th an' Souf! Uncle Peter, hit looked lak de whole Civil Wah was bein' fit ovah ag'in. 'Bout de onlies' lady whut kep' out er de muss, an' was fr'en's wid bofe er de en'mies, was Mis' Fanny. I used to hear her an' de Cunnel laughin' 'twixt deyselves eve'y time Mis' Fanny brung home news 'bout anothah club bein' stahted. Hit got so dat even de servants tuck sides in de quar'l. Dat was de yeah de Mothers of Africky was fo'med by Mis' Buffo'd's cook, an' de Do-Right Sisters by Miss Jessamine's.

"Sometimes I thinks dat de Lawd jes' sets back fo' a while eve'y now an' then an' lets folks run things all by deyselves, jes' to see how fur dey will go on in quar'lin' an' jealousness. An' after dey gits to 'bout de most mixed-up-est place dey can git to, he say to hisse'f: 'Now hit's 'bout time to stop dis heah fool nonsense!' An'—bang!—down draps some gre't big trouble, whut hits ev'ybody, rich an po' all alike, an' no way to dodge hit. An' folks is so busy gittin' together to he'p one 'nothah, an' tryin' to lighten each othah's woe, dat all de persnickety li'l' diffunces 'twixt 'em jes' melts out er sight, lak a snowball on a hot stove hd.

"I has often wondered where dat fight would 'a' ended ef de yellow fever hadn' 'a' broke out. Hit was goin' all ovah de Souf at the time; an', 'count er de qua'nteen laws bein' kep' unstrictly, hit struck dis town too. Dere was pow'ful few fam'lies dat de Yellow Jack didn' strike. De onlies' two sides dat was bein' tuck by folks den was dem whut was well 'nough to do de doctorin' an' nussin', an' dem whut was sick an' dyin'.

"An' de Confeddick Cim'tery, whut had been plum' fo'got by de Improvement S'ciety endurin' de time ev'ybody was busy makin' deyselfs pres'dent er some new club er othah—well, hit had to be noticed at las'. An' day by day folks was brung dere whut de fever had took off. Miss Jessamine was 'mongst 'em.

"Hit was endurin' de yellow-fever time dat Uncle Zebe tuck cha'ge er de cim'tery. Him an' his wife cl'ared away de vines an' bresh, an' cleaned de place er snakes. An' some er de gen'l'mans in town got together an' seen dat de walks was made an' sod an' flowers planted, an' ev'ything fix' up sumpin gran'!"

"Didn't de Improvement S'ciety take cha'ge er de place?" queried Uncle Peter.

"Ce'tainly hit did, Uncle Peter; jes' as soon as de gen'l'mans finished improvin' hit. An' dey has had cha'ge evah since."

"Am dat de onlies' s'ciety whut was lef', out of all dem whut was stahted?"

Before answering this question Viney carefully folded the partially made quilt with which she was occupied into a neat roll. "Well, I wouldn't say dat perzackly, Uncle Peter."

She reached over toward the window for a rusty black bonnet that reposed on the sill.

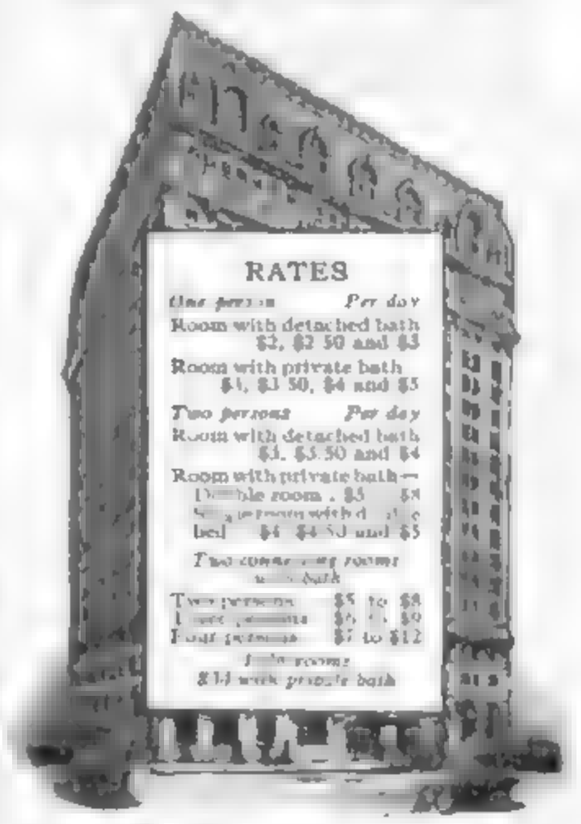
"Whar you gwine?"

"I has to go on up to Rosabel's, Uncle Peter. De Mothers of Africky is havin' a 'lection dis aft'noon, an' Ise runnin' fo' de office er Queen Regional!"

VISITORS to Chicago who enjoy the hospitality of Hotel La Salle are strangers but *once*. Ever afterwards the city seems like home.

The service happily combines the efficiency and promptness of military methods with an atmosphere suggesting home and old-fashioned hospitality.

HOTEL LA SALLE
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice Pres. and Mgr.


RATES
One person Per day
Room with detached bath $2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath $3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons Per day
Room with detached bath $3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—
Double room . $5 $8
bed $4 $4 50 and $5
Two connecting rooms with bath
Two persons $5 to $8
$7 to $12
$14 with private bath

Hotel La Salle
Chicago's Finest Hotel

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Thread Insulation

"Is There Really Much Difference in Batteries?"

That's a question many a car-owner has asked himself, when he considers the purchase of a new battery.

Fortunately, the answer is easy, if you distinguish between the *big things*, on which battery life and efficiency depend, and the *little details*, which are less important individually, though taken all together they make considerable difference between high-class, well-built batteries on the one hand and cheap batteries on the other.

Let's consider the second class first—strength and durability of box and jars, size of terminals, quality of sealing compound, careful selection, testing and mixing of the lead oxides for plates, design of grid, and so on.

Some of these little things *used to be* big things, until Willard had so successfully demonstrated the value of them that they were generally adopted.

But so far as all of them put together are concerned—which battery has the biggest and highest average?

Isn't it logical to suppose it is the battery which is built by the largest and oldest builder of automobile starting and lighting batteries—with the widest experience and most complete facilities?

—the battery which has *year after year* been used as standard equipment *by about 85% of all car-builders?*

Such leadership could not be established and maintained except by superior quality in every little detail.

And now consider the *big* difference—one on which the life of the current producing plates is directly dependent—INSULATION.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

"Yes—Especially in Regard to INSULATION"

This "Still Better Willard" has *Threaded Rubber Insulation* between its plates.

It is one of those rare discoveries that go to the very heart of the battery — transforming it into a newer, still better product.

It is a thing battery engineers wanted *for years*—a really practical *hard rubber* protection for battery plates.

All sorts of ways had been tried to devise a rubber insulation that would preserve the superior insulating qualities of rubber *without either decreasing the voltage* or *increasing battery size and weight*.

The problem was to find the proper method of allowing the battery solution to *pass through* the insulation, this being necessary to assure the proper voltage.

Willard found the answer by piercing the hard rubber insulation with 196,000 tiny threads.

The results have been so remarkable, the demand for the "Still Better Willard" has been so insistent — that you owe it to yourself to get the facts at first hand.

Call at the Service Station and let me show you, the battery. Meantime, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for their interesting free booklet, A-1, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads."

Willard Service

We Are Building

What the Average Expert Calls

An Extravagant Tire

Told by Our Factory Chief

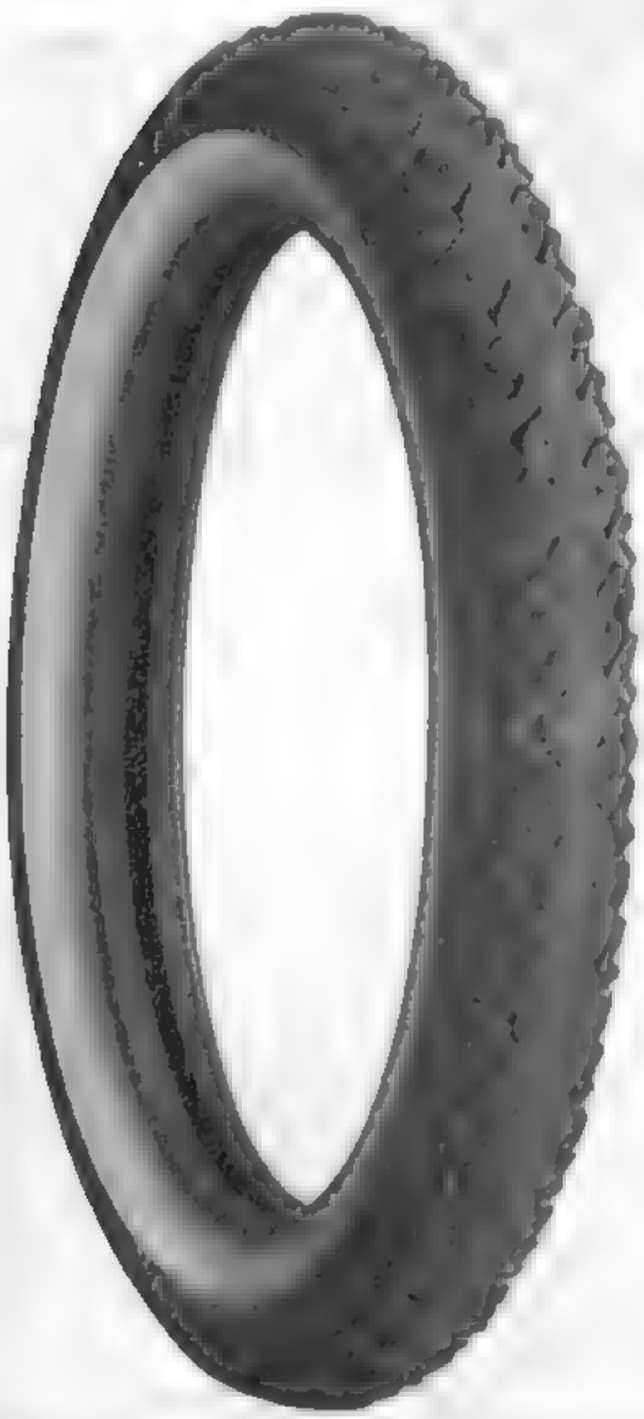
Every Suggested Improvement Secured a Unanimous Vote

HOW the House of Brunswick went into tire making is one of the finest business stories a man ever had to tell. Never were modern ideals in industry better typified than here.

We men who were brought here to build Brunswick Tires came from the oldest concerns and the finest concerns in the tire line.

None of us had less than 20 years' schooling in tire building. And all under high ideals.

Each was selected because he was master of some vital technique. But the main requirement was principle. Numerous men were rejected because they did not believe in building tires as good as they can be.



Our instructions were to build the best tire possible, regardless of factory cost. And those instructions were sincere.

Again and again since we started we have brought up to Brunswick directors ways to better tires. And every suggested improvement, whatever its cost, secured a unanimous vote.

We spent two years in preparation before the first tire appeared. In that time we built and equipped an up-to-date tire-making plant. It has every modern machine, every latest method. But the pride of the plant is its test department and laboratory.

Here we have tested and analyzed over 200 different tires.

We have learned and compared every maker's formulas, his fabrics, his methods, his standards of construction.

Before we built the first Brunswick Tire we knew every maker's advantage. And we knew every maker's shortcomings.

Then, guided by tests and our practical knowledge, we combined all the best in the line.

There is one tread that's supreme beyond question. And that is now on Brunswick Tires.

There is one side-wall construction which, by every test, holds the summit place for endurance. And that one we adopted.

Fabrics differ—up to 30 per cent—in their strength tests. We have fixed for our standard the maximum long-fibre strength.

There are certain additions, each one expensive, which add vastly to tire mileage. The Brunswick Tire embodies all those extras.

There lies the whole secret of a superlative tire. There is nothing exclusive in this line. A super-tire is a question of principle. Any good maker could build it. But cost and competition modify ideals. The Brunswick idea is to pay perfection's price and get it.

The result is a tire which will win and hold every motorist who tries it. No new tire, we think, has ever received such a stupendous welcome. The Brunswick costs no more than other like-type tires. Our nation-wide organization, already existing on other Brunswick lines, saves enough to pay our extra factory cost.

Try this Brunswick Tire. It is sold on a 5000-mile adjustment basis. We promise you the limit in a fabric tire, with every known improvement. It will be a revelation.

Brunswick TIRES

and Tubes—Plain, Skid-Not and Ribbed Treads

We Offer to Dealers a Unique Opportunity. Write us for Proposition.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company General Offices **623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

Branches in the Principal Cities of United States and Canada

THE CAMOUFLEURS OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 22)

the real thing. And when we put in "practical" plumbing, fireplaces that draw, and kitchen ranges upon which one may cook a banquet—all the set needs is outside walls to make the apartment as complete as any you'll find on Riverside Drive.

Among the amusing sidelights on studio life is the way actors loll round these sets when there is no work going on. The Bessy Flopits love to strut grandly about in a gorgeous salon or sit before a Louis XIV mirror and use the little coquetries the property man has provided for some naughty French aristocrat. The men—especially the extras—who delight in "soup and fish" pick out the luxurious chairs and settees in the millionaire's club. The way some of them stand with feet apart before the great lobby of the Astorbilt would make John Drew fearfully ashamed.

So real are some of these sets that one day, in the midst of a game of hearts, a character man named Foley got up and said: "Boys, you'll think I am a damn fool, but it seems profane to be playing cards in a beautiful little chapel like this. Let's move over into that rathskeller on Number Seven, where we belong."

When I told Mason, one of the directors, that I was going to tell the story of Silver-Screen Camouflage he blew up like a bunch of firecrackers. "For the love of Mike, don't disillusionize the boobs!" he exploded. "When we shoot a picture in Bombay they ought to believe that the scene was made in India."

"Then you're a traveloguer and not an artist," I replied. "Anybody with the price and time can wander round the world shooting scenery, but it takes genius to create the same atmosphere right on the lot. If the fans believed that we romp from Chile to Iceland to get our sets they would think we had more money than brains. Don't you suppose they know our baby dolls are not so beautiful—or so bad—as they are painted? And who but a child ever believed that we went to Mombasa to shoot an animal picture? An ordinary plumber could break into Buckingham Palace and shoot a picture of the king taking his royal snooze, but a real artist should be able to do it without benefit of burglary. No; if I really cut loose on this story the villagers may develop a respect for our work, and they may regard even you as an artist instead of just a plain photographer."

The idea that the public believes in the reality of our pictures is almost childish. Imagine anyone thinking for a minute that we actually go to hell whenever we shoot pictures of the Inferno: though there are many who have unkindly suggested such a pilgrimage for the artistic crimes we have committed.

Which reminds me that the Mammoth made a wonderful picture of hell last winter that in reality violated every tradition of that hot and snappy place, for during the taking every unfortunate inmate caught his death of cold. It was just the luck of these poor devils to draw the coldest week in January for their pretty scene. Devils, as all realists know, wear no clothes; but these being artistic devils were garbed in enough asbestos for modesty's sake, yet not enough for such un-hadeslike weather, the result being that for one week the denizens of the Inferno nearly sneezed their heads off.

Improvement on Nature

To add to their punishment, when they were supposed to be stirring up the fires they had to submit to the sprinkling of water on their oiled bodies, so that those who insist upon realism might believe they were perspiring intensely.

During the rests all the devils huddled together round a little oil burner—a small mercy of acclimation thankfully received. The critics who reviewed the films spoke knowingly of its amazing realism.

One would naturally think that real storms would give us a much better effect than any we might devise, but except in the case of winter stuff, where the light is good, this is not the case. Even in snow pictures we are sometimes compelled to use art rather than Nature, and often it proves much more convincing.

Here is a case in point: We were making an Alaskan story and had sent up a large company to Bear Lake, in the San Bernardino Mountains, to take some snow scenes. After a two weeks' stay our people returned with several thousand feet of splendid film, for they had been fortunate enough to land in a light blizzard.

When the film was developed, however, it was found that one very important scene had been spoiled by static marks. Question: Should we send the bunch to Bear Lake for a retake or attempt the scene on the lot? As the expenses and time were considerable—with the almost positive danger that the storm would be over—it was turned over to me to work out as well as I could.

While we were building the log cabin I sent to the mountains for some scrub pine; the big trees in the foreground were built of lath and covered with actual bark, and a simple sky drop masked out the back. The scene was fairly good before the blizzard struck it, but when the storm was on full blast the effect was realistically terrifying. In order to have snow that would blow about like granulated crystals of a blizzard we used fourteen tons of rock salt. This was arranged so that it would drop gradually in front of eight aëroplane wheels, placed at different angles so as to produce whirling effects.

The roar of the fans and the bite on the flesh of the flying salt gave the scene all the realistic atmosphere that our most temperamental lead could stand, and the effect was so perfect that when the scene was spliced into the Bear Lake film it was even better than the actual storm stuff.

Troublesome Mr. Morse

Everybody who has ever shot a camera knows the difficulty of taking photographs in the rain, for—to use a paradoxical metaphor—rain soaks up light like a blotter and fast work in it becomes almost impossible. So we have become the grandest little rainmakers in California.

All travelers are familiar with the trained clouds of Honolulu. There, under the direction of the Promotion Committee, the rain wets up one side of the street, and then when the pedestrians have crossed over it goes back and wets up the other side. But those fellows haven't anything on us. Our rains happen just where and when we want them, and are hard or soft as the script calls for. Sprinkling devices and fans will give us a shower as gentle as charity or a storm as tempestuous as sin. It is amazing what atmosphere can be produced with a garden hose and a simple little office fan when both are directed out of the dark against the windows of the old home. I have seen dear old ladies weep when they saw those scenes, wondering where the wandering boy was on such a terrible night. Here is a good joke: One day we were all ready to make a rain picture, and we couldn't—because it was raining!

On the other hand, if we want realism we stop at nothing, from the wrecking of a train to the transplanting of a tree two feet through the butt. Which reminds me that trees are our greatest aids in camouflaking. One may mask out anything, from a hydrant to a smoking city, with a tree, depending upon its distance from the camera. A lead pencil will block out half the landscape if you bring it close enough to the lens.

Then very often we have to mask one tree with another—when the offending tree does not belong in the latitude in which the picture is supposed to be shot. There are some studios where they will shoot anything, from Hudson Bay to Tia Juana, with the same flora and fauna in the background, but we like to have ours fairly characteristic; figs are not found on thistles, nor pepper trees in Pittsburgh.

We once had a story in which the scene was laid in Brooklyn, and one of the location scouts came in smiling like a kid. "Well, Gus," he said, "I've found a swell joke! It's a street intersection with a church on every corner. It's very Brooklyn but for a row of palm trees running up one side." "That's easy," piped Heinie, the property man; "we will drape them with peppers, and they'll look like weeping willows. Then we'll get that sad note, said by New Yorkers to be so characteristic of Brooklyn."

Our greatest pests are telegraph poles and wires. Their persistence, even in the remotest corners of the landscape, make it exceedingly difficult to background costume pictures of the Middle Ages or colonial stories. Sometimes directors forget these modern notes, and permit strange incongruities to creep in. I once saw the smoke of a distant steamer while Balboa was giving up prayerful thanks for having discovered the Pacific.

If Paul Revere's famous ride down the asphalt streets of Boston, past a garage, is our classic film joke, no less have some of our snappiest scenes been crabbed by such neglectful camouflage. Once when the Climax was doing a story of Nero a motorcycle passed gayly along a Roman road in the far offing; and there is one well-known lead who temporarily forgot that Egyptian ladies were denied the latter-day blessings of chewing gum.

But Mr. Morse is our greatest Nemesis. Wherever we go, from Baffin's Bay to Borneo, up hops the ubiquitous telegraph pole, singly or in rows. We fooled the old fellow once, for we made his row of ugly poles deliberately serve our purpose. It was a Jean d'Arc picture, and we wished to take an ordinary landscape and characterize it into French country, so we cut a lot of poplars, and by fastening them to the poles we acquired that fine, dignified effect of formal planting so identified with France.

One of the best camoufaking stunts ever pulled in movieland occurred on the Eureka lot, which is almost in the city. A Moroccan set was built to give the effect of a desert city. The larger buildings and trees on the lot masked out most of the near-by profanities, but in the distance were several spots that would have been hopelessly discordant in the long shots. So the technical department got busy and built flat, white silhouettes of mosques and minarets, and then went off to all points of the compass and set them up on stilts behind the trees, so that each one blocked out a building, spire or signboard and at the same time spread the Moorish city off into the suburbs as far as the eye could see.

Fortunately we have such great variety of landscape in California that we can make it characterize anything, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. I have seen a board fence on a hill close by turn into the ancient walls of Jerusalem in thirty minutes; an Aztec temple may occupy one sky line, and two miles away a New England village, another. Some of our best locations, however, are unusable because of their familiarity to the tourist. One famous story last winter kept a rich Peruvian flavor up to the last scene, where the final clinch dissolved out with the Bridal Veil Falls of Yosemite in the background. As that bit of natural scenery is familiar to all travelers and collectors of post cards the Peruvian atmosphere was lost.

The Normanized Farmhouse

The best bit of camoufaking I ever did was the simplest, and was joyfully puzzling to those who saw it made. A company of armored knights with lances erect and banners flying rode silently up the valley, while way off on a distant hill could be seen a fine old Norman castle; yet the occupant of the castle was all the while naught but a San Fernando bean farmer.

When I asked of the owner of the farmhouse permission to take a few liberties with his building his curiosity overcame any inconvenience I might cause him. After I had laid rows of apple boxes a foot apart along the roof ridges and round the top of the water tank, and had stuck a lot of pepper boughs in the windmill, and hung a canvas skirt round the open support of the water tank, I simply requested that they be left there until the following morning.

"Say, what's this Norman-castle stuff you've been spilling? Are you stringing me?" asked the owner of the set. "If you don't believe you are living in a Norman castle just go down by the Topanga Cañon Road this afternoon at four o'clock and look back against the light," I replied. That farm outfit may have been pure Indiana in construction, but it made the grandest little castle this side of Normandy when silhouetted against the setting sun.

It would help a lot if they'd only give us a little time to think of some of these sets, but when the big works comes tearing in and says, "A. B. is ahead of his schedule and wants to shoot a scene at noon on an old rutty Southern road runnin' by a cornfield," what can a fellow do about it but say: "Sure, I'll have it ready by one

(Continued on Page 72)

MOSLER
VESUVIUS
PLUG

"One reason for Vesuvius superiority is the care in assembling and adjustment, which is of vital importance."
—A. R. MOSLER

The finest materials money can buy are selected for the Vesuvius—and all the parts put together by hand
The sensitive fingers of the operator detect the least variation from perfect adjustment—something a machine cannot do!
Quality makes it
"The Indestructible Plug"
Guaranteed to outlast the Motor
Buy them anywhere at the standard price $1.00 (Vesuvius Mica Tractor Plug $2.00)
Write for book by A. R. Mosler the ignition authority—which tells the right plug for your motor. Sent free
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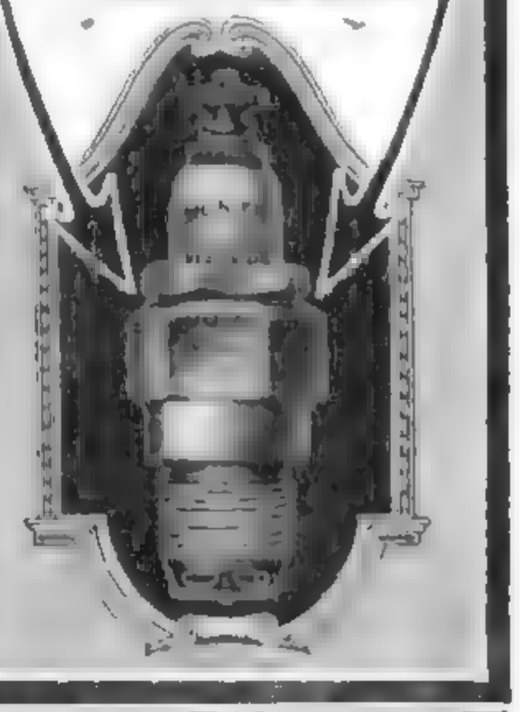

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the footbath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions. The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer *to-day* for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Remarkable brand-new invention. Combination hose-supporter and garter. Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs, [illegible] no harness or padded forms. An ingenious special garter for bowlegged men—improves appearance wonderfully. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope

Straightleg Garter Co.
611 City National Bank Bldg.
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SAVES YOU MONEY

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Buy direct at factory prices $10 to $25 less than a bicycle. RANGER BICYCLES now come in 44 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved. Prices reduced. Other reliable models $16.75 up. WE DELIVER FREE to you on approval and 30 days' trial and riding test.
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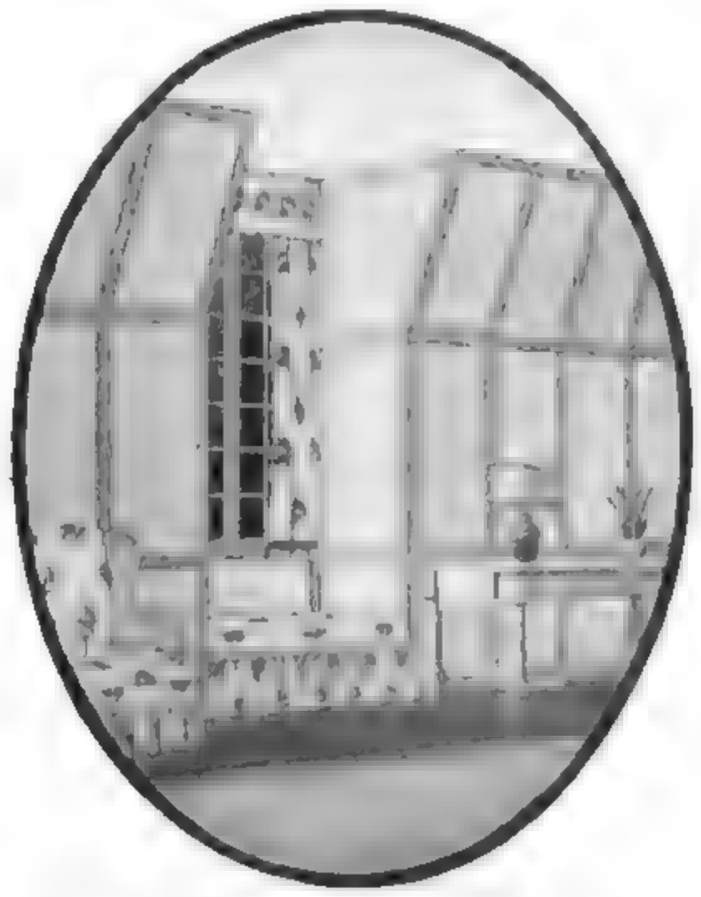
BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Neponset Twin Shingles

Neponset Wall Board



Neponset Wall Board makes attractive interiors without lath, plaster or wallpaper

Are You Going to

MORE and more, the American people are realizing that national conservation means the preservation of individual resources and business assets. Spending money to keep real estate at a fixed value is good business at this time. Building and repairing are necessary—and can be made the vehicle of genuine conservation, if property owners will use materials not required by the government and that save car space, time and labor.

Neponset Roofs and Building Products are made from fibre, asphalt and crushed slate—not scarce, not essential to government requirements. They are very compact and require little freight car area. They are easily and quickly applied, so they save time and labor. They are truly economical, because they last for years, at a very low yearly cost. They minimize the danger of fires, a contribution to safety, and against danger of money loss.

Neponset Products have won a good name through quality. They are handsome in appearance. Time has proved their worth and placed them first in the minds of thousands of users. The use of them assures you, too, that you are aiding the nation by using materials not needed for war.

BIRD & SON

(Established 1795)

1434 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

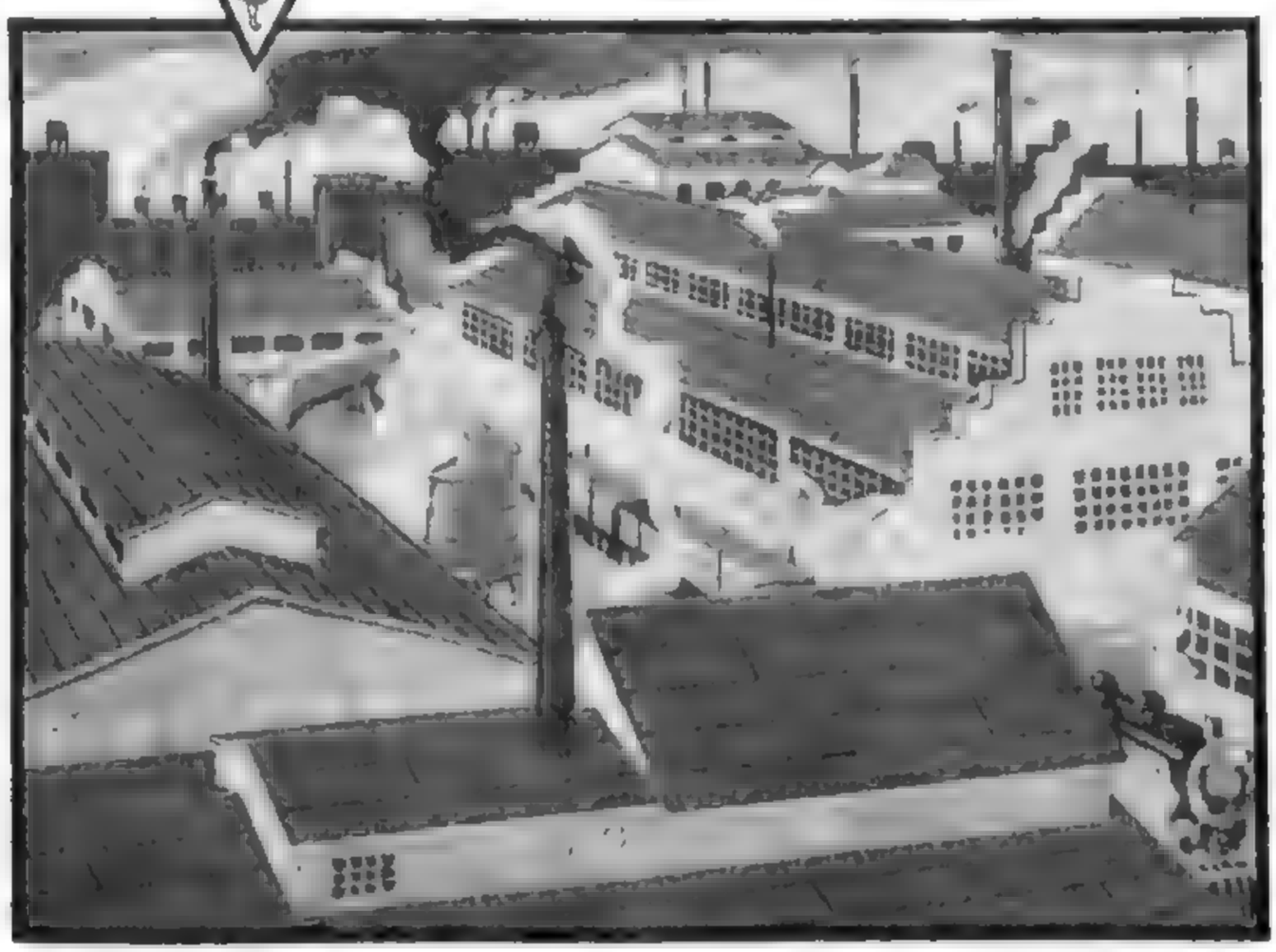
NEPONSET

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Neponset Building Paper

Neponset Building Paper saves coal; under clapboards it acts like a warm blanket.

Neponset Paroid Roofing



Build or Repair ?

Neponset Twin Shingles

Neponset Twin Shingles are soft, restful, beautiful in appearance. Colors—natural slate, red and green. Their crushed slate surface defies time and wear. They are pliable, tough, strong. They are fire-safe. They are weather-proof—impregnated with time-defying asphalt. Two shingles in one and self-spacing—the only twin shingle. Easily, quickly handled. Require less nails and nail-holes. Neponset Twin Shingles are used on distinctive homes as well as those of moderate cost.

Neponset Paroid Roofing

The railroads, big farms, great industrial plants, use Neponset Paroid Roofing for large and small buildings, sheds, shops, tool houses, barns, stables, poultry-houses, pens and cribs. It is fire-safe. It defies rain, snow, sun. It has done it for nineteen years without renewal. It lives long, stands up, delivers satisfaction and proves its economy by stubborn wear. Same materials as Neponset Twin Shingles. Colors—red, green, gray. Roof *your* industrial or farm buildings with Neponset Paroid.

Neponset Black Waterproof Building Paper

Use the greatest of care in the selection of your building paper, if you are going to build or repair. Neponset has been first quality for thirty years. It makes your building weather-tight, keeps out cold and saves coal in winter, resists heat in summer—ordinary building papers fail to do this.

Neponset Wall Board

Neponset Wall Board transforms unfinished rooms into home-like rooms. It is great for covering old, cracked walls in repairing. It makes fine walls for offices and stores. Needs no decoration. Finishes—oak, cream-white.

Write today for our interesting and helpful booklet, "Repairing and Building," mailed promptly and without charge. Just a post card will do

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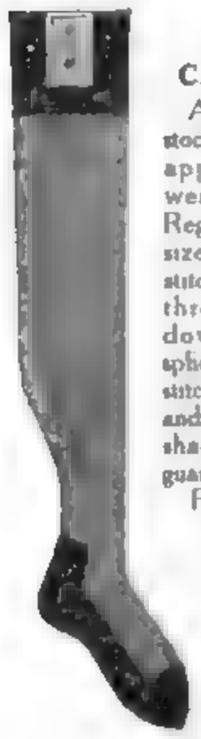
Canadian Office and Plant, Hamilton, Ont.

ROOFS



CARROLINA

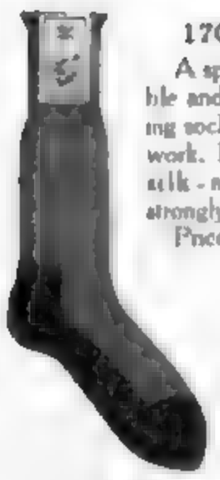
A silk-mercerized stocking of very fine appearance and wearing quality. Regular and outsizes. Anti-run stitch to prevent thread running down leg, high spliced heels, special stitch knit in foot and ankle to hold shape, extra toe-guard splicing.
Price 35c pair

ROVER LAD

A good school and play stocking for children. Triple-reinforced knees and double-reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even.
Price 19c pair

1700 G. S.

A splendid durable and long-wearing sock for dress or work. Light weight, silk-mercerized, strongly reinforced
Price 25c pair



For *your* family buy this efficient hosiery

For everyone in the family, big and little. There are sizes and styles for each in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Stout socks and stockings for everyday work and play. Finer, lighter styles for dress-up and business wear. Best of all, this hosiery will save you money and save darning. It wears longer because it is *strongly* reinforced where the most wear comes. Tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are correctly marked; feet, soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even; colors will not fade.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

Ask for Durable-DURHAM Hosiery *by name* at your favorite store. Look for the Durable-DURHAM Trade-Mark Ticket which is attached to every pair. The prices are 15, 19, 25 and 35 cents.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.

An illustrated booklet showing all styles will be mailed free on request.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 69)

o'clock"? Even in a country that boasts of its boulevards it would not be hard to find a rutty old road, or one that could be made so, or a cornfield; but to find both of them together, by noon, is a different matter.

As it was easier to build the road than the cornfield I shot out a couple of scouts on motorcycles to find the corn, and while they were searching the highways and byways for the best location I loaded up one truck with split rails, and several more with pick-and-shovel Mexicans, and then waited for reports.

When the best location was phoned in, out we went, forty or fifty strong; and as the cornfield was on the state highway and surrounded by a beautiful barb-wire fence, most of the men began covering the pavement with about six inches of dirt, while the others built a tumble-down old rail fence to mask the barbs.

When the macadam was entirely camouflaged we sent the motor trucks and a few wagons over it, running a snaky course, first on top, then over the sides, and once even into the ditch and out again. Presto: We had "a fine old Southern country road, running by a cornfield"—and ready to shoot at noon!

In cases like this it is wiser to sidestep the supervisors and explain afterward—if explanations are necessary. We are usually through and away before any of the chronic beefers can get action, for the average driver seeing that gang at work will think it has something to do with county construction and will never dream it is a bunch of movie people engaged in geography.

Those who happened to be passing at noon learned the joke when they saw Gerald Fairfax making his triumphal entry into Richmond, but they were either too interested or too late to kick. By one o'clock the magic carpet was gone and the California highway again appeared, where but a moment before the first families of Virginia drove in splendid pageantry.

When I was at the Climax we had a director who was always changing his mind—at the Climax the directors are the whole works—and these changes were often instantaneous and very bewildering. One time we had been working up some swell sets for a Wall Street story, and I had just finished putting up a profile of a huge grain elevator, and was throwing bouquets up against it, permitting them to bounce back upon my chest, when up comes Gidney, the director, and says: "Gus, this story has taken a new turn, and I find now instead of the grain elevator I want to shoot a scene in front of Flatiron Building, looking across Madison Square to the Garden Tower; and I've got to have it by Wednesday morning!" And though Wednesday was only thirty-six hours away, at nine o'clock we were ready to shoot a picture across the bow of the flattest iron building in captivity, with trolley cars passing in bunches; and 'way off over the tops of the trees could be seen the tower of Madison Square Garden in all its Moorish splendor.

The Use of Dust and Yellow Smoke

Trick camera work? No, sir, nor miniatures either. All that day I had a gang changing the profile of the grain elevator to show about two stories of the Flatiron Building. Fortunately it was on a part of the lot near Sunset Boulevard, so when we knocked down the fence to show the cars going by, a walnut orchard across the way gave a fine imitation of Madison Square; then over behind we stuck up a silhouette of the Garden Tower showing just above the tree tops.

That sounds pretty crude; a New Yorker would detect the counterfeit immediately, you think. But you forget the wind that blows round that naughty corner. It is amazing how camouflooey dust can be. In this case a few shovelfuls thrown in front of the fans toned down the block of cars—whose congestion had been arranged—so that nobody could have told whether they were Broadway, N. Y., or Pacific Electric, L. A. This also put Madison Square Park in a gentle haze, and the Garden Tower was just faintly visible in the distance.

If we wish to introduce a haze in the middle distance, so that far-off objects or scenes will be just vaguely suggestive, the atmospheric effect is achieved by burning yellow smoke flares 'way off on the edge of the picture, and allowing the breeze to distribute and sweep the smoke gently across the landscape.

In the frontier days of America the Indians often used grass fires to mask their movements, and in the Boer War one of the snappiest battles occurred when those camouflaking Dutchmen snook up behind a grass fire and surprised the British in bathing. We also use smoke in our battle scenes and fires, with very dramatic effect; but it also serves the happy purpose of covering a multitude of artistic sins. Fog effects are produced by smoking up the scene and then waiting for it to settle down into a gentle haze.

In storms, holocausts and battle we usually turn on a whole battery of cameras so that there will be no possibility of a retake, due to film scratching, static or other laboratory reasons; for should it be found necessary to make the picture over on another day the wind might be in the wrong direction, which would mask those things that had better not be masked and leave unmasked things that should be masked; or by blowing straight into the camera obscure the whole darn thing. We use the same weather etiquette as do the fellows in the trenches when they are releasing poisonous gases.

In the case of wind and sand storms the high-velocity fans are indispensable. We did a cyclone picture a while ago, and by using seven or eight of these big blades, running full tilt, developed a wind so strong it blew several of the actors right off their feet, and one young lady lost so many of her garments that we had to cut the picture. A lightning-rod agent going up a ladder was actually torn away and thrown to the ground. A real cyclonic vortex was attained by shooting the air from two angles, which met in the middle of the set.

Marvelous Miniatures

But the real sensation came when the cyclone passed over a Kansas farm. A whole town was wiped out, steeples flew about, trees were uprooted, sheds went sailing away, and the cows left for Iowa by the way of the moon.

Do I "dare dast" tell how it was done? I'll risk it; for if there is anyone who thinks that we actually plant cameras all over the Middle West and then wait a few years for a real cyclone, he ought to be tapped for the simples.

Of course the thing was done right on the premises, and not one person in the Streets of Cairo, which was just across the lot, was even aware of the terrible storm. There are so many noises round the movie studio that silence would be the only sensational sensation.

The devastated farm occupied a space about as big as the library carpet; the houses and moo cows were bought at the toy shop or were secured from Peter Props; and the meteorological disturbance was caused by the good old aëroplane fan! So there; now nobody will ever go to the pictures again! But just to get even with the legitimate stage I'm going to snitch on them too. Maude Adams really cannot fly! When she soars up among the trees in Peter Pan she is on wires! I know, for I put them on her myself.

There are some movie men so simple in their faith that should one of them shoot a picture of a German plane dropping bombs on Dallas, Texas, he would consider it a breach of studio etiquette to tell the Dallasians that the scene was really not staged in Dallas at all.

While I am on the forbidden subject of miniatures I wish also to confess that we are using them less and less to attain realistic effects, and more and more in phantasms and allegories.

In the good old days, if we wished to alibi a location we built a miniature of it, and when this had been registered on the screen for a moment we would shoot a close-up of some action, and the audience would combine the location with the action and the proper atmosphere would be created.

Suppose, for instance, a man on the masthead cries out "Land!" He sees in the offing the South Sea Islands, where all the subsequent action is to take place. Formerly we would alibi this location with the dear little miniature of the South Sea Islands, and the rest of the story would be made anywhere we could find characteristic foliage; but nowadays we actually show a flash of the islands. This is made possible by the universal use of the motion-picture camera. There are men all over the world who, for so much a foot, will shoot anything, from a volcano in eruption to a street in Tibet.

(Continued on Page 74)

Hot, plunging strokes per minute!

THAT'S what takes place *in each cylinder* in your motor—every time you drive. If your motor has six cylinders there are 13,200 piston strokes every minute—792,000 complete piston strokes every hour you drive.

That's what happens under the hood.

Is it any wonder that the heat climbs to 3,000 degrees at the piston head? Think what this heat would do unless these terrifically-heated pistons and cylinder-walls were protected.

That's where *Havoline* Oil comes in. *It protects* the rubbing surfaces. Heat and wear and tear do not break down the protecting film of Havoline Oil. It saves lost power from gas escaping from the combustion chambers. It keeps your motor running sweetly. Your motor responds instantly to the extraordinary quality of Havoline.

If you do not feed your motor the best oil you can find, you do not give it a fair show. The owner of a thoroughbred horse would not feed him inferior oats or bed him in poor straw and expect him to win his races. Treat your motor as you would a blue-blooded race-horse. Give it the best care and the best lubricants you can. It will pay you back with interest in cheerful, unfaltering service.

Havoline Oil is scientifically graded into *Light, Medium,* and *Heavy.*

Keep your motor sweet-tempered by feeding it Havoline. You may find it necessary to drive your present car next year, and the year after that. The oil you use is important to the life of your car, whether you continue to drive it yourself or want a good price for it when you sell it or trade it in.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

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HAVOLINE OIL

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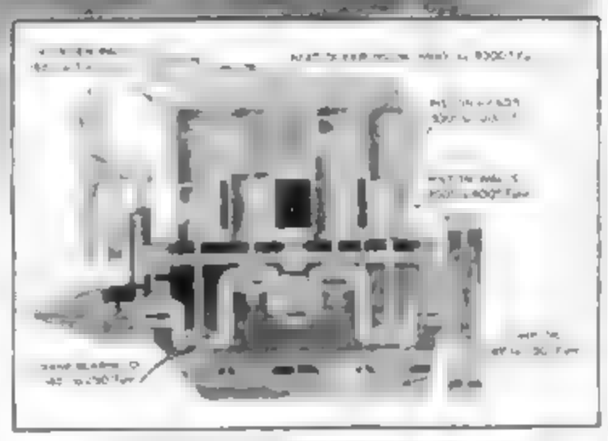
"It Makes a Difference"

What would the oil in your engine show?

FOR years both motorists and engineers were in the dark as to the amount of friction and consequent wear due to the sediment formed in the average motor oil.

Inferior oil breaks down under the terrific heat of an automobile, farm tractor or stationary engine and forms voluminous black sediment. This sediment causes rapid wear of the parts because it crowds out good oil at points where friction occurs.



Sections through a [illegible] showing high operating temperatures that cause rapid destruction of the average automobile oil

How a lubricant muzzles the tiny teeth of friction

If you could look at the surface of a bearing or other engine part through a powerful magnifying glass, what would you see?

Not a smooth, even surface, but thousands of microscopic teeth. Sediment excludes the protective film of the oil and allows these tiny teeth to grab and tear at each other, thus causing rapid wear.

A practical proof of superiority

The Sediment Test, illustrated above, is as simple as it is convincing.

The bottle at the left contains a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase of an engine after 500 miles of running.

In the right-hand bottle is a sample of Veedol after being used for 500 miles under identical conditions.

Notice that ordinary oil contains over five times as much sediment as Veedol.

Airplane engineers have recently discovered the rapidity with which the average oil breaks down and forms sediment under the intense heat of an airplane engine. They have proved the value of the Sediment Test and of a lubricant that resists heat.

Loss by evaporation due to the heat of the engine is large with ordinary oil. The heat-resisting quality of Veedol reduces this loss to a negligible quantity.

Make this test for yourself

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine very slowly for 30 seconds and then clean out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol and make a test run. You will find your engine has acquired new power and a snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and give greater gasoline mileage.

Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he will not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY
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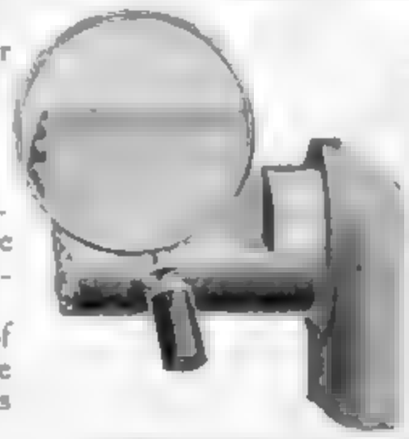

Madison of [illegible] teeth cover the [illegible] engine [illegible] engine [illegible] keeps apart by a protecting film of lubricant

An 80-page book on lubrication for 10c

Written by a [illegible] engineer. Used as text book in many [illegible] and colleges. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart showing correct grades of Veedol for every make car, tractor, or stationary engine, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.

(Continued from Page 72)

Some of the early miniatures, showing toy trains plunging horribly off the end of the trestle while Hazardous Hannah clung to the throttle, and little battleships moved jerkily across the raging main, were so childish as to be downright funny. Those toys were what put the illness into illusion. Even our real stuff is often under suspicion because of those very silly miniatures.

But if we are often ridiculous in the small things we sometimes reach sublimity in the big stuff. Last fall I was ordered to make a pyramid two hundred feet high, with some three hundred steps leading up to a temple at the top. That was a large order, and I was pretty nearly resigned to trick-camera work when one of the boys came in and said he had a solution.

"There is a fine young mountain up in the Santa Monica Cañon," said he, "that is almost pyramidal in shape. With very little masking its edges can be made perfectly straight and symmetrical, and then by shooting against the light we can get a perfect silhouette of the greatest pyramid the Aztecs ever built."

We did—and in two days' time!

Our monumental work comes when we are given whole cities to build, whether they be groups of Babylonian temples or entire streets in Paris at the time of the French Revolution. These sets often run into enormous expense and take months to complete, and then can be used but for the single picture. Smaller street sets, however, such as are to be found in mining towns, New England villages or Belgian towns, may often be used with slight changes for several stories. It is customary in such cases to see that not all the good camera shots are exhausted in one story.

Sometimes we find it more convenient and cheaper to send away for actual scenes of distant locations, which if cunningly spliced into the story will give the thing its exotic character.

We had a company in Honolulu last fall making a Hawaiian picture, and while there they got several hundred feet of Japanese fishing stuff and some street scenes in the foreign quarter for another scenario; and one member of the company that was to use the stuff was sent along to appear in these locations, in order to identify them with the story.

In another case in which this was done a distant location was procured as an alibi to some sets we were building by the San Gabriel River, but when it arrived it was discovered that the river in the foreign picture was running from left to right, while in our local sets it went in the opposite direction. As it was impossible to change the San Gabriel set on account of light and background, what was to be done? Change the river, of course. It took a week of heavy digging and teaming in order to accomplish this violence to Nature for even a few hours, but that was cheaper than sending way over to Honolulu for another alibi.

Some of the tales of speed I could tell would be so startling as to get me a ticket to a certain overcrowded club in Washington, but I am going to risk a few anyway. In one big production of the screen, Ford's Theater—balconies, auditorium, seats, boxes, orchestra, stage and proscenium arch—was started on Tuesday at eight A. M. and completed Thursday noon.

One Week's Orders

Once under high pressure we put a Venetian barge that held eighteen people in Westlake Park between noon one day and noon the next. And the joke of it is the director does not know to this day how it moved about. When he called out: "To the right a little there; now back; now go ahead across the pond and stop by those lilies," every one of his commands was absolutely obeyed, yet not one person on the barge so much as moved a finger. Piano wire, which next to trees and smoke is our greatest little camouflaking friend, will often fool people right in the set. Four strands of this invisible power ran from the barge to the shore, and four men concealed in the foliage round the lake knew exactly what I meant when I raised my hat, scratched my head or blew my nose. We often pull stunts like that, just to kid the directors, who think they are very cute.

To show the resourcefulness of the technical department further, in one week we had an order for an electrocution chair like the one in Sing Sing, a Chinese dragon sixty feet long, a street parade in Chinatown, a near-bronze statue of General Frémont, a bunch of candlesticks such as the Norsemen used, a gun carriage for a French 75, and a complete set of antique furniture. Added to this we had to turn out a full-rigged, perfectly seaworthy catboat to hold ten people, and to have it launched at Balboa in thirty-six hours!

Another of our sprightly props of camouflage is rock cloth—the same as they use on the stage. If in the midst of a beautiful little sylvan spot an irrigating hydrant should raise its concrete head we would simply toss a rock cloth over it, scatter a little dirt and a few old leaves about, stick some growing things in the cracks, and behold—a rock that would make Plymouth jealous!

We have a camera man who is a perfect bear on composition. He'll order trees cut down, fences moved and any old thing, if they are throwing his picture out of balance. But his particular weakness is for rocks in the foreground—real or manufactured. One day when he was feeling particularly rocky he said to me: "Gus, what chance is there to get a great big bowlder, the size of an upright piano, down behind that bench?" "How many feet are you going to shoot?" I asked. When he said "About fifty," I replied: "If that's all you can get your focus, for you can have your rock in just one minute."

Grabbing off a bunch of Mexican extras I piled them up in a human pyramid of artistic contours, and when I threw a rock cloth over them they gave a perfect imitation of a moving bed of lava until the director called "Camera!" and then for a minute or more they were as still as geology.

Lopez and the Rattler

There is no end of Mexicans who like nothing better than hiring themselves out as scenery; keeping still is their peculiar excellence. The soldiers in Europe may resort to weird devices in order to remain alive; our soldiers prefer death in the trenches, at two bits an hour, to drilling round in the hot sun and being bawled out by a nervous director. It is remarkable how some of these fellows can play dead without so much as batting an eye, and maybe stop breathing for sixty feet of film in a close-up.

These human props are sometimes subjected to deadly tests of heroism; when, for instance, they are compelled to lie perfectly still while the retreating cavalry picks its way madly between their prostrate bodies, strewn about the battlefield. It is no picnic either to lie flat on your back in a close-up, with your eyes open to the sun, while a couple of flies go on a survey of your map, stopping every minute or two to use divining rods on your nose. Then, as all good movie men die with their mouths open, it often happens that the fragrance of the chili bean may lure the annoying insect within the dietary portal. The poets needn't worry about death having no stings; just let 'em play dead in a war story when the weather is muggy.

The dead hero who should have a bucket of Iron Crosses is a fellow named Leon Lopez, who during the making of a desert picture played dead in a big scene for forty-five minutes, with a rattlesnake crawling back and forth across his neck.

When someone called Condon's attention to the situation he stopped the action and told another Mexican, who could talk snake, to go and lure the beast off Lopez and kill it.

"Weren't you frightened, Leon?" asked Mrs. Lopez, who was also working extra. "We heard the rattle way over by the fountain, where Lacy was shooting an insert."

"Sure, I was frightened," answered our hero; "but I wouldn't crab no picture for no damn rattlesnake. Besides," he added, actorlike, "I thought Condon would see it and want to shoot a swell close-up; you don't get chances like that every day."

While we are still speaking of insects I must tell a good one that happened at a studio at Fort Lee. The studio had rounded up forty perfect quinces for an Oriental bathing scene, and as I recall the picture its intention was to be as daring as we dared. We were a little squeamish as to how the women members of the censor board would stand it, but we didn't need to worry—Nature did the censoring.

Everything went fine and dandy during rehearsal; the girls were splashing about with squeals and musical-comedy hilarity, while round the sides or on the Moorish benches the best lookers were draped in

(Concluded on Page 78)

Art floors for your home

The beauty of a room, like that of a painting, lies much in the symphony of colors. No one knows this better than the American woman, who, in choosing her draperies, wallpapers and rugs, has developed a fine sense for color harmonies and contrasts that make a picture to the eye.

In the past, however, the floor of a room has been too often left "out of the picture." But now, with the use of the Blabon Art Linoleums, American women are selecting their floors in colors and designs in the spirit of each particular room.

Blabon floors in soft tones of green and brown and gray, without patterns; and Blabon ornamented floors, in a diversity of colors, with designs elaborate and simple, rich and delicate, have achieved a distinct and growing vogue in American homes.

Blabon Art Linoleums serve equally well either as floors, with woven rugs thrown over them, or as floor-coverings, without the use of woven rugs. They are quiet, resilient and comfortable to walk upon. They cost less than hardwood floors and last longer. They are durable.

They are [illegible] reception hall to the kitchen. Ask your dealer to show you the genuine Blabon creations.

Established 67 years **The George W. Blabon Company** **Philadelphia**

Important Notice

As there are inferior floor-coverings [illegible] two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First look at the back and be sure [illegible] it. Imitations tear easily.

BLABON ART Linoleums

Think What Your Booklet

YOUR booklet or catalog has to compete in interest with all the magazines and letters that arrive in the same mail.

If you have been neglectful of its beauty—if you have indulged the wickedly false economy of cheap paper and cheap printing—blame yourself and not your follow-up if the order never comes.

To make your booklet, whose purpose is to sell, compete with the magazines whose mission is to entertain, begin your planning with the paper.

Don't tell your printer you want a fine piece of printing and then try to drive a bargain for a paper that may or may not work on his presses. Buy a paper that is the correct standard for the work that you require.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are specially designed to fill every need for book-paper printing.

They are called "Standard" because their performance in the press-room is of standard excellence and because the different grades are so well suited for different kinds of work.

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IT will be sent on request to buyers of printing, printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

If you want to create a beautiful,

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

Constant Excellence of Product

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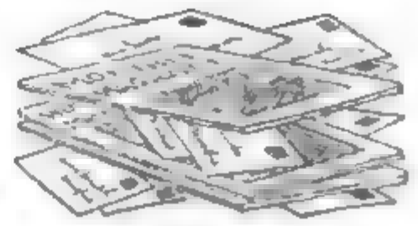

distinguished booklet, look in the book at the specimen leaves of Warren's Cameo.

Cameo is a dull-coated, ivory-like paper that deepens halftones and dignifies type.

If it's a catalog of fine machinery or jewelry, look at the section of the Suggestion Book that shows Warren's Lustro. Lustro is the highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated papers and reproduces halftones with the faultless accuracy of an engraver's proof.

If your booklet is to contain fine color-work, look at the color-work in our book. Note its character and note the *name* of the Warren Standard paper it was printed on.

If you have only a little money to spend for paper, then you *must* pay attention to what you buy. The less the paper is to cost the more reason for careful choosing.

You will see all our medium-priced and low-priced papers in the Suggestion Book.

Warren's Printone, "better than super, cheaper than coated," is a happy medium between the "super" and the coated.

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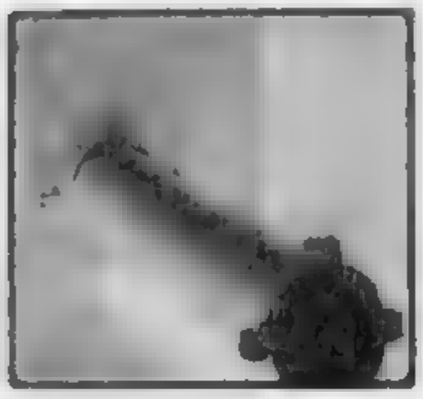
Then you will know exactly what your own printing will be like, because from our highest grade to our lowest priced, the quality of Warren's Standard Printing Papers is standard.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
200 Devonshire Street
Boston

The Grim Side of Puffed Rice

Puffed Rice, Corn Puffs, and Puffed Wheat as you see them, are airy, flimsy bubbles which seem too good to eat. But this is the history of them.

They were invented by a college scientist—Prof. A. P. Anderson. He studied for long, with grains sealed in a gaspipe, to discover a way to explode them.



Now they are sealed in huge guns, like a cannon. The guns are revolved in a fiery heat for an hour. That's where these grains get their fascinating flavor—from 550 degrees of heat.

Then, when all moisture is turned to steam, the guns are shot, and the steam explodes. Every food cell is blasted for easy digestion. Puffed Rice is puffed to eight times normal size.

There occur in every kernel a hundred million explosions—one for every food cell.

The result is these bubble-like tidbits. They seem like fairy foods. Millions of pounds are used as confections.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are whole grains made wholly digestible. Puffed Grains are scientific foods. They do not tax the stomach, yet every atom feeds. They represent the utmost in hygienic grain foods. The better you know them the more you will use.

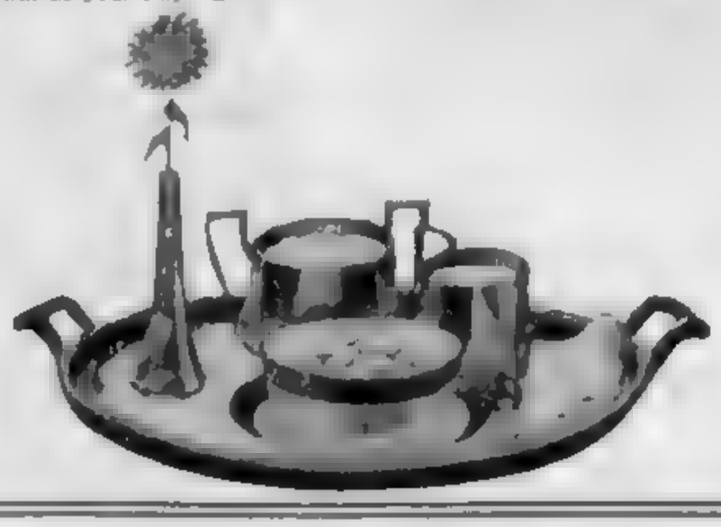
Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

With cream and sugar, Puffed Grains taste like fragile nutmeats. In bowls of milk they form delightful morsels. Mixed with fruits they form a delightful blend. Salted or buttered—like peanuts or popcorn—they seem much like confections.

There are countless ways of serving. And every serving means an ideal food, cooked as grain foods never were before.

These will be your staple grain foods when you come to know them well.



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modest attitudes. Occasionally one would swat a happy mosquito, and Belden, the director, would bawl her out for spoiling the tableau.

Suddenly a buzzing like a flock of sawmills drew nigh, and as it grew into a whistling roar a great cloud appeared over the studio and out went the daylight. At the same time "Forty beautiful odalisques—forty" temporarily eschewed art and took to their perfumed tub, screaming and squealing as though possessed. A casual studio visitor might have thought from the noise that we were shooting a scene in the psychopathic ward.

Evidently those first mosquitoes liked our Moorish pets so well they went scouting over to Jersey to round up the gang, and that first cloud represented merely the class of '15; the Landsturm, being older and slower, probably wouldn't be over for ten or fifteen minutes.

For a long time it looked as though the nymphs would have to take their chances at the bottom of the tank, for the banqueters when they found their feast submerged broke forth in roars of insect profanity, and the girls had to splash one another's heads to keep them from biting their silly little beans. Finally the girls were got out, wrapped in mackintoshes and hurried to their dressing rooms.

Twice after that we tried to make the same scene, but aëroplane scouts wirelessed the news to the bunch in Jersey, and they were always on the job. The picture, as finally made, would have passed any censor.

Our chamber of commerce boasts that California has the biggest of everything—from beets to booms; but our mosquitoes do not compare in size, beauty or punch with the Eastern kind, and though our flies are not so numerous their sincerity cannot be equaled anywhere. They give the technical department some of their hardest battles. Flies are worse camera hogs than actors; they wouldn't be so bad if they'd stay at the table and eat, but between courses they up and fly in droves all round the camera, just to be in the close-ups, and when they pass directly in front of the lens they take on the proportions of buzzards.

When we stage a banquet scene it is a banquet—not pasteboard eats, such as they have on the stage, but the real Peruvian doughnuts. And when one of these great open-air feasts—for, alas, our banquet halls are usually shy two or more walls—is announced and the diners sit down to their happy feed they soon discover that every fly from as far north as Inyo County is also in attendance.

Poison Gas at Dinner

I have seen some dreadful tragedies enacted at these banquets. Often this will be the biggest meal that some of our most extra men—who've rented their "soup and fish" for the occasion—have had in years; and they'll sit down prepared to "kill it," and then pray for retakes. As I say, I've seen some of these fellows go to it with ill-concealed relish; but as the oil of cinnamon, and sometimes formaldehyde, gets to their noses they will grow white about the gills, and their eating thereafter is nothing but play-acting. Many a sumptuous dinner, eaten in a palatial set, has been distressingly regretted off behind the scene docks.

Yes, as wicked as it seems to use poison gases at a banquet, we often have to do it just to keep the flies out of our artistic ointment. It was because these creatures liked burnt sugar so much that we had to give up that sticky camouflage for our strong waters; our Martinis are now drier than ever.

I tried to show in the first part of this tale that there is no particular merit in literalism—that it is a greater artistic triumph to conjure the Taj Mahal on the lot than to go to India to shoot it. On the other hand, in many ways we are demanding realism with a capital Ree. If we are doing a coal-mine story we want coal—tons of it—and not black rock painted up in imitation. It is only when we can't get the real stuff that we have to earn our salaries as camoufakers.

A few years ago our war pictures got by because our peace-loving countrymen knew no more about them than they did about knitting; but now—heavens! We have to pass the critical inspection of ten million heroes, real and potential, as well as the great army of rocking-chair strategists. That's why some of our late pictures are better than anything they can make in the trenches; Art again proving that she is higher than Nature!

No doubt everybody remembers those fine old Revolutionary stories where a bunch of twenty-five Hessians marched round the camera until you thought the whole British Army had gone by. I recall one of Washington at Valley Forge, where some of the scenes were evidently made weeks apart, for the soldiers advanced bravely through two feet of snow, but when they broke they ran back into beautiful spring weather. In the most exciting part of that story Nature pulled one of her suddenest changes. The spy entered the rear of the house over deep snowdrifts, and a moment later emerged, with the papers, out into the sunshine and flowers.

In these days of intensive and expensive realism we have gone the limit; and now the size of our armies is limited only by the capacity of the camera to record them. At that, however, there are times when we simply have to deceive. There is an old axiom to the effect that it takes nine tailors to make a man; let me tell of a case where the percentages were reversed. By the aid of a little trick of the camera one tailor uniformed nine men.

Big Armies With Few Men

Suppose a director has but thirty tents and ninety men, and with this small and inexpensive company wishes to show a great army encamped. It can't be done, eh? There's really nothing to it.

Imagine a camera set up on the axis of a semicircular fence, and on the fence, huddled together, are thirty boys; but the camera angle can show only half of them. After covering the first fifteen, suppose we begin to panoram the camera from left to right; we soon bring the second fifteen into the field of vision, while the first fifteen have dropped out. Now what is there, I ask you, to prevent the first fifteen from beating it round to the right so as to get on the fence and be in the picture again as the camera keeps moving? Nothing.

That is the way Condon multiplied thirty men into the army of Cornwallis—a sort of military leapfrog. In this case the field was laid out in segments, and after the camera had been pammed about ten degrees it was stopped and the whole outfit moved over into the next segment, and so on round for ninety degrees; the right-hand row of tents in one segment became the left-hand row in the next, giving the appearance of continuity when the picture was panoramically projected in a single sweep.

In the same way four cannon and some artillerymen were repeated so as apparently to bring into action a battery of thirty-six pieces. After the big scene was registered it was easy to shoot to close-ups, and with an occasional flash back to the pan a perfect illusion of immensity was given.

I think I have made it plain that the battlefronts of Europe are not the only places where camouflage is in vogue. If worst comes to worst we can send General Pershing a few camera men and leave our selectives at home.

But whether we do or don't, you can bet on one thing: The Germans are going to see some strange sights when the American camoufakers get under way! We've recruited more than two hundred from our studios here. They wouldn't take me, because I'm forty-two years old; and besides, they say the name Gus Berger might be misunderstood in France; but when some of these boys get through with the scenery the boches will be so confused they won't know whether they are fighting in Baden-Baden or in Minneapolis-Minneapolis.

If the Allies would only turn over the management of the Western Front to a good movie studio I feel sure the war would soon end in confusion.

How "Big Business" gets the most out of the Coal Pile

IF saving Coal means losing Power, the ultimate economy is doubtful. Getting *more* heat and power out of *less* Coal has been the problem that the manufacturing interests of the Nation have had to solve. And in the solving of this problem there is a great lesson to individual coal users.

For the devices and maintenance materials which have conserved industrial coal piles can often be applied, in some measure at least, to smaller coal-saving problems.

For instance, the covering of heat-carrying pipes or surfaces with scientifically designed insulation is saving America's manufacturers millions of dollars' worth of heat each year—coal power that would otherwise be wasted.

Of equal importance, the loss from wear, friction and leakage has been cut to a minimum through the use of specialized "packing" devices and materials that are known to every engineer as maintenance materials—necessities to efficient plant operation.

It is a source of great satisfaction to us to have supplied America's plants with both heat insulations and maintenance materials—to have been for 25 years one of the champions for coal saving—to feel that our commercial efforts to further the cause of power-plant economy have in a large sense helped in national conservation.

And just as it is your personal duty to use coal carefully—just as it is a national duty to save it—it seems to us our corporate duty to further the gospel of fuel conservation.

* * *

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Asbestos and Magnesia Pipe and Boiler Insulations, to reduce radiation and heat loss from uninsulated heated surfaces in power plants, public institutions, private residences, etc.; Packings for engines, pump and valve rods and pipe joints, to prevent steam leakage and power loss; Steam Traps to collect condensation without leakage of steam; Refractory Cements to lengthen the life of boiler settings and prevent setting leakage; and many other power plant maintenance materials.

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LEAD is important in industry in the form of bearing metals and solder. Both these materials are so-called soft metal alloys. The lead supplies certain desired qualities and the quantity therefore varies with the work required of the babbitt or the solder.

We are experts in the fitting of soft-metal alloys to every industrial need. There is a Dutch Boy Solder for you; there is a Dutch Boy Babbitt for you. When you and our technical men together have determined the right one for your need, the Dutch Boy trade-mark will assure you of its uniformity of composition and service.

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(Continued from Page 15)

might not have, of course; and yet religiously and moralistically, like an anchorite, because of duty and current belief and what people would say and think, Ernestine's position and faith, his career and that of the children—he had put them all aside, out of his mind, forgotten them almost, as best he might. It had been hard at times, and sad, but so it had been.

And look at him now, old, not exactly feeble yet—no, not that yet, not quite!—but life-weary and almost indifferent. All these years he had wanted, wanted—wanted—an understanding mind, a tender heart, the some one woman—she must exist somewhere—who would have sympathized with all the delicate shades and meanings of his own character, his art, his spiritual as well as his material dreams —— And yet look at him! Mrs. Haymaker had always been with him, present in the flesh or the spirit, and—so ——

Though he could not ever say that she was disagreeable to him in a material way—he could not say that she had ever been that exactly—still she did not correspond to his idea of what he needed, and so —— Form had meant so much to him, color; the glorious perfectness of a glorious woman's body, for instance, the color of her thoughts, moods—exquisite they must be, like his own at times; but no, he had never had the opportunity to know one intimately. No, not one, though he had dreamed of her so long. He had never even dared whisper this to anyone, scarcely to himself. It was not wise, not socially fit. Thoughts like this would tend to social ostracism in his circle, or rather, hers—for had she not made the circle?

And here was the rub with Mr. Haymaker, at least, that he could not make up his mind whether in his restlessness and private mental complaints he were not even now guilty of a great moral crime in so thinking. Was it not true that men and women should be faithful in marriage whether they were happy or not? Was there not some psychic law governing this matter of union—one life, one love—which made the thoughts and the pains and the subsequent sufferings and hardships of the individual, whatever they might be, seem unimportant? The churches said so. Public opinion and the law seemed to accept this. There were so many problems, so much order to be disrupted, so much pain caused, many insoluble problems where children were concerned—if people did not stick. Was it not best, more blessed—socially, morally, and in every other way important—for him to stand by a bad bargain rather than to cause so much disorder and pain, even though he lost his own soul emotionally? He had thought so—or at least he had acted as though he thought so—and yet —— How often had he wondered over this!

Take, now, some other phases. Granting first that Mrs. Haymaker had, according to the current code, measured up to the requirements of a wife, good and true, and that at first after marriage there had been just enough of physical and social charm about her to keep his state from becoming intolerable, still there was this old ache; and then newer things which came with the birth of the several children: First Elwell—named after a cousin of hers—who had died only two years after he was born; and then Wesley; and then Ethelberta—how he had always disliked that name! largely because he had hoped to call her Ottilie, a favorite name of his; or Janet, after his mother.

Curiously the arrival of these children and the death of poor little Elwell at two had somehow, in spite of his unrest, bound him to this matrimonial state and filled him with a sense of duty, and pleasure even—almost entirely apart from her, he was sorry to say—in these young lives; though if there had not been children, as he sometimes told himself, he surely would have broken away from her; he could not have stood it. They were so odd in their infancy, those little ones, so troublesome and yet so amusing—little Elwell, for instance, whose nose used to crinkle with delight when he would pretend to bite his neck, and whose gurgle of pleasure was so sweet and heart-filling that it positively thrilled and lured him. In spite of his thoughts concerning Ernestine—and always in those days they were rigidly put down as unmoral and even evil, a certain unsocial streak in him perhaps which was against law and order and well-being—he came to have a deep and abiding feeling for Elwell. The latter, in some chemic, almost unconscious way, seemed to have arrived as a balm to his misery, a bandage for his growing wound—sent by whom, by what, how? He had seized upon his imagination, and so his heartstrings—had come, indeed, to make him feel understanding and sympathy there in that little child; to supply, or seem to at least, what he lacked in the way of love and affection from one whom he could truly love. Elwell was never so happy apparently as when snuggling in his arms, not Ernestine's, or lying against his neck. And when he went for a walk or elsewhere there was Elwell always ready, arms up, to cling to his neck. He seemed, strangely enough, inordinately fond of his father, rather than his mother, and never happy without him. On his part, Haymaker came to be wildly fond of him—that queer little lump of a face, suggesting a little of himself and of his own mother, not so much of Ernestine; or so he thought, though he would not have objected to that. Not at all. He was not so small as that. Toward the end of the second year, when Elwell was just beginning to be able to utter a word or two, he had taught him that silly old rhyme which ran "There were three kittens," and when it came to "and they shall have no ——" he would stop and say to Elwell, "What now?" and the latter would gurgle "puh!"—meaning, of course, pie.

Ah, those happy days with little Elwell, those walks with him over his shoulder or on his arm, those hours in which of an evening he would rock him to sleep in his arms! Always Ernestine was there, and happy in the thought of his love for little Elwell and her—her more than anything else perhaps; but it was an illusion—that latter part. He did not care for her even then as she thought he did.

All his fondness was for Elwell, only she took it as evidence of his growing or enduring affection for her—another evidence of the peculiar working of her mind.

And then came that dreadful fever, due to some invading microbe which the doctors could not diagnose or isolate—infantile paralysis perhaps; and little Elwell had finally ceased to be as flesh and was eventually carried forth to the lorn, disagreeable graveyard near Woodlawn. How he had groaned internally, indulged in sad, despondent thoughts concerning the futility of all things human, when this had happened! It seemed for the time being as if all color and beauty had really gone out of his life for good.

"Man born of woman is of few days and full of troubles," the preacher whom Mrs. Haymaker had insisted upon having into the house at the time of the funeral had read. "He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."

Yes; so little Elwell had fled, as a shadow, and in his own deep sorrow at the time he had come to feel the first and only sad, deep sympathy for Ernestine that he had ever felt since marriage; and that because she had suffered so much—had lain in his arms after the funeral and cried so bitterly. It was terrible, her sorrow. Terrible—a mother grieving for her first-born! Why was it, he had thought at the time, that he had never been able to think or make her all she ought to be to him? Ernestine at this time had seemed better, softer, kinder, wiser, sweeter than she had ever seemed: more worthy, more interesting than ever he had thought her before. She had slaved so during the child's illness, stayed awake night after night, watched over him with such loving care—done everything, in short, that a loving human heart could do to rescue her young from the depths; and yet even then he had not really been able to love her. No, sad and unkind as it might seem, he had not. He had just pitied her and thought her better, worthier! What cursed stars disordered the minds and moods of people so? Why was it that these virtues of people, their good qualities, did not make you love them, did not really bind them to you, as against the things you could not like? Why? He had resolved to do better in his thoughts, but somehow, in spite of himself, he had never been able so to do.

Nevertheless, at that time he seemed to realize more keenly than ever her order, industry, frugality, a sense of beauty within

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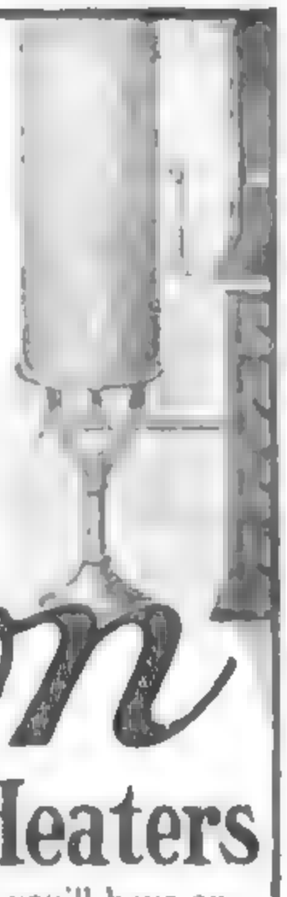

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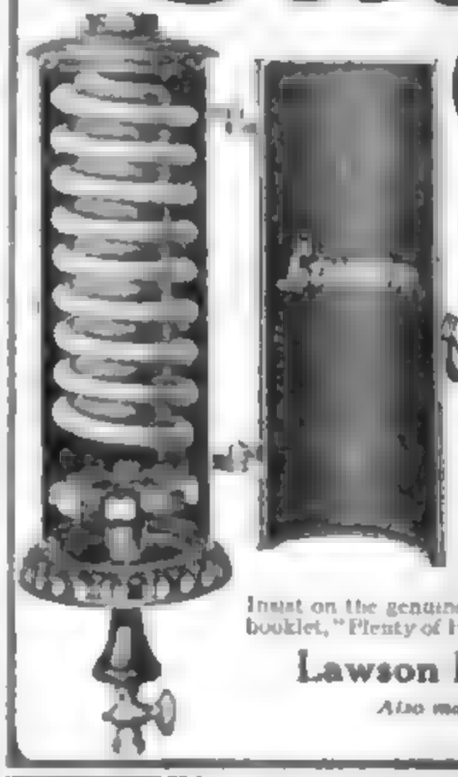

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[illegible] electrically—automatically, at an average cost of about one cent per month. Starts winding when phonograph is partly run down. Stops winding when spring is brought to the proper tension. Never forgets.

Why let the boresome task of winding your phonograph lessen your pleasure in its entertainment —— Why chance the embarrassment of having it run down in the midst of a dance record or in the best part of your favorite selection——Why put up with these inconveniences when equipping it with the Motrola would eliminate them forever?

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limits, a certain laudable ambition to do something and be somebody—only, only he could not sympathize with her ambitions, could not see that she had anything but a hopelessly commonplace and always unimportant point of view. There was never any flair to her, never any true distinction of mind or soul. She seemed always, in spite of anything he might say or do, hopelessly to identify doing and being with money and current opinion—neighborhood public opinion, almost—and local social position, whereas he knew that distinguished doing might as well be connected with poverty and shame and disgrace as with these other things—wealth and station, for instance; things which she could never quite understand apparently, though he often tried to tell her, much against her mood always.

Look at the cases of the great artists! Some of the greatest architects right here in the city, or in history, were of peculiar, almost disagreeable, history. But no, Mrs. Haymaker could not understand anything like that, anything connected with history, indeed—she hardly believed in history, its dark, sad pages, and would never read it, or at least did not care to. And as for art and artists—she would never have believed that wisdom and art understanding and true distinction might take their rise out of things necessarily low and evil—never.

Take now the case of young Zingara. Zingara was an architect like himself, whom he had met more than thirty years before, here in New York, when he had first arrived, a young man struggling to become an architect of significance, only he was very poor and rather unkempt and disreputable-looking. Haymaker had found him several years before his marriage to Ernestine in the dark old offices of Pyne & Starboard, Architects, and had been drawn to him definitely; but because he smoked all the time and was shabby as to his clothes and had no money—why, Mrs. Haymaker, after he had married her, and though he had known Zingara nearly four years, would have none of him. To her he was low, and a failure, one who would never succeed. Once she had seen him in some cheap restaurant that she chanced to be passing, in company with a drabby-looking maid, and that was the end.

"I wish you wouldn't bring him here any more, dear," she had insisted; and to have peace he had complied—only, now look. Zingara had since become a great architect, but now of course, owing to Mrs. Haymaker, he was definitely alienated. He was the man who had since designed the Æsculapian Club, and Symphony Hall with its delicate façade, as well as the tower of the Wells Building, sending its sweet lines so high, like a poetic thought or dream. But Zingara was now a dreamy recluse like himself, very exclusive, as Haymaker had long since come to know, and indifferent as to what people thought or said.

But perhaps it was not just obtuseness to certain of the finer shades and meanings of life, but an irritating aggressiveness at times, backed only by her limited understanding, which caused her to seek and wish to be here, there and the other place; wherever, in her mind, the truly successful—which meant nearly always the materially successful of a second or third rate character—were, which irritated him most of all. How often had he tried to point out the difference between true and shoddy distinction—the former rarely connected with great wealth.

But no. So often she seemed to imagine such queer people to be truly successful, when they were really not—usually people with just money, or a very little more.

And in the matter of rearing and educating and marrying their two children, Wesley and Ethelberta, who had come after Elwell. What peculiar pains and feelings had not been involved in all this for him. In infancy both of these had seemed sweet enough, and so close to him, though never quite so wonderful as Elwell. But, as they grew, it seemed somehow as though Ernestine had come between him and them. First, it was the way she had raised them, the very stiff and formal manner in which they were supposed to move and be, copied from the few new-rich whom she had chanced to meet through him—and admired in spite of his warnings. That was the irony of architecture as a profession—it was always bringing such queer people close to one, and for the sake of one's profession, sometimes, particularly in the case of the young architect, one had to be nice to them. Later, it was the kind of school they should attend. He had half imagined at first that it would be the public school, because they both had begun as simple people; but no, since they were prospering it had to be a private school for each, and not one of his selection, either—or hers, really—but one to which the Barlows and the Westervelts, two families of means with whom Ernestine had become intimate, sent their children and therefore thought excellent!

The Barlows! Wealthy, but, to him, gross and mediocre people who had made a great deal of money in the manufacture of patent medicines out West, and who had then come to New York to splurge, and had been attracted to Ernestine—not him particularly, he imagined—because Haymaker had built a town house for them, and also because he was gaining a fine reputation. They were dreadful really, so *gauche*, so truly dull; and yet somehow they seemed to suit Ernestine's sense of fitness and worth at the time, because, as she said, they were good and kind—like her Western home folks; only they were not really. She just imagined so. They were worthy enough people in their way, though with no taste. Young Fred Barlow had been sent to an expensive school for boys, near Morristown, where they were taught manners and airs, and little else, as Haymaker always thought, though Ernestine insisted that they were given a religious training as well. And so Wesley had to go there—for a time, anyhow. It was the best school.

And similarly, because Mercedes Westervelt, senseless, vain little thing, was sent to a big school, near White Plains, Ethelberta had to go there. Think of it! It was all so silly, so pushing. How well he remembered the long, delicate campaign which preceded this, the logic and tactics employed, the importance of it socially to Ethelberta, the tears and cajolery. Mrs. Haymaker could always cry so easily, or seem to be on the verge of it, when she wanted anything; and somehow, in spite of the fact that he knew her tears were unimportant, or timed and for a purpose, he could never stand out against them, and she knew it. Always he felt moved or weakened in spite of himself. He had no weapon wherewith to fight them, though he resented them as a part of the argument. Positively Mrs. Haymaker could be as sly and as ruthless as Machiavelli himself at times, and yet believe all the while that she was tender, loving, self-sacrificing, generous, moral and a dozen other things, all of which led to the final achievement of her own aims. Perhaps this was admirable from one point of view, but it irritated him always. But if one were unable to see himself—or herself—his actual disturbing inconsistencies, what were you to do?

And again, he had by then been married so long that it was almost impossible to think of throwing her over, or so it seemed at the time. They had reached the place then where they had supposedly achieved position together, though in reality it was all his—and not such position as he was entitled to, at that. Ernestine—and he was thinking this in all kindness—could never attract the ideal sort. And anyhow, the mere breath of a scandal between them, separation or unfaithfulness, which he never really contemplated, would have led to endless bickering and social and commercial injury, or so he thought. All her strong friends—and his, in a way—those who had originally been his clients, would have deserted him. Their wives, their own social fears, would have compelled them to ostracize him! He would have been a scandal-marked architect, a brute for objecting to so kind and faithful and loving a wife. And perhaps he would have been, at that. He could never quite tell—it was all so mixed and tangled.

Take, again, the marriage of his son Wesley into the De Gaud family—George de Gaud *père* being nothing more than a retired real-estate speculator and promoter who had money, but nothing more; and Irma de Gaud, the daughter, being a gross, coarse, sensuous girl, physically attractive no doubt, and financially reasonably secure, or so she had seemed; but what else? Nothing, literally nothing; and his son had seemed to have at least some spiritual ideals at first. Ernestine had taken up with Mrs. George de Gaud—a miserable, narrow creature, so Haymaker thought—largely for Wesley's sake, he presumed. Anyhow, everything had been done to encourage Wesley in his suit and Irma in her toleration, and now look at them! De Gaud *père* had since failed and left his

(Continued on Page 85)

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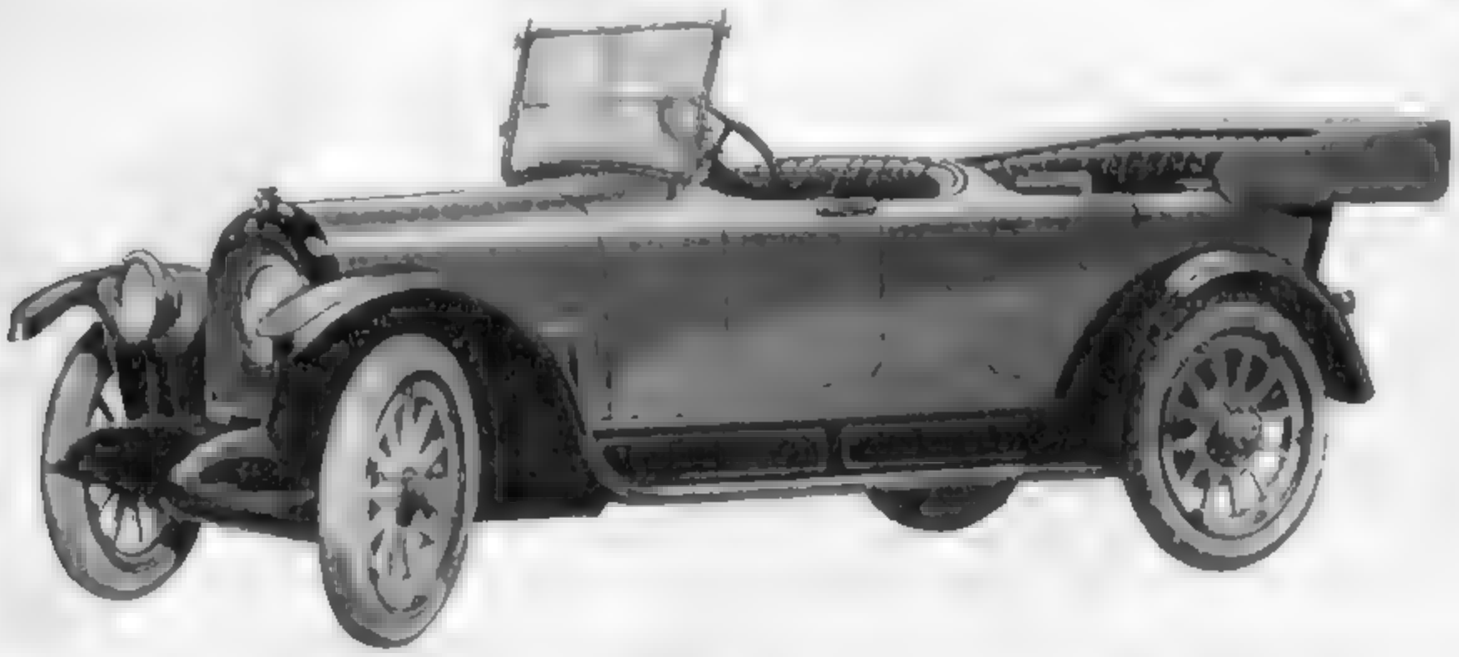

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(Continued from Page 82)

daughter practically nothing. Irma had been interested in anything but Wesley's career, had followed what she considered the smart among the new-rich—a smarter, wilder, newer new-rich than ever Ernestine had fancied, or could. To-day she was without a thought for anything besides teas and country clubs and theaters—and what else?

And long since Wesley had begun to realize it himself. He was an engineer now, in the employ of one of the great construction companies, a moderately successful man. But even Ernestine, who had engineered the match and thought it wonderful, was now down on her. She had begun to see through her some years ago, when Irma had begun to ignore her; only before it was always the De Gauds here and the De Gauds there. Good gracious, what more could anyone want than the De Gauds—Irma de Gaud, for instance? Then came the concealed dissension between Irma and Wesley, and now Mrs. Haymaker insisted that Irma had held, and was holding, Wesley back. She was not the right woman for him. Almost—against all her prejudices—she was willing that he should leave her. Only, if Haymaker had broached anything like that in connection with himself!

And yet Mrs. Haymaker had been determined, because of what she considered the position of the De Gauds at that time, that Wesley should marry Irma. Wesley now had to slave at mediocre tasks in order to have enough to allow Irma to run in so-called fast society of a second or third rate. And even at that she was not faithful to him—or so Haymaker believed. There were so many strange evidences. And yet Haymaker felt that he did not care to interfere now. How could he? Irma was tired of Wesley, and that was all there was to it. She was looking elsewhere, he was sure.

Take but one more case, that of Ethelberta. What a name! In spite of all Ernestine's determination to make her so successful and thereby reflect some credit on her, had she really succeeded in so doing? To be sure, Ethelberta's marriage was somewhat more successful financially than Wesley's had proved to be, but was she any better placed in other ways? John Kelso—"Jack," as she always called him—with his light ways and lighter mind, was he really anyone—anything more than a waster? His parents stood by him, no doubt, but that was all; and so much the worse for him. According to Mrs. Haymaker at the time, he, too, was an ideal boy, admirable, just the man for Ethelberta, because the Kelsos, *père* and *mère*, had money. Horner Kelso had made a kind of fortune in Chicago in the banknote business, and had settled in New York, about the time that Ethelberta was fifteen, to spend it. Ethelberta had met Grace Kelso at school.

And now see! She was not unattractive, and had some pleasant, albeit highly affected, social ways; she had money, and a comfortable apartment in Park Avenue; but what had it all come to? John Kelso had never done anything really, nothing. His parents' money and indulgence and his early training for a better social state had ruined him if he had ever had a mind that amounted to anything. He was idle, pleasure-loving, mentally indolent, like Irma de Gaud. Those two should have met and married, only they could never have endured each other. But how Mrs. Haymaker had courted the Kelsos in her eager and yet diplomatic way, giving teas and receptions and theater parties; and yet he had never been able to exchange ten significant words with either of them, or the younger Kelsos either. Think of it!

And somehow in the process Ethelberta, for all his early affection and tenderness and his still kindly feeling for her, had been weaned away from him and had proved a limited and conventional girl, somewhat like her mother, and more inclined to listen to her than to him—though he had not minded that really. It had been the same with Wesley before her. Perhaps, however, a child was entitled to its likes and dislikes, regardless.

But why had he stood for it all, he now kept asking himself. Why? What grand results, if any, had been achieved? Were their children so wonderful—their lives? Would he not have been better off without her—his children better, even, by a different woman? Wouldn't it have been better if he had destroyed it all, broken away? There would have been pain, of course, terrible consequences, but even so he would have been free to go, to do, to reorganize his life on another basis. Zingara had avoided marriage entirely—wise man. But no, no; always convention, that long list of reasons and terrors he was always reciting to himself. He had allowed himself to be pulled round by the nose, God only knows why, and that was all there was to it. Weakness, if you will, perhaps; fear of convention; fear of what people would think and say.

Always now he found himself brooding over the dire results to him of all this respect on his part for convention, moral order, the duty of keeping society on an even keel, of not bringing disgrace to his children and himself and her, and yet ruining his own life emotionally by so doing. To be respectable had been so important that it had resulted in spiritual failure for him. But now all that was over with him, and Mrs. Haymaker was ill, near to death, and he was expected to wish her to get well, and be happy with her for a long time yet! Be happy! In spite of anything he might wish or think he ought to do, he couldn't. He couldn't even wish her to get well.

It was too much to ask. There was actually a haunting satisfaction in the thought that she might die now. It wouldn't be much, but it would be something—a few years of freedom. That was something. He was not utterly old yet, and he might have a few years of peace and comfort to himself still—and—and —— That dream — that dream — though it might never come true now—it couldn't really—still—still —— He wanted to be free to go his own way once more, to do as he pleased, to walk, to think, to brood over what he had not had—to brood over what he had not had! Only, only, whenever he looked into her pale sick face and felt her damp limp hands he could not quite wish that, either; not quite, not even now. It seemed too hard, too brutal—only—only —— So he wavered.

No; in spite of her long-past struggle over foolish things and in spite of himself and all he had endured or thought he had, he was still willing that she should live; only he couldn't wish it exactly. Yes, let her live if she could. What matter to him now whether she lived or died? Whenever he looked at her he could not help thinking how helpless she would be without him, what a failure at her age, and so on. And all along, as he wryly repeated to himself, she had been thinking and feeling that she was doing the very best for him and her and the children—that she was really the ideal wife for him, making every dollar go as far as it would, every enjoyment yield the last drop for them all, every move seeming to have been made to their general advantage! Yes, that was true. There was a pathos about it, wasn't there? But as for the actual results ——

The next morning found him sitting once more beside his front window in the early dawn, and so much of all this, and more, was coming back to him, as before. For the thousandth or the ten-thousandth time, as it seemed to him, in all the years that had gone, he was concluding again that his life was a failure. If only he were free for a little while just to be alone and think, perhaps to discover what life might bring him yet; only on this occasion his thoughts were colored by a new turn in the situation. Yesterday afternoon, because Mrs. Haymaker's condition had grown worse, the consultation between Grainger and Storm was held earlier, and to-day sometime transfusion was to be tried, that last grim stand taken by physicians in distress over a case; blood taken from a strong ex-cavalryman out of a position, in this case, and the best to be hoped for, but not assured. In this instance his thoughts were, as before, wavering. Now supposing she really died, in spite of this? What would he think of himself then? He went back after a time and looked in on his wife, who was still sleeping. Now she was not so strong as before, or so the nurse said; her pulse was not so good. And now, as before, his mood changed in her favor, but only for a little while. She seemed to look better.

Later he came up to the dining room, where the nurse was taking her breakfast, and seating himself, asked: "How do you think she is to-day?"

He and the night nurse had thus had their breakfasts together for days. This nurse, Miss Filson, was such a smooth, pink, graceful creature, with light hair and blue eyes, the kind of eyes and color that of late, and in earlier years, had suggested to him the youth that he had missed.

She looked grave, as though she really feared the worst but was concealing it.

"No worse, I think, and possibly a little better," she replied, eying him sympathetically. He could see that she, too, felt that he was old and in danger of being neglected. "Her pulse is a little stronger, nearly normal now, and she is resting easily. Doctor Storm and Doctor Grainger are coming, though, at ten. Then they'll decide what's to be done. I think if she's worse that they are going to try transfusion. The man has been engaged. Doctor Storm said that when she woke to-day she was to be given strong beef tea. Mrs. Elfridge is making it now. The fact that she is not much worse, though, is a good sign in itself, I think."

Haymaker merely stared at her from under his heavy gray eyebrows. He was so tired and gloomy, not only because he had not slept much of late himself but because of this sawing to and fro between his varying moods. Was he never to be able to decide for himself what he really wished? Was he never to be done with this interminable moral or spiritual problem? Miss Filson pattered on about other heart cases, how so many people lived years and years after they were supposed to die of heart lesion; and he meditated as to the grayness and strangeness of it all, the worthlessness of his own life, the variability of his own moods. Why was he so? How queer—how almost evil, sinister—he had become at times; how weak at others. Last night as he had looked at Ernestine lying in bed, and this morning before he had seen her, he had thought if she only would die—if he were only really free once more, even at this late date. But then when he saw her again this morning, and now when Miss Filson spoke of transfusion, he felt sorry again. What good would it do him now? Why should he want to kill her? Could such evil ideas go unpunished either in this world or the next? Supposing his children could guess! Supposing she did die now—and he had wished it so fervently only this morning—how would he feel? After all, Ernestine had not been so bad. She had tried, hadn't she?—only she had not been able to make a success of things, as he saw it, and he had not been able to love her, that was all. He reproached himself once more now with the hardness and the cruelty of his thoughts.

The opinion of the two physicians was that Mrs. Haymaker was not much better, and that this first form of blood transfusion must be resorted to—injected straight via a pump; which should restore her greatly if her heart did not bleed it out too freely. Before doing so, however, both men spoke to Haymaker, who in an excess of self-condemnation insisted that no expense must be spared. If her life was in danger, save it by any means—all. It was precious to her, to him and to her children. Thus he could lend every force aside from fervently wishing for her recovery, which, even now, in spite of himself, he could not do. He was too weary of it all, the conventional round of duties and obligations. But if she recovered, as her physicians seemed to think she might if transfusion were tried, and she gained, it would mean that he would have to take her away for the summer to some quiet mountain resort—to be with her hourly during the long period in which she would be recovering. Well, he would not complain now. That was all right. He would do it. He would be bored of course as usual, but it would be too bad to have her die when she could be saved. And yet ——

He went down to his office now, and in the meantime this first form of transfusion was tried, and proved a great success apparently. She was much better, so the day nurse phoned at three; very much better. At five-thirty Mr. Haymaker returned, no unsatisfactory word having come in the interim, and there she was, resting on a raised pillow, if you please, and looking so cheerful, and more like her old self than he had seen her in some time.

At once his mood changed again. They were amazing—these variations in his own thoughts, almost chemic, not volitional, decidedly peculiar for a man who was supposed to know his own mind—only did one, ever? Now she would not die. Now the whole thing would go on as before. Well, he might as well resign himself to the old sense of failure. He would never be free now. Everything would go on as before—terrible; and the next day it was the same. Though he seemed glad—really grateful, in a way, seeing her cheerful and hopeful

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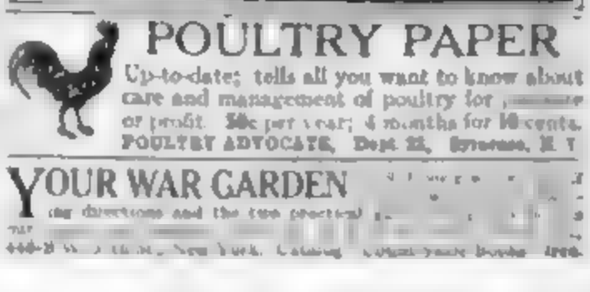
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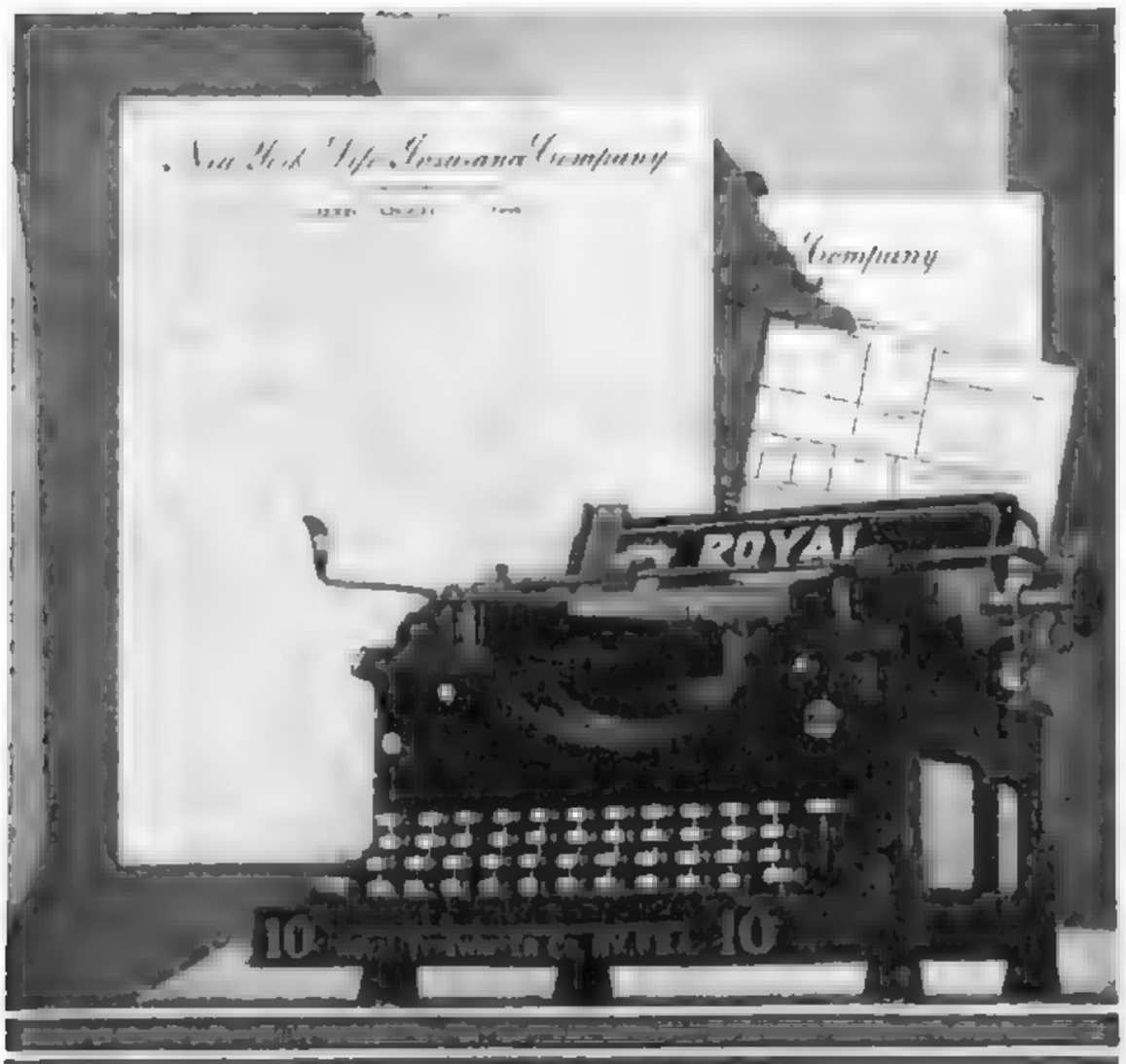

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once more—still the obsession of failure and being bound returned now, and in his own bed at midnight he said to himself: "Now she will really get well. All will be as before. Shall I never be free? Shall I never have a day—a day?"

But the next morning, to his surprise and fear or comfort, as his moods varied, she was worse again; and then once more he reproached himself for his black thoughts. Was he not really killing her by what he thought? he asked himself—these constant changes in his mood. Did not his dark wishes have power? Think, if he had always to feel from now on that he had killed her by wishing so! Would not that be dreadful—an awful thing really? Why was he this way? Could he not be kind, human?

When Doctor Storm came at nine-thirty, after a telephone call from the nurse, and looked grave and spoke of horse's blood as being better, thicker than human blood—not so easily bled out of the heart when injected as a serum, Haymaker was beside himself with self-reproaches and sad, disturbing fear. Why had he wished last night that she would die? Her case must be very desperate. Was he really a murderer at heart, a dark criminal, plotting her death?—and for what?

"You must do your best," he said to Doctor Storm. "Whatever is needful—she must not die if you can help it."

"No, Mr. Haymaker," returned the latter sympathetically. "All that can be done will be done. You need not fear. I have an idea that we didn't inject enough yesterday. She responded, but not enough. We will see what we can do to-day."

Haymaker, pressed with duties, went away sadly, subdued. Now once more he decided that he must not tolerate these dark ideas any more; he must rid himself of these black wishes, whatever he might feel. It was evil. They would eventually come back to him in some evil way, he might be sure. They might be influencing her. She must be allowed to recover if she could. He must now make a further sacrifice of his own life, whatever it cost. It was only decent, only human. Why should he complain now, anyhow, after all these years? What difference would a few more years make? He returned at evening, consoled by his own good thoughts and a telephone message at three to the effect that his wife was much better. This second injection had proved much more effective. Horse's blood was plainly better for her. She was stronger, and sitting up again. He entered at five, and found her lying there pale and weak, but still with a better light in her eye—or so he thought—more force, and a very faint smile for him, as well as a touch of color in her cheeks, so marked had been the change. How great and kind Doctor Storm really was! If she would only get well now! If this dread siege would only abate! Doctor Storm was coming again at eight.

"Well, how are you, dear?" she asked, looking at him sweetly and lovingly, and taking his hand in hers.

He bent and kissed her forehead—a Judas kiss, he had thought up to now, but not so to-night. To-night he was kind, generous—anxious, even, for her to live.

"All right, dearest; very good indeed. And how are you? It's such a fine evening out. You ought to get well soon so as to enjoy these spring days."

"I'm going to," she replied softly. "I feel so much better. And how have you been? Has your work gone all right?"

He nodded and smiled and told her bits of news. Ethelberta had phoned that she was coming, bringing violets. Wesley had said he would be here at six, with Irma! Such-and-such people had asked after her. How could he have been so evil, he now asked himself, as to wish her to die? She was not so bad—really quite charming in her way, an ideal wife for someone if not him. She was as much entitled to live and enjoy her life as he was; and after all she was the mother of his children, had been with him all these years. Besides, the day had been so fine—it was now—a wondrous May evening. The air and sky were simply delicious. The telephone bell now ringing brought still another of a long series of inquiries as to her condition. There had been so many of these during the last few days, the maid said, and especially to-day and she gave Mr. Haymaker a list of names. See, he thought, she had even more friends than he, being so good, faithful, worthy. Why should he wish her ill?

He sat down to dinner with Ethelberta and Wesley when they arrived, and chatted quite gayly—more hopefully than he had in weeks. His own varying thoughts no longer depressing him, for the moment he was happy. How were they? What were the children all doing? At eight-thirty Doctor Storm came again, and announced that he thought Mrs. Haymaker was doing very well indeed, all things considered.

"Her condition is fairly promising, I must say," he said. "If she gets through another night or two comfortably without falling back I think she'll do very well from now on. Her strength seems to be increasing a fraction. To-morrow we'll see how she feels, whether she needs any more blood."

He went away, and at ten Ethelberta and Wesley left for the night, leaving him alone once more. Then he sat and meditated. At eleven, after a few moments at his wife's bedside absolute quiet had been the doctor's instructions these many days—he himself went to bed. He was very tired. His varying thoughts had afflicted him so much that he was always tired, it seemed his evil conscience, he called it—but to-night he was sure he would sleep. He felt better about himself, about life. He should never have tolerated such dark thoughts And yet—and yet and yet

He lay on his bed near a window which commanded a view of a small angle of the park, and looked out. There were the spring trees, as usual, silvered now by the light, a bit of lake showing at one end. In his youth he had been so fond of water, any small lake or stream or pond. In his youth, also, he had loved the moon, and to walk in the dark. It had all, always, been so suggestive of love and happiness, and he had so craved love and happiness. Once he had designed a yacht club, the base of which suggested waves. Once, years ago, he had thought of designing a lovely cottage or country house for himself and some new love—that wonderful one—if ever she came and he were free. How wonderful it would all have been. Now—now—the thought at such an hour and especially when it was too late, seemed sacrilegious, hard, cold, unmoral, evil. He turned his face away from the moonlight and sighed, deciding to sleep and shut out these older and darker and sweeter thoughts if he could, and did.

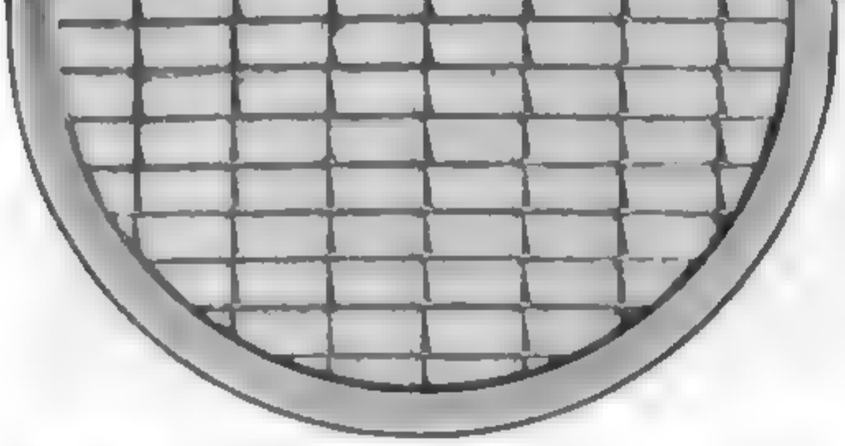
Presently he dreamed, and it was as if some lovely spirit of beauty—that wondrous thing he had always been seeking—came and took him by the hand and led him out, out by dimpling streams and clear rippling lakes and a great, noble highway where were temples and towers and figures in white marble. And it seemed, as he walked, as if something had been, or were, promised him—a lovely fruition to something which he craved—only the world toward which he walked was still dark or shadowy, with something sad and repressing about it, a haunting sense of a still darker distance. He was going toward beauty apparently, but he was still seeking, seeking, when ——

"Mr. Haymaker! Mr. Haymaker!" came a voice—soft, almost mystical at first, and then clearer and more disturbing afterward, as a hand was laid on him. "Will you come at once? It's Mrs. Haymaker!"

On the instant he was on his feet, seizing the blue silk dressing gown hanging at his bed's head and adjusting it as he hurried. Mrs. Elfridge and the nurse were behind him, very pale and distrait, wringing their hands. When he reached the bedroom—her bedroom—there she lay as in life—still, peaceful, already limp, as though she were sleeping. Her thin, and as he sometimes thought cold, lips were now parted in a kind of faint, gracious smile, or trace of one. He had seen her look that way, too, at times, a really gracious smile, and wise, wiser than she was. The long, thin, graceful hands were open, the fingers spread slightly apart as though she were tired, very tired. The eyelids, too, rested wearily on tired eyes. Her form, spare as always, was outlined clearly under the thin coverlets. Miss Filson, the night nurse, was saying something about having fallen asleep for a moment, and waked only to find her so. She was terribly depressed and disturbed, possibly because of Doctor Storm.

Haymaker paused, greatly shocked and moved by the sight—more so than by anything since the death of little Elwell. After all, she had tried, according to her light But now she was dead—and they had been together so long! He came forward, tears of sympathy springing to his eyes, then sank down beside the bed on his knees so as not to disturb her right hand where it lay.

(Concluded on Page 89)



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The reason is that Armco (American Ingot) Iron — *the metal beneath the enameling* — is the purest iron made, the most carefully manufactured.

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FOOD keeps the soldiers going as shells keep the guns going. You can't make the shells, but you can save the food. Do your bit.

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Write for Armco Iron literature applied to your needs. Ask for the advice of our specialists in sheet and plate metal service.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Dept. 905, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

(Concluded from Page 86)

"Ernie, dear," he said gently, "Ernie—are you really gone?" His voice was full of sorrow; but to himself it sounded mean, traitorous.

He lifted the hand and put it to his lips sadly, then leaned his head against her, thinking of his long, mixed thoughts these many days, while both Mrs. Elfridge and the nurse began wiping their eyes. They were so sorry for him, he was so old now!

After a while he got up—they came forward to persuade him at last—looking tremendously sad and distrait, and asked Mrs. Elfridge and the nurse not to disturb his children. They could not aid her now. Let them rest until morning. Then he went back to his own room and sat down on the bed for a moment, gazing out on the same silvery scene that had attracted him before. So then his dark wishing had come true at last? It was dreadful. Possibly his black thoughts had killed her after all. Was that possible? Had his voiceless prayers been answered in this grim way? And did she know now what he had really thought? Dark thought. Where was she now? What was she thinking now if she knew? Would she hate him—haunt him? It was not dawn yet, only two or three in the morning, and the moon was still bright. And in the next room she was lying, pale and cool, gone forever now out of his life.

He got up after a time and went forward into that pleasant front room where he had loved to sit so often, then back into her room to view the body again. Now that she was gone, here more than elsewhere, in her dead presence, he seemed better able to collect his scattered thoughts. She might see or she might not—might know or not. It was all over now. Only he could not help but feel a little evil. She had been so faithful, if nothing more, so earnest in behalf of him and of his children. His feelings were so jumbled that he could not place them half the time. But at the same time the ethics of the past, of his own irritated feelings and moods in regard to her, had to be adjusted somehow before he could have peace. They must be adjusted; only how—how?

After a time he came forward once more to the front room to sit and gaze at the park. Here, perhaps, he could solve these mysteries for himself, think them out, find out what he did feel. He was evil for wishing all he had—that he knew and felt. The dawn was breaking by now; a faint grayness shaded the east and dimly lightened this room. A tall pier mirror between two windows now revealed him to himself—spare, angular, disheveled, his beard and hair astray and his eyes weary. The figure he made here as against his dreams of a happier life, once he were free, now struck him forcibly. What a farce! What a failure! Why should he, of all people, think of further happiness in love, even if he were free? Look at his reflection here in this mirror. What a picture—old, grizzled, done for! Had he not known that for so long? Was it not too ridiculous. Nothing of beauty would have him now. Of course not. That glorious dream of his youth was gone forever. His wife might just as well have lived as died, for all the difference it would or could make to him. Only he was really free just the same almost as it were in spite of his varying moods. But he was old, weary, done for, a recluse and ungainly.

He stared first at his dark wrinkled skin; the crow's-feet at the sides of his eyes; the wrinkles across his forehead and between the eyes; his long, dark, wrinkled hands—handsome hands they once were, he thought; his angular, stiff body. Once he had been very much of a personage, he thought, striking, forceful, dynamic—but now! He turned and looked out over the park where the young trees were, and the lake, to the pinking dawn—just a trace now—a significant thing in itself at this hour surely—then back at himself. What could he wish for now—what hope for?

As he did so his dream came back to him—that strange dream of seeking and being led and promised and yet always being led forward into a dimmer, darker land. What did that mean? Had it any real significance? Was it all to be dimmer, darker still? Was it typical of his life? He pondered.

"Free!" he said after a time. "Free! I know now how that is. I am free now, at last! Free! . . . Free! . . . Yes—free . . . to die!" So he stood there ruminating and smoothing his beard.

DIAMOND HEART

(Continued from Page 8)

our modest ways. We told them we did our spending uptown; that we sank into a cushion or two at home—venturing a bit of furniture now and then in the bosoms of our families."

His face was actually vindictive in its appreciation of his own cleverness. He told of this shyster trick with all the gusto a man would use in telling of a superb action done by a friend. I have already explained my distaste, but just now he turned a little and I saw the back of his head. It was all fleshed in, like a bull's crest, and the ears stood out red and thick-lobed, like whining questions that were answered with eternal nothings. A man like that never knows what he does when he turns his head.

He was looking out of the window now—standing under those precious birds, which had the good sense to be quiet in his presence. His glance turned to the harbor; his look was indescribable with triumph. The laugh came again, though lower and partly repressed—the birds ruffling queerly under the strange sounds. I followed his gaze, wondering what afforded this astonishing pleasure. His beady eyes were turned to the mouth of the harbor. The sun was blazing through the portal now, so that the upstretched spars of the Lagnon were clearly visible, though the sea beyond was a mist of shimmering gold too bright for the eyes to penetrate.

So it was the sunken Lagnon that caused his mirth. I thought of the apprehensive look of the woman and my question about reaching the top of the pillar. More and more I was wondering what it was all about.

He glanced at me and seemed to realize that he must be more careful. I heard an obscene te-hee; and his voice resumed ingratiatingly:

"We could sell 'em beads or horses or real estate or patent medicine," he sniggered. "They fell for us there in those little back rooms on Duane Street. . . . They were peeved when we didn't let 'em in on the ground floor; they felt honored when we kept 'em waiting ——"

"Why did you leave?" I asked.

A curious look of bewilderment crossed his face, startlingly childish in so huge a creature, as he passed his sun-blackened hand over his brow.

"Health," he said, as if delivering a cryptic password. "And—oh, yes, I always wanted the silence and the sunlight ——"

"Big establishment you've got here."

"Yes." He was nearer. "Yes," he repeated. "I flatter myself it's pretty clean-cut—clean-cut and effective."

Something of the old business sharp of Duane Street appeared to me in that last sentence of his. . . . And now, as I watched him idly, a further change crossed his face. His hand came out and pawed over my shoulder. It was heavy and thick, and rather fanned my temper a little.

"What do you want here, friend?"

"I was drifting a bit," I told him.

"Are you going right on?"

"Yes—that is, presently. The harbor rather called me as I passed by."

It became very difficult to have him near just now—nostrils and upper lip, above his mustache, spotted with white; breath audible; a helpless, childish attempt at self-control. I wondered what all the absurd tension was about.

"So the harbor called to you, did it?"

His fingers tweaked my arm and another blur of rage crossed my mind.

He moved round to the door, turned the key and put it in his pocket.

"Maybe it called to you to stay," he said, now revealing a touch of softened drama.

"Why not?" said I briskly. "This is a fancy bit of coast down here. But it doesn't do to count on staying anywhere. I've grown out of all climates, so far."

"I think I'll just cage you; but not for exhibition," he resumed. "You don't please me—coming with your shoes in your hand."

"I'm sorry I don't please you," I told him slowly, with a laugh.

The first and second fingers of the huge fist stretched apart and then forked swiftly at my eyes. His two nails and stiffened fingers

The Cardinal Facts About Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

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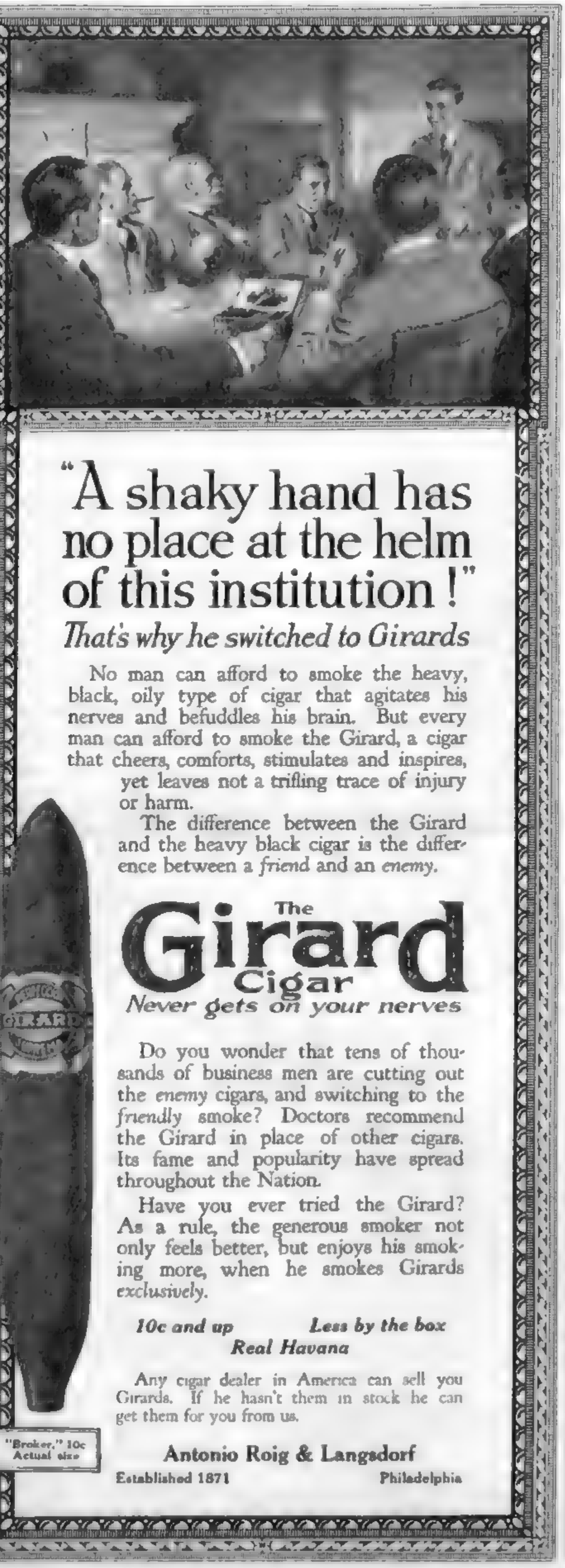

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struck my averted face. I pulled him to me. My heart sank a bit that first instant. He was like a stack of hempen cordage; and from the great hairy, revolting chest, as I pressed into it, now came the most abominable outcries.

IV

BY ALL means, a queer moment. Utter repulsion and shocking realization of Falkoner's strength; and yet, over his shoulder, in the first strain of combat, I saw Magdalena Harbor, lying in the sunlight, deep blue, and calling—the two great pillars of the portal. Also, always listening for bird noises I heard at the same time the huddle and flutter of the caged pair above the window, as if a serpent were gliding near. Then—running feet in the hall.

He was an utter brute. His hands pressed like flatirons into my back. I seemed to forget myself and all that I knew about this sort of thing. The laugh remained with me, and a sense of blood in the throat and back of the eyes; a smell of blood in my nostrils from the strain. Peculiarly enough, the idea of finishing him did not occur. This would have been my first thought a few years ago.

I merely let go; let him carry my weight as he struggled—that is, all that he did in the way of punishment was over and above the burden of my hundred and seventy pounds. I leaned on him, but met his aggressiveness lightly. The touch of him chilled me with loathing that crippled, rather than roused, in this first moment.

I heard a rap at the door and the low voice of Mintinsin.

I knew what would happen if I began to hurt him, and I knew at the same time that there was a big doubt about my having the force greatly to hurt him. He must have had fifty or sixty pounds the better in weight. I had a peculiar sense of hearing the rushing blood in my own body and the thumping of my own heart, as one suddenly entering a building where many electric contrivances are in full action, or when one is forcibly held under water. Still, my disinclination was to put him out.

The crook of his arm was raised upward and across my shoulder, my chin pinned against his collar bone. Now the fork of his arm, back of my head, flattened my throat against his hardened shoulder muscle. With my free hand I parried as well as possible the heavy blows he began with his right against my waist and ribs. We were all about the room. One thing after another was overturned and broken. Once we were sprawled on the floor, without releasing the clinch; twice we were rocked halfway. A bone in my left hand snapped in meeting his malletlike blow from the side. Yet it was only when his head crashed against the bird cage, adding a last torture to the fright of the poor creatures, that I lost the laugh altogether. . . . The woman's voice without:

"Break open the door!"

He looked like a gorilla to me in that moment—all that was loathsome and abominable, as I pressed my free hand against his face. It flattened his nose, shutting off his breath. He writhed his whole body to be free. I must have known all the time that he was incapable of enduring pain. Possibly that explains in part the mystery of my nonresistance. A great moan was in the room.

His body curved up to mine as he pulled back his head for air. His shirt had been torn from him. Before my eyes, in that instant, I saw the fork of the triangle between his floating ribs. From a distance of not more than eight inches I tapped that vulnerable part.

I had seen the thing done. It was given to the world by an old ringmaster. Much has been learned about the solar plexus in later years. To rock the big central ganglion means for the moment to shatter the whole human system. I think one who falls under an impact there knows what pain means. For a fraction of a second Falkoner lay screaming on my arm. I did not let him fall—rather allowed him to sink easily, completely unconscious. The light blow, since I had struck it exactly right, had sent him out as easily as one kills a rabbit with a tap of the finger behind the ears.

All seemed stillness about me until the door crashed open. I pushed Mintinsin aside and glanced at the eyes of the woman. Some meaning of ages passed between us. I can't explain what it meant to me—something of fang and jungle and claw and club; a battle of giants in some smoky wilderness for the body of a boar or for the allegiance of some dusky maid.

She came forward, her hand out, her eyes upon the prone figure, now silent, his eyeballs distended, his mouth open.

"Did you have to kill him?" she asked huskily.

"No. He will be up in a moment."

"What did you do? Ah, it does not matter—but what does it mean? You are unhurt?"

I must have been dangling my left hand queerly, for she pointed quickly to that, saying:

"Except for your hand. What has happened?"

"Just a trifle—I don't know yet. I was a bit careless with it."

She was speaking in exhaustion:

"It was so strange—the door gave so slowly it seemed ages to me. I pictured you down. Somehow I could not see anything but his huge horrible strength. I think I lost track of the blows against the door."

"I heard your voice," I said.

"All the world has been afraid of his strength," she whispered. "All these ——"

She pointed to Mintinsin and his Chinese attendants, their faces clear in the half light, the yellow cast accentuated into white by the shadow, as yellow paint comes out white in the films.

If you can believe it, some warmth and sunlight seemed to be stealing into my world again. It was all bigger than I knew possible. I felt again the thing she always brought to me; an exhilaration—and a sense of pain.

Then a low moan began on the floor.

Scarcely fifteen seconds had passed since I let him down, in spite of the enactment of the heart mystery, which had not ceased to unfold to me. My wish was to divert her gaze from the spectacle of that huge creature's pain. Nothing is so terrible as the sight of a child's fright delineating itself upon features partly covered by a beard. The eyes that had burned so bright were as empty as a polar sea.

"For God's sake, get out of here! He's going to cry," I said.

She turned obediently, as she had done when I asked her to play; only I heard from her lips as she pushed her way out among the Chinese:

"I have heard him cry before."

I HAD to smile at the sudden deference of the Chinese—simple folk underneath a few folds of guile. The king was dead—at least down; but still they said: "Long live the king!" All the ramifications of society, which take care of the effects and rights of one who has fallen, seemed lost, from their point of view. With the defeat of the body, all was gone. Actually I seemed to stand before them as a ruler of the house. Possibly Mintinsin had a reservation. He usually had.

Falkoner was taken forth. I washed and re-dressed with some difficulty. A right hearty bit of pain began in my hand an hour or so after the fracture. The nerves did not really begin to hit it up until after a lull. The Chinese brought me all the delicacies of the shore and the hills and the skies. That feast would have lasted until late afternoon had I not called for coffee and refused to entertain further trays.

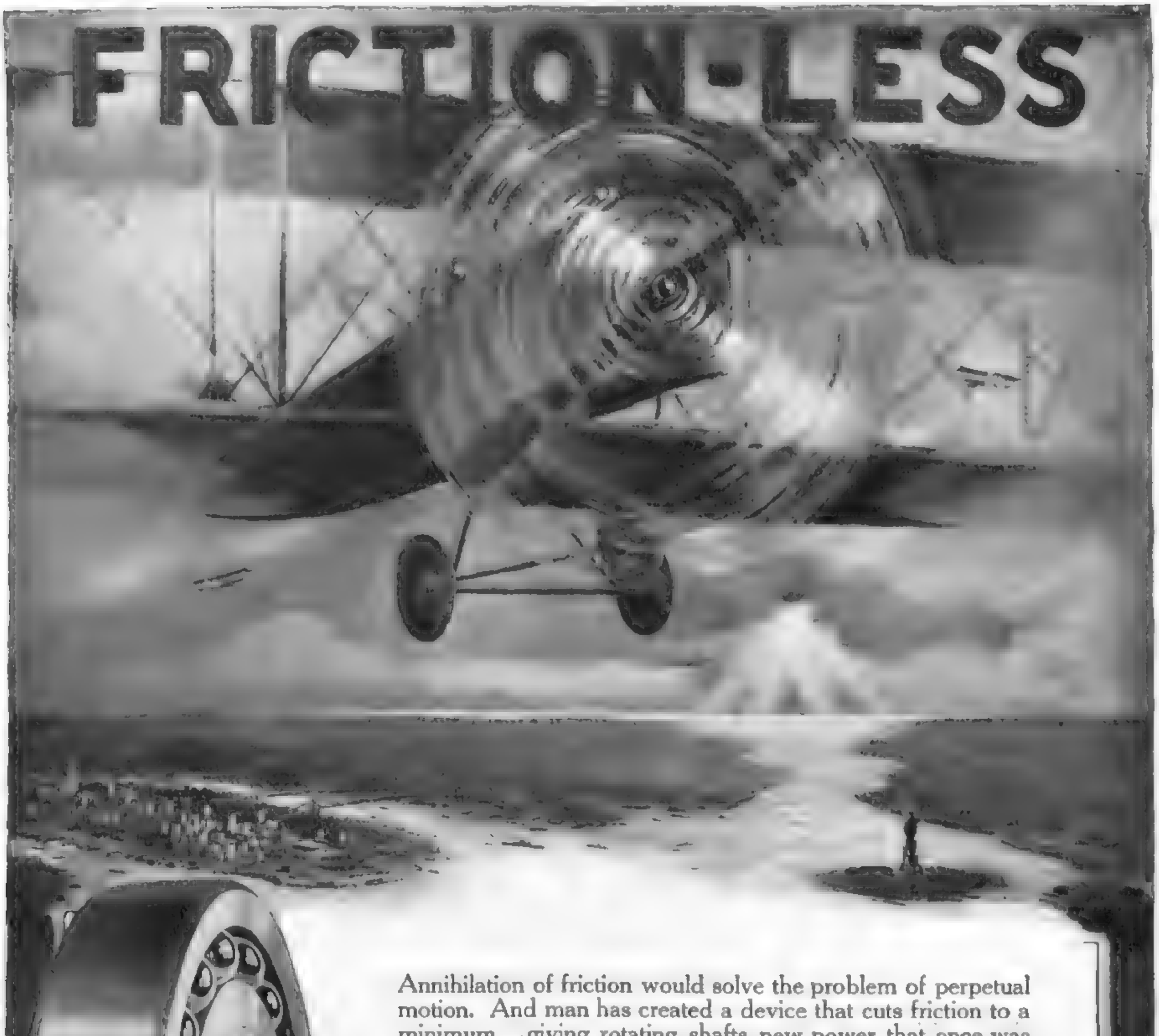
I wondered whimsically whether I had really become king in this barbaric fashion; if so, why the woman, Esther, did not come to me. That reminded me of the other Esther who would not go to the king. I wasn't feeling regal enough to go out in quest of her; in fact, there was a shyness throughout my being, like a new birth.

I can say authoritatively that they knew how to prepare the dainty little birds, in that house, the fishes, and the sweets of the land.

The setting sun touched the portal of Magdalena. I watched the shadows of the splendid rocky spires darken and lengthen across the inner side of the harbor. My thoughts must have gone far adrift, for I remember recalling, with pleased surprise, that I was actually standing under that ruby roof which I had seen first from the sea. Yes; it had called hard from the deck of the Lagnon that day. It held me now. I was learning to love Magdalena Bay.

That had been a long afternoon. The idea of using any power in the establishment, such as was suggested by the attitude of the servants, was utterly foreign to me; in fact, I was more inclined to obey orders

(Continued on Page 93)



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(Continued from Page 90)

now than before the battle. I was sorry for the little birds. They seemed alowed up for all time—not a note from them; and they shrank close together, their eyes filmy. Sitting by the window, thoughts of the loneliness of life pressing hard upon me, I wondered how the woman fared. Even the harbor was desolate in its deep shades of blues and purples. A quick knock at the door; the face of my recent adversary peered in.

"Hello!" he said. "Are you badly hurt?"

I have told you that much happened this day. No moment in a man's life compares with that of meeting the one woman; and then there was the wreck of the Lagnon. But this second entrance into my room of the man of the house was not devoid of thrill. I rose. For two or three seconds I could not speak. Then I managed to convey to him that I had merely injured my left hand a bit. A second or two passed before I recovered sufficiently to inquire in regard to his well-being.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

I smiled lightly at that, reminding him that I was not even a guest in his house as yet.

"But that's all right," he remarked. "Certainly the house is yours. I often botch things at first. What's your name?"

I told him.

"Mine's Falkoner. Never mind the first name. I never did like it."

I gave him my hand more willingly than you'd think. Here was an American, unquestionably of the stamp of the American tradesman, but with a lot of quaint genius about him. His eyes were more nearly normal now, his face a little pale and drawn, his smile still a trifle inscrutable; but the transition was so marked from the first call that I had difficulty in remembering that little matter of life and death.

"Let's not talk about this morning, Giddings," he said. "There are days when luck's against me. That's about the most charitable thing you can say. I made a quick trip into oblivion this time. I am usually gone two or three days, which reminds me of that little tap you put over my midriff."

"Things were breaking against me, Falkoner. I didn't want to do that; in fact, I didn't think of the solar plexus—until just that minute."

He lurched forward in his seat.

"Good heavens, man, don't apologize!" A queer light came into his eyes strangely as he added: "I was only thinking I should like to be near you in those bad times of mine. As I explained, I am usually gone three days; and here I am, reporting for duty on the same afternoon! One of those jolts of yours might be first-class treatment. A few of them might effect a cure."

Then his face became gray and pitiable in the deep shadow, as he finished:

"But, living God, Giddings, it's heroic treatment, isn't it?"

I could not speak yet. I tried to remind myself that I should not have been greatly drawn to this chap had I met him first as he was now. It was the contrast that pulled me. I actually wanted to do some big service for him now.

"You'll have to get another doctor. I'd let you break my back before I'd put that tap over on you again, Falkoner. As you say, let's forget it. What are you doing down here? Do you want me to go, or shall I stay all night? I came on the Lagnon. She broke—had a hemorrhage at sea yesterday. Last night we drifted in close to shore, and the first thing this morning I saw your harbor entrance. We stranded at the portal, as you see. The men went on to San Juan Baptiste. I just had to come in and see this harbor from the inside. Do you know that this red roof of yours can be seen from very far out in the seaway?"

He asked several quick questions about the wreck. He kept his face turned to the dusky side of the room, but I saw his fingers holding fast to his knees. I did not understand his tension exactly, but attributed it to the illness and the day's shock.

I recalled his laughter, and that the point of his mirth was the spars of the Lagnon. Possibly, I thought, the closing of the harbor entrance contained an excitement of the kind sufficient to bring him back to sanity. He rose, shivering.

"Don't you like lights?" he said, poking his thumb on the nearest electric button. "What's to prevent your staying with me a few days, Giddings? That might keep the time from hanging too heavy for a while. There is much to say and to see and do round the little harbor."

I thanked him, remarking that I had been very much interested in his superb staff of Oriental servants.

"Just a fancy," he said—"just a fancy; a rich man's whim, Giddings."

We dined together; but the woman did not appear. Apparently he supposed I had not seen her. A long, dull, draggy evening followed, in which we talked mainly of Spain, the treasure ships, her immortal system of lootings from Mother Mexico—some of the loases she had met in old days on the high seas.

"By the way," I asked, "has Madgalena Bay any historical relation to this sort of thing—treasure, I mean?"

The huge face darkened before me; his hand was heavy on my knee, a quick reminder of its grappling force of the morning.

"What sort of thing?" He jerked his voice dry and dangerously tense.

"The sunken-treasure stuff," I repeated, knowing full well that I had touched his madness, or the mystery of the life here. I added lightly: "The place has such an enchantment about it, Falkoner—such an air of romance, so to speak—that I need only shut my eyes to see the old Spanish galleons running in here for shelter; possibly being followed in by their masters of the main."

I watched him now. There was a tendency of his mind to listen like a child to a graphic story of the sea, and, at the same time, the expression of a cornered creature—a man with hell heavy in his heart and desperately frightened about it.

"The Spanish galleons didn't draw so deep as the Lagnon," I added. "By the way, it's queer about that—ships of her tonnage used to come in and out that portal."

"Coral," he muttered huskily. "She must have hit a coral spar. It grows fast in the warm surface water."

I spared him comment about the promontory that had broken down.

Falkoner had many choice things to drink; in fact, these were the matters he knew best. There was even a touch of fastidiousness about his tastes in wine, his knowledge of tobacco—much more than you would expect from a man who ran an emporium for gullibles in Duane Street. He loved his own health altogether too well to commit excesses with this sort of baggage; yet we both smoked too much that night. My thoughts were far away, my whole soul burning, listening. At last, toward midnight, I heard a few bars of the waltz from Tschaikovsky's Eugen Onegin—an extraordinary effect in that still house. Falkoner rose quickly and sat down again. I was weary of his instantaneous changes.

"One of the Chinese boys with the player piano," he explained glibly. "You would be amazed how these Orientals love a white man's music."

I nodded. My hand lifted for him to withhold his words, so I could listen. . . . She played for only a moment or two. I had a conviction that it was a signal to me, a bit of enticing ingenuity for my peace of mind.

"The fact is, I should like to hear that Chinese play more," I said. "One gets pretty dry for an earful of music down in this country."

VI

I LAY awake. Twenty times I began with the Lagnon's first passage by the portal to Magdalena Bay. . . . Music, meeting, battle; the strange conference of the afternoon and evening; the good-night message from the piano—it meant that to me now. That waltz would always have a different meaning—a message for me, a love theme. The deep wonder of life flooded over me when I thought of passing the night in the same house with her for the first time. Any lover has not the full story who has missed this thrill.

My mind was sore at the merest image of Falkoner. The hours with him since had wearied me more than the battle. . . . I queried long his asking me to stay for two or three days. His hatred was like a taint of acid all about.

The Northern world, New York, Chicago, California—the big trade world—the mad monster of a world that I listened to with such zest and fervor during these many days down Isthmus way—all seemed remotely far that night. Everything was different since the music in the morning. The fact of having found the woman here

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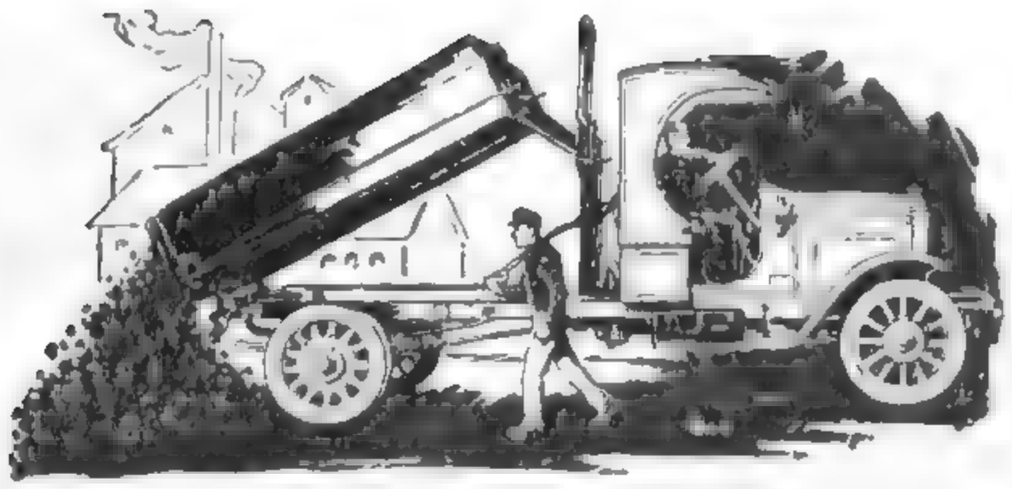

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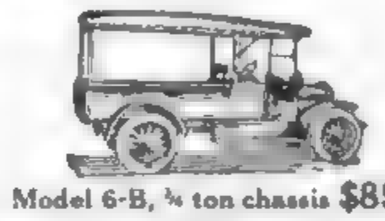

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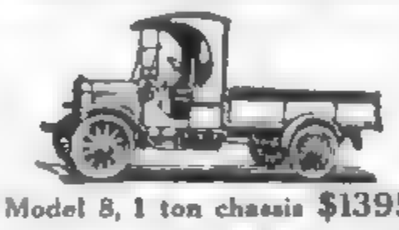

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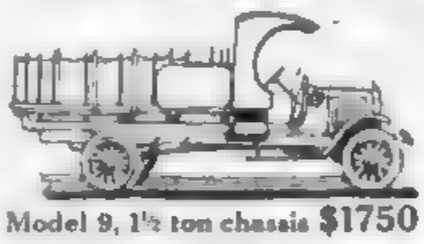

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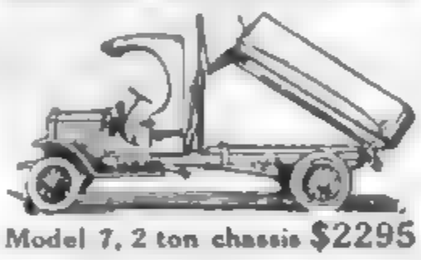

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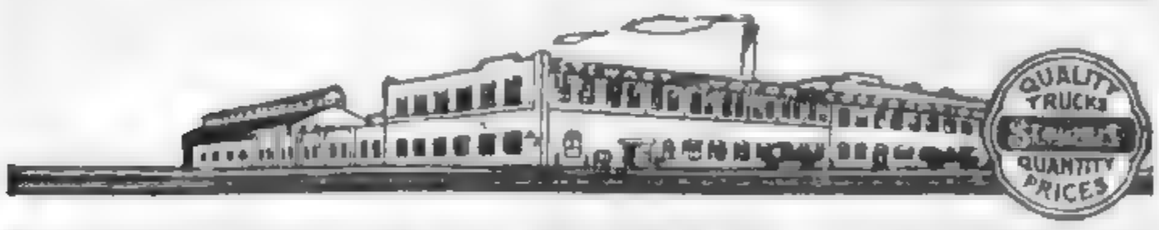

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put the light out from the North—a light that I had stared at so long. I think I must have looked to the North for the big comrade all these years.

I rolled over and stared out at the harbor, all dazzling in the moonlight, the portal looking like a gateway of the Nile, a haze uplifted in majesty against the blue and sparkling night. There was no atmospheric movement. The stillness actually roused me. It was as if I lay in the ventricle of the heart of one of the Pyramids. A little more silence, I thought, and one would feel the roll of the planet bowing eastward. . . . At the end of it, before the bird songs of morning, a tap at the door.

I must have known, deep within, something that my brain was not aware of, for I rose with the utmost silence, stepped across the floor as delicately as if life depended, and used up several seconds in turning the knob.

Esther was there. Her hand sped through the aperture and caught my wrist. Then her words:

"I had to come. I could not trust the Chinese. I am afraid for your life. Do not trust Falkoner. I have not time to tell you all; but do not trust him! Wait awake the rest of the night; and early in the morning, as soon as you have breakfasted, rise and say that you must go. Then go quickly. Do not delay after you make the announcement. Follow no plans of his. And oh, God be with you!"

She drew back and I sensed her quick smile.

"It sounds very dramatic, doesn't it?" she asked softly. "I have never been so emotional. It really is dramatic."

With that she pushed my hand in and would have shut the door; but I prevented.

"I heard you play last night. I will think of what you said," I whispered. "But do not fear for me. . . . I am afraid I can't go until I know—until I know all about you; until I hear you play again!"

"I would always mind what you said, but I know best this time," she answered, drawing back steadily.

I couldn't help it. The thought of her leaving stirred an unfamiliar madness in my heart. I dropped her hand to draw her closer still.

"To go as I came—that is worse than death!" I whispered. "I must know. I think I came here for you. Death is really nothing compared to going away without you—compared to the agony of leaving you here."

"Sh-h!" she whispered, and was free of me.

I hardly know yet how she managed to slip away. I drew back—perhaps she had heard something that I had not; or perhaps her "Sh-h!" was just a ruse to escape.

I dared follow her through a cityful of such houses as this, but I did not dare to risk her anger. I had to let the door slip shut between us. The loneliness that settled about just then in that room was like a curse concentrated in a sentence.

I had never been so tired. The battle yesterday, and the aggravated weariness from Falkoner, the altogether unparalleled emotions, so far as I was concerned, the sleepless hours, and this agony of the woman coming and going away —— I laughed softly to find that the steam had gone from my limbs for the moment. I was forced to drop down.

Right there on the ground floor of exhaustion, so to speak, fears began to come. Imagination running loose and properly goaded by pain and the terrors of a mind utterly tired combine to use up the balance of any man's vitality. It occurred to me after a few minutes that what strength I had left was all I was worth. I lay there fanning myself cool with sheer will force. It can be done. A man once told me there was not anything, living or dead, fit for a human being to be afraid of.

The more I think about that, the more I realize it to be true; but here is a complication: When a man finds a woman who calls out instantly the hoards of his accumulated heart treasure, that which remains is a rather perfect receptacle for all the fears that happen to be blowing by. A man must be integrated – absolutely himself – to be the master spoken of so frequently in the Sacred Writings. No man who followed Tschaikovsky's waltz as I had done, and found his vision at the end of it, is likely ever to be himself again.

At the same time the sincere battle did tell. I lay, at first rigid, and finally relaxed. She had told me not to sleep; but I rested, and presently every sense was keen with the consciousness of dawn. The smell of the sea came in. The dawn wind rustled the thin foliage at the window. The sky was gray with a trailing mist across the harbor. The moon had lost her mystery. She was speeding down over the sea to the north of the portal—the secret of her ghostliness already revealed.

Then, as I lay there, the passion of curiosity really made me know its strength for once and all. So far in Magdalena there had been no fact, no light upon this ruby-roofed establishment.

What was this madman up to? Twelve different Chinese in the house—and not a single Mexican. What was Falkoner's trembling about treasure and Spanish Main? Why did he laugh at the sunken Lagnon? Who and what was the woman, Esther, to him? Why was she here? Did she warn me simply out of compassion for a wanderer?

As I shaved I recalled the last time, down on the shore, without a mirror, with kitchen soap brought in the pitiful salvage of the Lagnon. I have looked back many a New Year's night to the last holiday of its kind, and the year-ago day seemed nearer than that morn of yesterday. . . . I am inclined to feel different and better, after the ordeal of lather and blade. The thought of a stroll before breakfast came to me this second morning, as it had yesterday. I dressed quickly and started forth without making any attempt at concealment.

The day was stealing in with a shy loveliness of its own, a queer, feminine quality that I never noticed before at daybreak—something revealing in perfume and presence that a man only feels after a meeting such as I had known in the piano room.

I walked along the shore, continuing the circle of the harbor which the pause at the red-roofed hacienda had halted. I managed to leave the house without awakening anyone. It was just that hour when those who have been up late sleep the soundest. Possibly there had been an intense vigil from the Chinese—a vigil relaxed at daybreak.

There was a thicket of bamboo close to the shore, three or four hundred yards beyond the house. It marked the point of a creek's outpouring into the bay. Lying snugly inland about two hundred feet was the stern of a most fascinating brigantine. Also, I was astonished to see that the creek's mouth was navigable for such a likely and sizable craft. This stream was not even visible from the house or from the harbor portal.

My steps quickened along the path toward the hawsers. I was a little disappointed to find that the brigantine carried auxiliary engines. To me the unfolding of canvas is pure enchantment. No one was aboard. I leaped from the turf to the brass rail. Every moment's acquaintance thrilled me with new admiration for her beauty; but the hour went black when I saw that her name was Esther.

Though absolutely spotless in every detail, the smell of the Chinese was still perceptible in her steerage quarter. I thought of the servants of the staff of Mintinsin. Of course they were seamen as well. Putting to sea with one's own crew and house servants! . . . One's woman—to name a ship after!

I had slipped down the forward companionway and was glancing through a brass-bound glass in the door that led to the master's cabin. An interesting array of diving suits and apparatus—another item to add to the mystifying set of detached facts. Diving apparatus, and in the shadow a pile of casks and boxes, small jugs and chests, all sealed in brass—some of the casks corded in wire rope and branded with the unmistakable excrescences of the sea.

I think I stood there for twenty or thirty seconds, motionless. There was something about that pile of cargo which would awake the quest in any adventurer's heart. It seemed to run a shaft through the array of incidents—holding all together. Here, at last, was something to tie to. Here was all that a man needed to begin with, at least.

If you ever were a boy who opened a box or a covered bucket that the sea brought to shore, recall the thrill of the moment before knocking the head in. It will afford a suggestion of my sensations as I viewed that treasure pile through the small lens glass of the captain's quarters.

The light above was partially obscured. I had heard no sound. Glancing up quickly, my eye met the eye of Mintinsin.

"What you want?" he asked.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE GERMAN IN SPAIN

(Continued from Page 5)

If the United States wants her aims interpreted over here let her send men who speak our language and live in our midst."

That is precisely what the German is doing.

The whole German propaganda in Spain is flavored with insinuation aimed to shake confidence in the Allies. I overheard a German, speaking in German to a Spaniard, make this remark:

"Isn't it too bad that there is so much discord among the Allies? It is a well-known fact that France is already angry because the Americans are not fighting. Pershing and Haig have had a serious disagreement about policy. There is no harmony."

A favorite German innuendo relates to what is alleged to be the friction between England and France. As in Italy, the effort is made to create an impression that the United States is being used to save the face of the Allies. The pro-German press prints this libel, and millions of the people believe what they read.

All the Allies are in the same boat. France is pictured as preparing to follow up the Napoleonic invasion of the Peninsula; Portugal is to annex several provinces in the west; Great Britain is to inaugurate a campaign of conquest from Gibraltar. It is all grist in the mill of misinformation.

Uncle Sam and John Bull are pilloried side by side. The Germans continually harp on the British possession of Gibraltar, using the cry "Gibraltar for the Spanish!" They refer to us as "Yankee despoilers."

Here is a characteristic example of how the German seeks to poison the Spanish mind against the United States: A few months before I reached Spain there appeared in the Madrid A B C, the leading metropolitan pro-German newspaper, a special dispatch from its correspondent in New York. It stated in substance that in the effort to stimulate recruiting the United States Government had displayed a machine gun captured from the Spanish in Cuba in front of a recruiting office in New York City. The article further stated that this gun stood on a Spanish flag and bore a placard saying: "Enlist for the War. Remember the Maine and Spain!"

Of course this article created widespread indignation. The situation became so acute that Ambassador Willard cabled to the State Department and got an official denial of the incident, which was printed in friendly journals. The A B C, however, refused to publish it. Like most other corrections, however, it had no effect. The damaging item is always the one that is read and remembered.

How the King is Deceived

This incident shows how bitter is the anti-American campaign and to what extent the Germans will go. The article was signed by the regular New York correspondent of the A B C and was presumably a cablegram. If the United States Government permits such matter to be cabled there is something wrong with the censorship.

I was in Spain when the United States declared its export embargo, which included that country. Overnight the Germans capitalized it to the fullest advantage. The refrain was: "Now you see that the United States is your enemy! She not only wants to starve you out but to prevent you from getting the raw materials with which to keep your industries going."

It was difficult to convince the Spaniard, as every American then in Spain tried to do, that we had no grievance against his country in this matter and that our whole desire was to prevent raw and semi-finished material and machinery from getting into German hands.

The way the court clique puts it over on the king is interesting—even amusing. The military attaché accredited to the German Embassy at Madrid is the instrument. He is a born salesman. He hunts and rides and motors with the monarch, agrees with him about everything and is therefore very much *persona grata*. The Spanish court has always had a great admiration for the German Army, and, until Verdun and the Somme put a few dents into the ideal, regarded it as the model of efficiency and organization. When the glory of German arms began to lose a little of its luster this enterprising attaché hit upon a plan to renew it. Every now and then he goes to the king with a confidential dispatch from the German War Office—the real dope from Hindenburg. He tells the king that a certain important offensive will be launched and that the Germans are certain to capture a specified point. He makes it clear that the king has the ear of the great god of war. A few days later Friend Attaché shows up with another dispatch, which says in substance: "As indicated by our previous dispatch we have captured the village of X, together with many prisoners and much booty." Thereupon the attaché beams and says "I told you so!"

It does not matter if the village of X happens to be three houses and a roadside shrine, as is often the case in France. The main fact is that the German prophet made good with his forecast. Absurd as this may seem to us, it does not fail in its purpose to impress upon royalty that Germany regards Spain as a friend to be trusted with military secrets.

Everywhere the tendency of German propaganda is to show by word, print or picture the close and sympathetic relation between Germany and Spain. A whole literature has been created for this purpose. I have before me as I write a typical specimen. It is a handsomely bound book entitled Amistad Hispano Germana, which, freely translated, means Hispano-Germanic Friendship. On the cover is a symbolic picture showing two fruit trees with their roots joined. One, which bears the coat of arms of Spain, is loaded with oranges; the other, adorned with the imperial eagle of Germany, bears golden acorns. The inference is obvious.

German Trickery in Spain

The two leading illustrations cleverly carry out the idea of Germano-Hispanic kinship. First comes the Kaiser, Su Majestad Guillermo II, as he is known in Spanish, looking warlike with his familiar upturned German military mustache. Facing him is a portrait of King Alfonso with his scant upper-lip hirsute adornment expanded into a fierce Kaiseresque mustache. The Spaniard living away off in Granada, Malaga, Valencia or the provinces is likely to exclaim on seeing these two portraits: "Our good king so admires the German Kaiser that he wears the same kind of mustache."

This book is supposed to be a loyal tribute from Spain to the German Empire. It was paid for—that is, it was supposed to be paid for—by the hundreds of Spaniards throughout the kingdom who subscribed their names to the following dedication:

"The following patrons of art affirm the neutrality of Spain and desire to manifest their great admiration and sympathy for the German state, whose interests have always been the interests of Spain, and recognition of German culture and its weighty contribution to the progress of the world."

It will be observed that the German editors neglected to spell culture with a *k*, or reproduce its synonym, the bloody bayonet.

The book contains exactly two hundred and fifty-eight pages of names. Each city is divided into professions. The list, however, is not without its jokers. The card index which the German propagandists used to collect this catalogue of beauty and chivalry was "loaded." For example, a certain Spaniard who is included as a leading banker of Cartagena happens to be the banker at the gambling table in the casino of the town. I might cite a good many more cases where German shins were barked by similar gold bricks. The book, however, made a powerful impression, because it was put forth as a Spanish enterprise animated by Spanish admiration for the German.

I could write a whole article about the German literature in Spain. Wherever you go you can buy books which recount the exploits of the German submarine campaign and the glories of the German armies. One of the most popular of these books is the story of the raider Moewe. A damaging document, labeled The Peace, has a spectacular news-stand cover showing the British flag being hauled down and a crown of laurel on the German standard that is rising in its stead. German peace literature is abundant throughout Spain, the effort being to herald the war lord as the apostle of peace.

One widely circulated example of German propaganda may well be considered a tragic joke of the war. It is an illustrated pamphlet entitled Around the World. This particular issue deals with the French "atrocities" in Spain under Napoleon. The spectacle of Germany exposing the atrocities of another nation is one to make the gods smile. Since the German has no humor he fails to see the irony of his effort.

Far more serious are the attacks on President Wilson, which appear almost daily in the press. Let me present three extracts from La Tribuna of Madrid, one of the leading pro-German publications. The first, which deals with the President's reply to the Pope's peace offer, is as follows:

"In my last article I gave a brief account of the horrible crime committed by Wilson against Nicaragua. If this were not more than enough to show that the Yankee President is disqualified in law and in equity to speak to us Europeans in such words as he uses in his answer to the Pope—if the moral opinion of the world had not been excited against the cynicism and unequaled perversities of Wilson, who, though on trial for *lèse-humanité*, has tried to constitute himself the judge of Europe and America, unfortunately there still exist, to the shame of humanity and the dishonor of civilization, other monstrous deeds done by Wilson, against which the world has not protested. . . . No; we must tear the mask from the hypocrite, Wilson."

The second is equally vituperative, and reads:

"After having carefully examined the sinister chapters of Yankee Imperialistic History, each and every one of which is a crime whose principal author is the actual President Wilson, our heart rebels against this man, against this Puritan who has the barefaced insolence to appear as a mediator between nations. This is his rôle in his speeches and proclamations, but his deeds are those of brute force, of war without quarter, of inconceivable extermination and devastation. Blushing at the sight of the repulsive creature, we ask ourselves the question whether the moral sense of humanity has been perverted when it listens to the words of the false and evil Wilson."

Silly Abuse of Mr. Wilson

Next comes this pleasantry, which deals with our "crime in Mexico":

"Is there a reader in Spain who does not know that Mexico has for long years been to the utmost a victim of the United States? California, Texas and other Aztec lands bear continual witness to this. And the devastation and affliction of the Mexican Republic in these last years, from the fall of Porfirio Diaz till the nomination of Carranza—who can doubt that these lie heavily on the conscience of Wilson? . . .

"And we feel that in the hour of death Wilson's last vision will be that of Mexico in ruins through his guilt, a desert and a graveyard; he may close his eyes, he may try to brush aside with his trembling hand the horrible picture; nevertheless he will see the ruins of smoking towns, temples profaned and starving cities! He will see pass the long procession of the murdered dead, he will hear the wails of widows and suffering orphans, of violated nuns and virgins, he will hear the sobbing cries of a whole nation suffering in a Yankee holocaust."

Germany leaves no ground uncovered. All visitors to Spain of Allied citizenship are watched from the moment they arrive. They are under the eye of a chain of agents who are in close and contentious communication. Many of these agents ride on the trains, sharing compartments with neutrals or enemy aliens, pilfering packages and opening baggage whenever possible. I speak from personal experience, because I was under scrutiny from the time I crossed the frontier until I left. On two occasions one of my bags was opened. Fortunately all my papers were elsewhere.

Every hotel of any consequence in the larger cities has in its employ at least one member of the German espionage organization. Sometimes he masquerades as a guide attached to the hotel staff, who is employed by the guests. In this way he finds out who they are and what they are doing. In the majority of cases, however, he is a porter or a waiter. As porter he has access to

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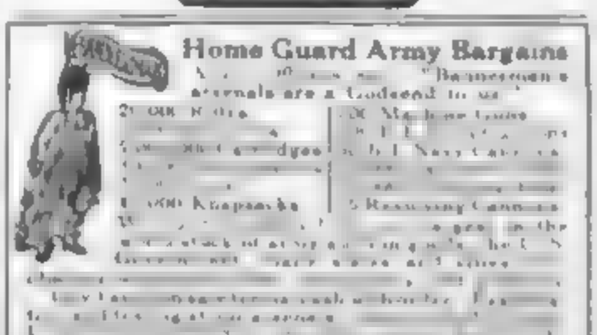

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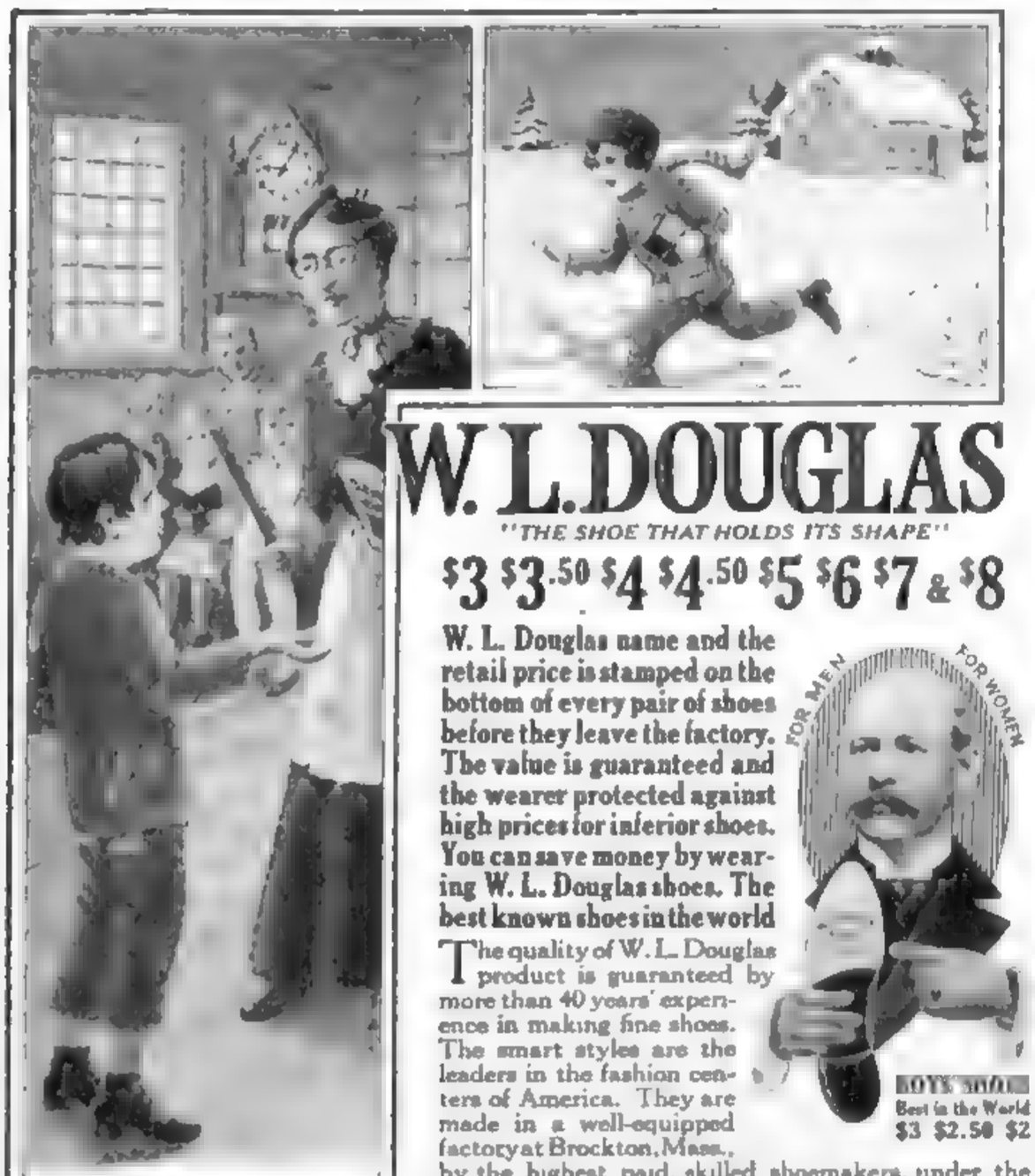

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baggage, an excellent hunting ground for the German spy.

Long and costly experience has taught the traveler in Spain—as in Sweden—to keep his bags and trunks locked and to carry his passport on his person. The new Spanish law which requires alien guests at hotels to give the number of their passports and the place of issue enables the Germans to keep track of their victims.

In the early days of the war and before travelers learned to protect themselves, Spain, like Switzerland and Sweden, was the center of an illicit traffic in stolen and forged passports. More than one German agent has obtained access to the forbidden countries on a passport filched by a porter or a clerk in a Spanish hotel.

At Barcelona a young American told me that his passport, his collection of eight passport pictures and his birth certificate—a very useful document in German hands these days—had been stolen out of his bag at one of the principal hotels. In all likelihood a boche spy is masquerading under these false colors in some Allied country at this moment.

Combined with this espionage is access to the Spanish postal service. British and American merchants doing business in Spain have made frequent protests to the government that their mail had been tampered with. In this way the German gets commercial and political information.

This ceaseless watch can be maintained only with compact organization and with many aids. With few exceptions the leading newspapers of the country are pro-German, and not for their health. One of the favorite ways of obtaining control of a Spanish newspaper is illustrated by this incident: About six months before the war a certain Madrid journal bought a complete mechanical equipment from a leading German manufacturing concern. No bill was sent. Three months after the war began the proprietor casually mentioned the fact to the German machinery agent in Madrid, who replied: "Forget the bill! We are in the same cause now."

Another accelerator of opinion is that well-known speeder-up of newspaper enthusiasm known as the advertising contract. Though scores of German firms who formerly advertised heavily are now unable to get their products into Spain, their advertising goes on just the same; and what is more important, it is being paid for. Thus these concerns keep their business flag up and get the benefit of a progressive goodwill not uncoupled with a certain admiration for what Spaniards regard as their sporting qualities.

Tainted War News

When Germany captures the little village of X that the German military attaché whose activities I described was so keen about, it is spread all over the front pages. Allied victories get scant notice. Under special instructions from Berlin the Spanish Germanophile newspapers play up the submarine campaign. Read the Spanish newspapers without knowledge of what is going on and you would think that the British mercantile marine is at the bottom of the sea.

This highly organized campaign must be financed. Where does the money come from? Until we went to war a great deal of it was shipped from the United States on credits telegraphed from Berlin. As soon as we entered hostilities this shipment of gold ceased. So much had been sent, however, that Germany, for the present at least, has ample funds with which to continue her work. Any shortage can be supplied from the German banks in South America, which are easily accessible from Spain. If these fail it is always easy for a so-called Spanish firm in New York to send funds to its correspondent in Barcelona, and these funds in turn find their way sooner or later to the German Embassy in Madrid, which is the box office of the whole German movement.

This whole network of espionage and propaganda leads to one portal—the gateway of business. The Germans in Spain realize that the war must end some day. Even into their brazen consciousness is being soaked the realization that it will not end their way. Their commerce must go on regardless of the result. Nowhere outside the Fatherland—save possibly in Switzerland—is it more important that it should be a productive institution than in Spain, for reasons that I have already mentioned. What is she doing?

Travel up and down the kingdom and you will soon find out. Whenever a factory or a factory site is offered for sale the first and best bidders are Germans. If there is the slightest likelihood of a mining property being put on the market the owners get a polite inquiry from an interested Teuton. If the output of farm, orchard, flock or herd is to be sold you will discover the Germans are hotfoot after it. Advertise a water-power project and almost before the paper is on the street a representative of Alemania—the Spanish for Germany—is on the job. All this means that by every device known to preparedness the German is getting ready to do business in Spain in a big way when the war is over.

If you could lift the roofs from scores of warehouses in Spain to-day you would find them filled with raw material—like cotton, copper, oil and ore—owned by Germans. Their buyers have been secretly mobilizing since the first month of the war. The seizure of millions of dollars' worth of raw stuff in the United States last October shows that the Spanish scheme was merely part of a world-wide campaign to assemble the material with which to start loom and lathe the day peace is declared.

Knowing these facts you can now look at the export figures from the United States to Spain during the past three years and make an illuminating deduction. In 1913, the last normal year before the war, the Spanish imports from the United States aggregated $31,471,723; in 1917 they had grown to $76,992,669, or more than double. Though Spain has supplied some of the Allied countries, especially France, with certain finished products, the fact remains that a considerable portion of this large increase went to swell the German hoards.

Preparing for Peace

Take cotton and you will see just what I mean. In 1913 we exported to Spain 158,976,935 pounds as against 229,309,705 pounds in 1915. There is the same relative increase in various other commodities. These stores are German insurance against discrimination by the Allied nations after the war. Their policy will be to conserve raw materials for their own trade.

Remember also that German business in Spain is going on without interruption. Our old friend the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, otherwise known as the A. E. G., is there with all her lights turned on. This huge electric-industry trust, whose long arms reached out to every Continental country before the war, is the backbone of Germanic industrial authority in Spain. Here it is known as the Thomson-Houston Iberica. It has branches in all the large cities.

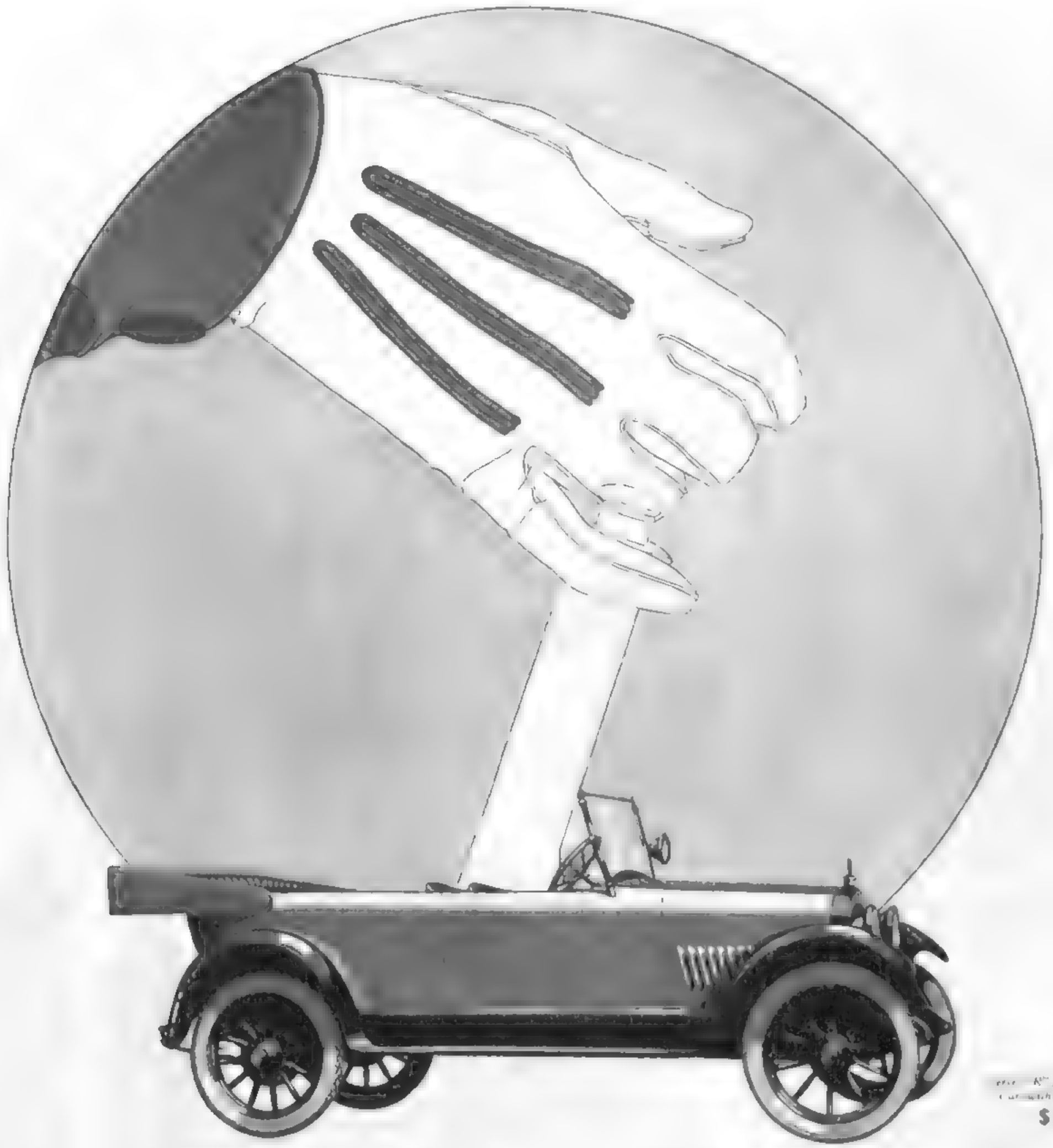
It is tribute to the trade tenacity of the German that in the face of his economic isolation he will not give up. On the Alcala, the main business street of Madrid, the Hamburg-American Line keeps its magnificent offices open and ready for business, though there is no business to do. This in itself is interesting. It becomes much more impressive when I tell you that in the show window is a huge map of the seven seas, showing the trade routes traversed by the line, and—irony of ironies—alongside is a complete list of the hundreds of ships flying, or that once flew, the Hamburg-American flag. Many of them are interned and rotting in ports or hauling American troops to France under good American names.

This may appear ridiculous to you, fully familiar with the facts. It is not so ridiculous to the citizen of Madrid walking up and down that main street. All he knows is what he sees; and he sees before him, in the midst of a great war that menaces German imperial existence, that the Hamburg-American Line still has every one of her ships. It shows how the German hangs on to a forlorn hope.

Here is another: Though Germany has a bank in Madrid—the Banco Aleman Transatlantico, a branch of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin—its activities are confined to the German firms in Spain. Yet it maintains its table in the foreign-exchange room of the Madrid Bourse and its representative sits there day after day, though he rarely does a dollar's worth of business. He is preparing for the day when he will.

Many straws show which way the German commercial wind is blowing. The mighty Metalgesellschaft of Berlin—the huge Germanic Metal Trust—is getting its hooks into every possible ore property in Spain. This organization bears the same

(Continued on Page 101)



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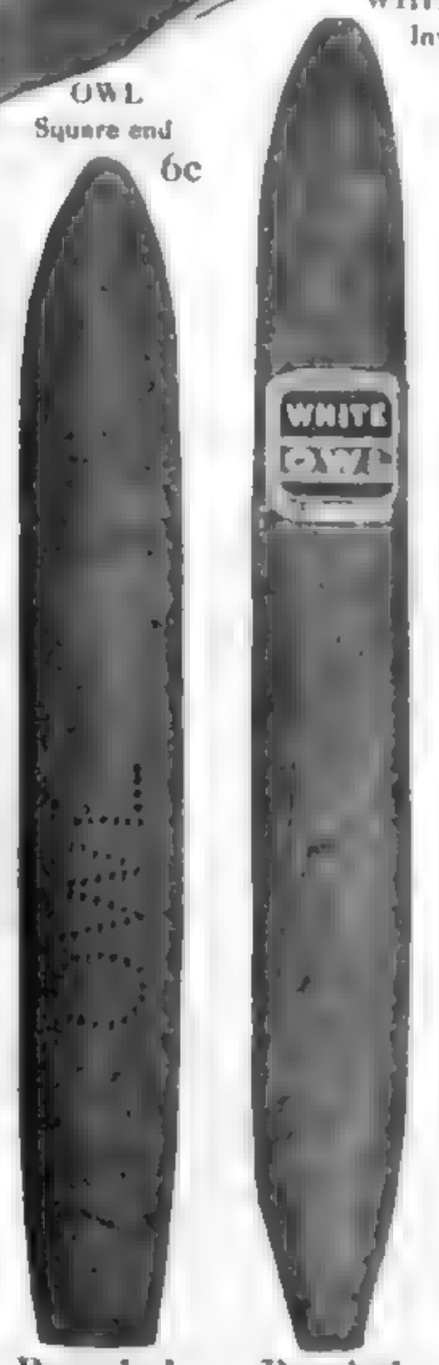

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THE MILLION DOLLAR CIGARS

(Continued from Page 98)

relation to Germany that the new Imperial Mineral Resources Board bears to Great Britain. It is the ore provider.

When the war began a German company had all the concessions and contracts to build a subway at Barcelona. This thriving city is the real capital of German industry in Spain. It includes among its residents not less than 25,000 Germans, who own scores of textile mills and other factories. In Bilbao, the busy seaport in the north, the German hand is heavy. For many years prior to the war the Krupps had a strong grip on the iron mines of the west.

In Spain Germany is up to every trick that enabled her to get her near-mastery of world trade before the war. Shortly before I arrived in the country thousands of circulars bearing the name of a German firm in Madrid were sent broadcast throughout the country containing this admonition: "Do not buy motor cars now. Wait until after the war. Germany is preparing to buy all the used automobiles at the various Fronts and will sell them cheaper than any other nation."

Another striking evidence of foresight was related to me by a well-known American machinery dealer in Paris. He has a branch in Barcelona. He entered into competition with a German firm for a certain contract and lost the business. When he came to investigate he found that the Germans had sold the equipment at a profit of less than five per cent. The reason for this philanthropy, as they frankly stated, was that they wanted to keep their business going and were getting ready for the future.

As always, but more especially since the outbreak of the war, spite enters into the German trade scheme. Valencia is the center of a large fruit district whose product formerly went to Russia. The Teuton agents have bought up a large portion of it at high prices each year and let it rot rather than let the British or French have it.

Dirty Work Punished

Another instance embodied a direct menace to our goods. The agent of a large New York machinery house at Barcelona received a bill of lading stating that fifteen much-needed machines had been shipped to him on a certain Spanish steamer. When it reached port and despite the fact that the ship's manifest showed that the freight was loaded it could not be found on board. After an investigation instituted by the American consul at Madrid it developed that these machines had been actually put on the vessel at New York and then removed. On his admission that he had been an accessory to the fact, the captain was fined ten thousand dollars. The sole reason for this amazing procedure was to embarrass American business in Spain. The firm to which the machines were consigned is known to be patriotic enough to discountenance all dealing with Germans. This episode shows the close teamwork between the German systems in Spain and in the United States.

German business in Spain is built on the well-known formula which welds finance and industry and which may be said to have this cardinal rule: "We can give anybody anywhere anything he wants." It is the boche's foreign-trade creed. If Antonio Garcia down in old Seville, for example, wants a lavender saddle with a pink pommel and green stirrups, the German leather merchant assumes that he knows what he wants and makes it for him without asking a question. He even congratulates him on his good taste. The German never makes the mistake of adopting the take-it-or-leave-it policy. If a manufacturer orders a special machine that seems ridiculous, the German agent immediately says: "It's a splendid idea and we will be glad to make it."

These tactics—and they are never too familiar to be repeated—combined with long credit and accurate knowledge of needs, have built up the German business goodwill in Spain and will keep it alive indefinitely.

The constantly increasing commercial power of Germany during the forty years preceding the war rested upon a supposedly invincible military supremacy. Every trade offensive was sustained and supported by the visible or invisible evidence of the nation's armed force. Back of it was the confidence that the mailed fist would smite in case of emergency. Here you get the secret of German arrogance, no less marked in Spain than in France, Belgium or Brazil. In other words, Germany conquered the economic world abroad by keeping her guns constantly pointed at her rivals. If the war can rid the universe of this commercial militarism a great step will be made toward universal economic freedom.

One phase of German trade in Spain does not reflect much glory upon certain American industries. I mean the surreptitious shipping of our manufactured articles to Spain, ostensibly to Spanish firms but in reality consigned to German business houses. How does the A. E. G. keep its shelves filled? I will tell you how.

A Spanish firm which we will call A, in good standing, orders goods from a house in the United States. It sells these articles to Spanish Firm B, also in good standing. Spanish Firm B, in turn, disposes of them to Spanish Firm C, also apparently in good standing. Here is where the German agent comes in, because he gets the goods from the last link in this progressive chain of trade deception. It has been a common practice.

Happily this industrial treachery is doomed. The export embargo clamped down by the United States on Spain, aided by a follow-up system which will trace imports to the ultimate consumer, will end the illicit relationship. To the credit of self-respecting Spanish enterprises let it be said that in more than one instance they were the innocent dupes of this characteristic example of Germanic subterfuge.

This revelation very naturally leads to the whole problem of American business in Spain. Not all of it is done in the devious, subterranean and not altogether creditable way that I have just described. This regrettable episode is merely an incident in a much larger activity.

You find American industries represented in Spain by capable representatives who have done their best in the face of the Germanic propaganda and the ill will engendered by our entry into the war. An American corporation is making a survey for a direct railway line from Madrid to the French frontier through Pamplona. The route to-day is so roundabout that it is like going from Washington to Buffalo by way of New York.

Unfortunately we have long neglected Spain as an export market for our goods and also as a source of supply for imported goods of consequence. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that the geographical location of Spain with reference to our eastern seaboard is unusually favorable for trade development between the two countries. Look at the map and you will see that the western coast of the Iberian Peninsula is nearer New York by several hundred miles than any of the northern European ports in France or Great Britain. Vigo, for instance, is exactly four hundred miles nearer New York and Boston than Liverpool is. The great need is a direct steamship line between New York and Vigo. Unfortunately Vigo has no hinterland, no railways, and her population is small. If we really mean to do business in Spain in a large way we could remedy all this. It is an opportunity for American enterprise which could combine a check to the German economic advance at the same time.

Chances for Americans

In area Spain is almost equal to the German Empire or France, and sixteen times larger than Belgium. Yet the trade of the United States with France in normal times is five times as great as with Spain. With Holland with her 6,000,000 people our trade is three times larger than with Spain with her population of 20,000,000. Little Switzerland with less than 4,000,000 inhabitants, an inland country with no ocean outlets, sells us in peace years goods about equal in value to what we import from Spain.

The big fact for America to remember at this moment is that Spain in some respects is the most important neutral nation in Europe. Now is the time for a trade offensive in Spain if we are going to do business there at all. Manufactured goods which were formerly imported from the Central Powers are no longer obtainable in quantities. Some commodities are entirely out of the market. Since 1914 the Spanish buyer has turned to American goods, like typewriters, office supplies and hardware, which were formerly supplied by German, French and British jobbers and their representatives.

To be concrete, let me quote what Dr. C. W. A. Veditz, commercial attaché to the American embassies at Madrid and Paris, said to me with regard to our possible trade relations in Spain:

"I am fully persuaded that our manufacturers and dealers would find it well worth their while to study the Spanish market for leather; boots and shoes and the machinery connected with their manufacture; photographic apparatus and supplies; small tools and hardware; certain lines of chemical and pharmaceutical products; coal; electrical supplies, materials and apparatus; glass, musical instruments, candies, gentlemen's furnishing goods, particularly underwear; cravats, shirts, collars and cuffs; cheap jewelry; surgical instruments and dental supplies."

One reason why American business is not so strongly intrenched in Spain as it should be is that we have made so many of our usual mistakes in foreign trade there. We repeated, for instance, the blunder—it has cost us much business in France and Belgium—of leaving the representation of some of our interests to aliens, who are often Germans. In Spain this continued for a considerable time after the war broke out. It gave the German an excellent chance to keep going. Many of these German agents are now on the American black list.

The road to a permanent trade relation is through personal representation. A postage stamp is a poor salesman, especially if it does not speak the language of the prospective customer.

Our prize oversight in Spain, however, is the failure to establish adequate banking facilities. Incredible as it seems, there is no American bank in the kingdom.

England has not made this mistake. When you go to Madrid or Barcelona today you will find that the Spanish banks have no finer quarters than the London County and Westminster Bank.

Another British enterprise strongly intrenched in Spain is the Ebro Company, founded by the late Doctor Pearson, who went down on the Lusitania and who was a real empire builder. The Ebro Company developed immense water power and electric railway interests in Mexico and is duplicating those activities in the vicinity of Barcelona and other large cities.

American Exchange Law

There is another excellent reason why America should get busy in Spain. I mean the question of foreign exchange. In King Alfonso's realm our dollar is at a discount. Ordinarily it is worth 5.18 pesetas. A peseta is about twenty cents. Recently it has been hanging round 4.30.

Spain is well worth developing. She has a greater variety of minerals than the United States. They remain unexploited because the Spaniard has very little confidence in his own country. When he invests he always employs his money abroad. As a result French, British and Belgian money built the Spanish railroads, while German capital developed the water power and the steel industry, especially near Bilbao.

Concessions are the curse of mining in Spain, as you will now see. A bankrupt member of the nobility gets the right to operate a property. Instead of forming a company he sells the privilege, which is then hawked from one group to another. It becomes a rolling stone that gathers nothing but abuse from the various victims. Out of three thousand coal-mine concessions issued during the past five years less than two hundred have been worked.

After the war Spain, like every other European country, will need coal. Her Asturian fields produce only a very inferior quality of fuel, and it is not for export. As I have emphasized in previous articles, the country that can produce and ship coal to France, Italy and now Spain will be the country bound by the strongest economic ties. It shows the way to one strong post-war relationship with the Spaniard.

If we do get busy in Spain it will be with a new Spain, despite Madrid's picturesque contrast of ancient oxcarts creaking past the Ritz Hotel. She has rolled up the greatest gold reserve of her history. For the first time she is a creditor nation. She is far from being supine. She has increased her army, enlarged her munition factories and is strengthening her fortifications. In the face of these warlike preparations the Spaniard remains a peace lover. All the blood that he wants to see can be comfortably spilled at a bull fight. Nor is he altogether the drone that some Americans think him. Two incidents will show that he can be enterprising.

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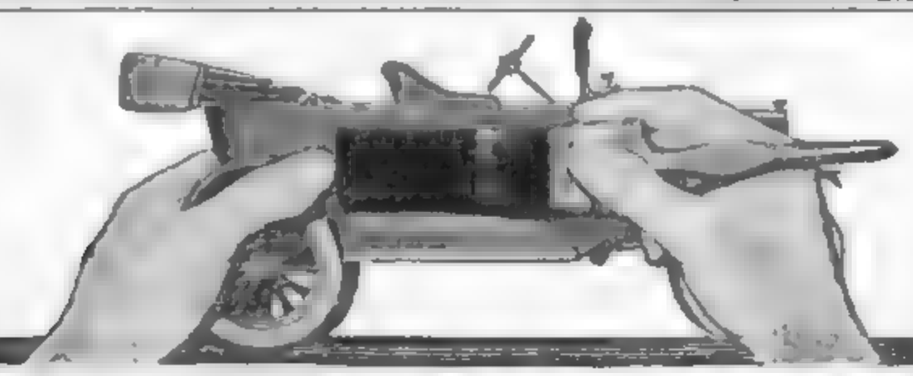

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In Spain the signal for the departure of a train is made by the ringing of a bell which hangs over the door of the waiting room of the station. A Spanish salesman had a limited time in a small town and he wanted to catch a certain train. To make certain that he would make it he unhooked the bell from its place and took it with him on his business rounds. The conductor, a creature of habit, serenely held the train until the salesman restored the bell and rang it.

Spain is creating new industries. I traveled from Barcelona to Madrid with a Spaniard who told me that he had always worn khaki in summer. During a trip to Paris last spring he went to a large shop to order three or four suits, which he wanted at once. He was amazed when the salesman said: "I am sorry that we cannot accommodate you. We must order the goods from Spain." On account of the tremendous demands that the armies are making on French and British khaki factories, Spain has had to develop her own. They will be a factor in the national trade when peace comes.

Doing business in Spain is a real adventure. Unless you start right you are booked for all kinds of trouble. Wherever the uninformed alien seeking to establish trade relations turns he encounters some obstacle, temperamental or acquired, that will ruffle his temper or tap his pocketbook. Since graft is almost as old as Spain herself, it naturally follows that the way to the establishment of commercial enterprise is beset with meaningless laws and punctuated with fees. In every foreign company with a declared capital, for example, the manager must pay a tax of ten per cent of his salary, and the employees five per cent.

No American firm should think of entering the Spanish field without investigating every legal detail from the Spanish point of view. This is part of the general principle for successful foreign-trade exploitation, which may be summed up under the instruction: Do business in a foreign country wherever possible as a corporation organized under the laws of that country.

How to Start Business in Spain

There are five ways in which a foreign company can carry on a business in Spain. The first is to have an agent, who may be a Spaniard. The second is through a direct representative of the company, which requires no capital, and under the Spanish law no bookkeeping. The third is a branch company with a so-called "declared capital," which means that a full set of books must be kept in Spanish. The person sent to represent the company must have a full power of attorney certified to by the proper authorities in the home office and viséed by the Spanish consul there in order that he may be accredited by the government and civil authorities. The fee for the incorporation of a company with a capital stock of $10,000 is $300.

Another alternative is to start a Spanish *anonyme* company, which can be formed by three people, who need not necessarily be Spanish. Shareholders are only responsible to the extent of their holdings. For a $10,000 capitalization the cost, which includes lawyer's fee, would be approximately $350. With this company a full set of books must be kept in Spanish. Under the Hispanic laws there is still another way to conduct trade, through what is called a collective company, which may be organized by two or more people, with a fixed capital but no shares. It really corresponds to an old-fashioned American partnership. In this type of company the providers of the capital assume full liability for all indebtedness. In the opinion of Americans who have done business in Spain the direct representative arrangement or an *anonyme* company is the most desirable.

Patriotic industrialism is not the only motive for the cultivation of a close commercial friendship in Spain. Throughout Europe one of the vital questions is: "Will Spain enter the war?" The answer is full of meaning for us.

Contrary to popular belief the Allies are not particularly keen about wanting Spain in the conflict. She is more useful outside the fold. From her England gets pyrites—an iron-sulphur ore—very useful in munitions making. The output of the Río Tinto copper mines is more precious these days than gold or silver. Stoppage of these supplies would work considerable hardship now that America's war needs are mounting daily. Then, too, France gets large quantities of food and food products from the Hispanic factories.

These purely utilitarian reasons are subordinate to the real hazard to the United States which would attach to Spain's entry into the war on the side of Germany. The secret German submarine bases would become open nests of destruction. From the Spanish coast these terrors of the sea could launch a deadly assault against the trade routes of Allied ships and strike easily at our army transports bound for France. These facts are well worth serious consideration.

Again, Germany has approximately 80,000 of her citizens in Spain, where, not as in Italy, they rarely become naturalized. They are still loyal citizens of the Fatherland. Some of them are trained soldiers from the Kamerun, while thousands of others, who have long resided in Spain or who came for business or propaganda purposes—they are one and the same thing—are reservists of military age. They could be the nucleus of an army that might create havoc on the French frontier. If Spain went to war against her France would have to detach at least 200,000 men from her already hard-pressed armies to defend the long border line. Thus there is every good reason why the Allies want to keep Spain neutral.

Now is the Time to Begin

At the time this article is written—early in January—there seems little likelihood that Spain will depart from the narrow, if not altogether straight, path of neutrality. The new Coalition Cabinet represents the old-line court influence. It is headed by Garcia Prieto—the Marquis de Alhucemas—who succeeded Count Dato as premier. Dato was a professional neutralist. Prieto, who makes the same profession of faith, is inclined to be pro-German. He takes his cue from his political mentor, Santiago Alba—no relation to the great duke—who has long been a pronounced Germanophile. Don Antonio Maura, the one-time "Boss of Spain," who is more inclined toward the Allies than most of his colleagues, has been sidetracked for the present. All this means that the Teutonic wishes at court will doubtless prevail and Spain will continue benevolently neutral.

The freedom for which the civilized world is fighting must remain a stranger to the Hispanic people until Alfonso consents to run for president—an event not so impossible as it seems at first glance. The king, who is really very democratic, still has a strong hold upon the great mass of the population. When one of his friends facetiously suggested last autumn that he make a try for the presidency he is reported to have said: "I am willing to take a chance. It could not be more hazardous than being a king."

Recent events, such as the attempt of noncommissioned officers in the army to follow the lead of their superiors and organize their own juntas, indicate a growing protest against the iron hand of Weylerism. Unlike the strike of last summer, this effort was nipped in the bud. The leaders were ousted because the government acted swiftly. But it is significant as showing that democracy is stirring in the ancient kingdom.

What we need most in Spain to-day are live and sophisticated propagandists in the shape of energetic Americans who can speak Spanish and who can convince the Spaniard through the quality of their goods and the efficiency of their selling methods that his business bread in the future should be buttered with the Uncle Sam article instead of the Kaiser's brand. Like nearly everything else in this world it gets down to salesmanship.

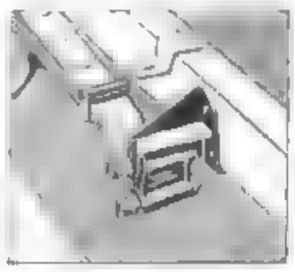
When the war is ended we shall want every foreign-trade friend that we can muster if we mean to keep part of the balance that stands to our credit on the international trade ledger. That balance represents an inflated commerce born of urgent war needs. With peace, every fighting nation will go back to the old business stand. Trade will resolve itself into a struggle for existence. The doctrine of self-sufficiency which England, France and Italy have already unfurled from their national mastheads will make it all the more necessary for us to develop the neutral lands.

We shall find Spain well worth cultivating. Now is the time to begin.

Editor's Note—This is the last of the series of articles dealing with business conditions in Europe.

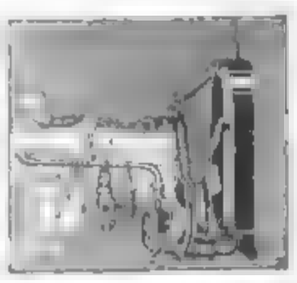
Your Car should have these features to give you the *Most Service at Least Cost*

Oil Cup Lubrication



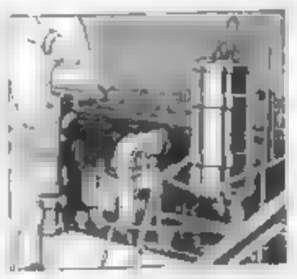
WICK-FED OIL CUPS—instead of the usual grease cups—provide continuous lubrication *automatically*. They do not have to be screwed down. They are filled from a long spout can without soiling hands or clothes. This uniform, adequate, unfailing system makes for easier, quieter running, elimination of repair bills, and longer life. *The Westcott is the first to lubricate the chassis by oil cups exclusively. Not a single grease cup is used.*

Thermostatic Control of Temperature



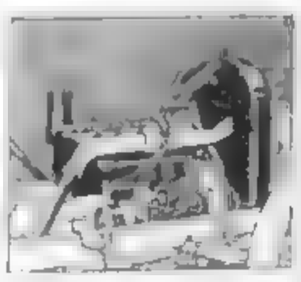
A THERMOSTAT automatically and unfailingly controls the internal temperature of the motor. This keeps the temperature at just the degree that makes for the smoothest running of the engine and the most economical use of gasoline and oil. Its operation does not depend upon the alertness of the driver. *This improvement is found in its most highly perfected form in the present Westcott models.*

Perfect Carburation



A CARBURETOR especially designed for the motor and having a self-contained priming device makes immediate starting more certain regardless of the temperature. Eliminating the external intake manifold and preheating the gasoline and air overcomes the drawbacks of low grade fuel and makes for gasoline economy. *The Rayfield experts, working with the Westcott engineers, have given the Westcott all these aids to perfect carburation.*

Dependable Power Plant



SOME of the more important factors in motor construction which make for speed, power, flexibility, and long life are:—Scientifically balanced crank shaft. Automatic force feed and splash lubrication. Aluminum crank case and pressed steel oil pan, saving weight. Carefully constructed and adjusted bearings. *These and all other desirable features of motor design and construction are found in the Westcott.*

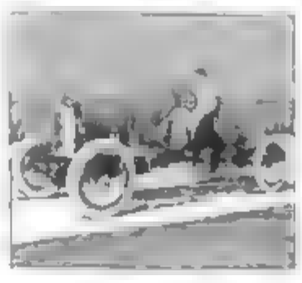
Instinctive Driving

PEDALS adjustable to the legs, steering column adjustable to the reach, long brake and gear-shift that can be grasped without stooping, and the placing of the recording instruments directly before the eyes of the driver instead of to one side—all these help to make driving a matter of pleasant, instinctive recreation instead of intensive, laborious concentration. *Not one of these items is overlooked in the Westcott.* It is unusually easy to drive.

Self-Acting Top

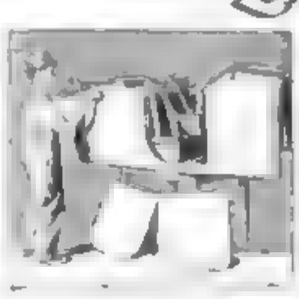
A "SELF-ACTING" TOP—instead of the so-called "one man" type—is a tremendous saver of time, temper and energy. The frame is designed so that it works automatically. To take down the top, it simply is necessary to fold back the front extension and the top itself does the rest. To put up the top, one merely gives it an upward lift and it swings into position. *This top is a regular part of the Westcott.*

Road Tests



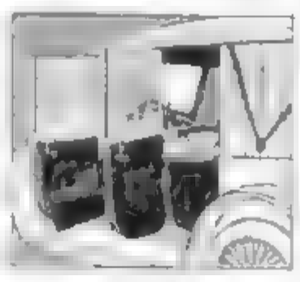
A ROAD TEST is the best check on motor car construction. A car that is not allowed to leave the factory until it has demonstrated its ability to meet the ultimate buyer's every requirement is more likely to give permanent satisfaction than one that has to be tuned up after it reaches the buyer. *Before shipment, every Westcott car is road tested for hill climbing, low throttling, acceleration, ranges of speed and all-round roadability.*

Long-Lived Finish



MOTOR CAR finish applied in a sealed room ventilated with a forced air circulation of washed humidified air stands harder use and holds its brilliancy much longer. This method excludes all dust particles and insures a surface that is perfectly covered and absolutely smooth. *Westcott painting and varnishing is done in this way.* The velvety appearance of Westcott bodies after long service is evidence of the economy of such precautions.

Time Saving Conveniences



CURTAINS that open with the doors and without requiring "unfastening and fastening" save time and trouble. Having the tools in the door beside the driver instead of under a seat is a convenience appreciated every time a tool must be used. Reversible headlamps that permit throwing the light on the motor often come in handy. *These features and many others of equal convenience are found in the Westcott.*

Expert Engineering Throughout

CONCERNS specializing in the various departments of automobile engineering set the standard for service and durability and insure permanent satisfaction to the owners of cars in which their parts are used. It is seldom that so many of these representative manufacturers are found collaborating in a single car as in the Westcott. *The combination of Continental, Timken, Delco, Fedders, Rayfield, Spicer, Gemmer, Willard, Stewart, indicates that the Westcott is the last word in dependability and durability.*

OPEN CARS

Sportster	$2290
Five or Seven Passenger Touring	1940
Four Passenger Touring Roadster	1890

F. O. B. Springfield, Ohio

Westcott

CONVERTIBLE CARS

Five or Seven Passenger Sedan	$2790
Four Passenger Coupé	2790
Wire wheels on any model	$100 extra

F. O. B. Springfield, Ohio

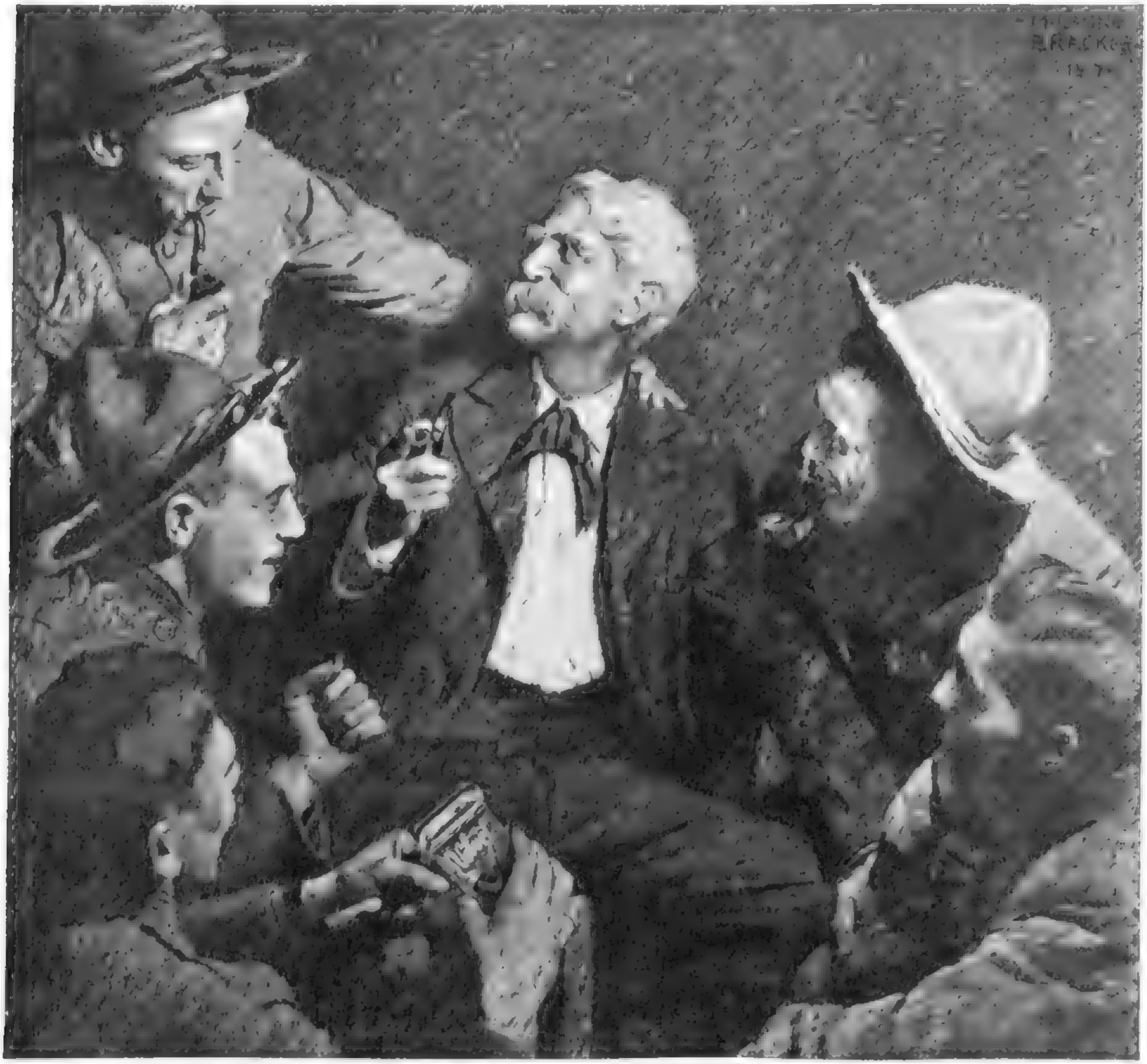
THE WESTCOTT SIX is sold throughout the country by distributors who take pride in keeping Westcott owners enthusiastic about the Westcott car. If you are interested in securing not merely an automobile but the convenience, comfort, low up-keep, economical operation, lasting value and permanent satisfaction which are the joys of Westcott ownership, write us for the name of the distributor in your territory and Booklet "A" fully describing the essential features presented above and the many others that make the Westcott give remarkable service at minimum cost.

Dealers who would like to represent a car that so completely meets the public's present demand for unquestioned dependability and assured durability will find the Westcott selling plan as sound as the Westcott car

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

REMINDER

Tear off as a reminder to send for Westcott Booklet "A". Or write your name and address in the margin below and mail to THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.



A DADDY HE CAN BRAG ABOUT

Now, all you boys in olive drab,
Come smoke a good luck pipe with me,
I'll read your fortune in the smoke
An' tell you all the things I see.

I see three kiddies, plain as day—
One says "My pa owns everything,
A million million dollars, too."
The other says "My pa's a king."

An' then the littlest kid of all
Swells up until his buttons tear—
"Shucks, they ain't in it with my dad!
Why, fellers, he fought Over There!"

Here's luck, you boys in olive drab,
Good fortune bring you safely out
And give some littlest kid some day
A daddy he can brag about.

Velvet Joe

THE PATH TO VICTORY

(Continued from Page 9)

be accomplished here. England has a parliamentary government, with a responsible cabinet. In England a vote of lack of confidence in parliament on a vital matter sends the government to the country for support or rejection. In England the real ruler, the premier, goes out automatically with his cabinet. In England there are short cuts to legislation through orders in council.

Suppose some sublimated Northcliffe were operating in this country. He might thunder until the heavens shook, and he could not shorten the term of President Wilson one day or one hour. He might reverberate until the hills tottered, and not a man would go out of the Cabinet or a change be made unless the President so willed it. He might send his broadsides in unceasingly for months and get a vote of lack of confidence in the Administration in Congress three times a day every day for a year, and not a jot could he disturb or change or remove the rulers in this country. In England a change is needed, say, for the conduct of the war—a change in tariff, let us say, or in a method of handling a great national resource. An order in council makes the change instantly. And here? Why, we cannot change even a tariff schedule without legislation by Congress. It was not necessary in England to go through all the detail and debate and delay that is going on at present to establish the status of Mr. McAdoo as Director General of Railroads. When England went to war an order in council did the whole business—immediately.

Now that is why nobody has "dared" to be a Northcliffe in this country. It wasn't that any such great daring was demanded, but that there was no sense in it. We do not do things the way England does them, governmentally, but the people who are yammering for a Northcliffe over here do not stop to think of that. They have been frightened by half facts and quarter facts or no facts, and they want something done. They do not know what—something; like the cult of Carlyle—the God-sakers, as he described them—the people who go about wringing their hands and moaning "For God's sake, do something!"

The People Want to Know

The Government of the United States is rigid—less so since this war began, but still rigid. Observe the President asking Congress for permission to shift about his Cabinet and combine and coördinate executive departments. Even with all his power, as increased during this war, he must ask Congress for its consent to do what Lloyd George could do by the simple act of signing an order. But for all that, with a Northcliffe thundering from every editorial tripod in the country the President's term could not be shortened a minute; nor his power diminished. So much for that.

We do not need a Northcliffe in this country. What we need is a rational appreciation of the facts as they are, and a closer connection between the people on the one hand and the Administration on the other. This might be easily attained if the President could speak every day, but he cannot, nor every month. He can neither act as the bulletin of progress nor as the spokesman for his subordinates except in the larger matters. The great crying need in this country is for a few facts, a few things to tie to, a few things to get our teeth into. That is all there is to it—a little truth. We all think, hope, pray, know that the United States will do her great share in winning this war, which must be won. But in these times faith must be supported by an occasional demonstration. We must be told a few things. We can't keep the home fires of faith burning unless a bit of the fuel of fact is supplied now and then.

Everybody is English in England. Everybody is French in France. But we have a population that is so heterogeneous that it may not be analyzed. Naturally what the sociologists and the psychologists call the soul of England and the soul of France are definite in those countries, capable of assertion; whereas the soul of America is nebulous. The consequence is that though an Englishman may rouse England or a Frenchman may rouse France there are very few Americans who can rouse all America, because the appeal of nearly every American goes directly to the sort of Americans that he himself is. Hence the appeal in this country must be more material. It must be concrete.

Let us look at the country as it is, with its vast stretches of territory, its great populations in various portions that are sectional, almost indigenous. There can be no denial that the people of the Southwest, for example, though loyally and patriotically supporting the war, differ in thought, habit and custom from the people of the Northwest; that the people of New England are in no wise similar to the people of the Pacific Coast; that the people of the Mississippi Valley and the New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians are Americans, but with different ideas, largely. Therefore, the common appeal must be the appeal of the thing that has been done. We are a matter-of-fact people. We want to know. We deserve to know—not everything, but some things. And if we are going to win this war we must know.

I shall hope at some later time to set forth the difference between professional and political criticism, and popular criticism; but it is sufficient at this time to say that professional and political criticism comes from the inside, whereas popular criticism comes from the outside—that is, the professional critic is the man who thinks he knows, whereas the popular critic is the man who wants to know. And the vital point about it all is this: The professional critic never will cease to be a critic, no matter whether he knows or not, whereas the popular critic will cease to be a critic and become a supporter once he is told, and believes.

The War-Makers' Oversights

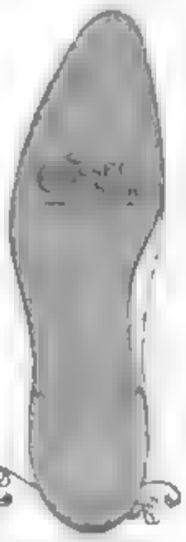
Much of the clamor now rising over the conduct of the war never would have risen if the people had been told from time to time of what was happening, given concrete instances of progress instead of large generalizations; if mistakes had been frankly confessed and not hidden so assiduously; if the people had been put on the plane of partners in the enterprise instead of merely producers for it. It is well enough to blanket errors and blunders and stupidities with the smug statement that a democracy is a poor war-maker, but it doesn't work; for the people of the United States consider their democracy as big enough and wise enough and good enough to make war just as capably as it can make automobiles, or raise wheat or corn, or lay railroads. In a time like this a generalization will blanket only for a short period. No man will submit forever to the statement that things are going well, without demanding proof that things are going well.

And this policy of generalization has led to a certain demoralization, to a weakening of the hold of the war-makers on the popular spirit and imagination. It apparently has escaped the consideration of the war-makers that if there are a million and a half mothers with sons in camps and at the Front and one case of neglect comes out, the remainder of the mothers immediately localize that case of neglect as impending on their own sons and will not be comforted by the broad statement that all is well in the camps. Furthermore, to give another phase of it, there is a large, conservative, substantial population in this country unused to the new order of things and wedded to the old. They stand and see the war whizzing along, and are frightened and made clamorous in protest. They hear a country talking in billions where millions were the unit formerly, and they realize but dimly why the country talks in billions. They haven't been told, except incidentally, and with the wide and handsome generalization that this is the richest country in the world, and therefore must spend more money than any other—a sort of Coal Oil Johnny proposition that does not appeal to them. They are scared, and they protest.

These are but two phases of many of the national mind, and both of these, as in the case of most of the others, come from a lack of information rather than from a desire to protest or criticize. We started into this war about a year ago with a loud and ringing cry that we intended to make the world safe for democracy, and that is a great and a noble battle cry; but when we have proceeded for all these months without making it clear just what we are doing

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK



THE experienced shoe dealer knows that there is a great deal more to a fine shoe than "looks." Honest leather and real comfort are also on most men's minds when they come to him.

All shoes that have my name on the sole carry these qualities. I am using this year the same high-class materials that I have always used in shoes which carry my name. They are the best-wearing shoes I can make.

Why not look up the shoe merchant nearest you who carries Crossett Shoes? He will gladly explain their superior wear. With each pair he will also give you my folder, "The Care of a Pair of Shoes." This contains the best advice we can give on getting the fullest possible wear out of good shoes.

CROSSETT Walking Boots and Oxfords for Women contain the same fine leather and workmanship.

Lewis A. Crossett

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc
Makers North Abington, Mass.

No. 301

$7.50 to $12

FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN

A tremendously interesting series of letters between an old-fashioned farm mother and her up-to-date farm daughter—written by Corra Harris and her daughter Faith Harris Leech—begins in this week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 cents the Copy
$1.00 the Year
$1.75 the Year in Canada

The Curtis Publishing Co.
293 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

to bring this admirable state of affairs about, and assure the people that all is well, instead of letting them know what is well and what is ill, we are helping neither to make the world safe for democracy nor our democracy safe for us.

We were a country going about our business—a machine geared for, say, three thousand revolutions a minute; suddenly the machine ran up to three million revolutions a minute; and of course it broke. Now where is the sense, or the patriotism, or the vision in trying to make it appear that the machine has not broken? Why not admit it and get to work to make a machine that will not break under the strain, instead of patching, and tinkering, and fixing, and plugging, and soldering, and transferring rusty parts to worn bearings? Why try to hide the breakdowns and seek to repair them with old material? Why not admit the machine is outworn and make a new one? If a part is not efficient why not throw it out and get another part? Why generalize and temporize and patch, instead of building a new machine?

Most of all, why try to make the people believe that the old machine, as patched and tinkered, is a good machine, and doing its work, when it isn't?

That is exactly what happened in our War Department. It was a good-enough machine for its three thousand revolutions a minute, but it reached its limitations at three thousand revolutions. It couldn't operate beyond that. And it didn't. That was apparent to everybody except the men who were the cogs in the machine itself. They thought they were functioning at the increased speed, but they were not. Gears broke. Wheels exploded. The boiler blew up. It was wrecked; but covertly and with protestations that all was well the patchers and the pluggers and the tinkers tried to make the machine over. The argument apparently was that a perfectly good new machine may be constructed of the component parts of a perfectly bad old machine. That cannot be done, as has been shown.

Thus, when it became known that the old machine was creaking and grinding and not functioning, when the failures of it became public, then the natural thing occurred. Each failure was magnified in importance because the public had been led to believe that the machine was working well. A dereliction, or a stupidity, or a mistake took on an added importance because the knowledge of it came as a shock.

Why Not Tell the Truth?

Suppose, for example, there had been a measure of frankness about the business. That there wasn't was due of course to vanity, mostly, and professional pride, and the firm and fatuous obsession of the professional soldier that none but a professional soldier possibly can be of any efficiency in any operation involving the preparation or conduct of the military arm of the Government for war. Suppose the people had been told of the facts—told that this machine was, because of the situation it was in and the demands that had been made on it, inadequate, but that steps would be taken to remedy the inadequacies, and that while the old machine was functioning pending the erection of the new machine there would be mistakes, but that eventually a machine would be built that would be adequate.

There would have been some sense in that program. Everything wasn't bad. There was much good. There is more good now than there has been. More is coming. Still, we have been a year now, and if the former policy of withholding anything but generalizations from the people is pursued there will be further demands for explanations and further embarrassment of the army policy of the Government; all of which might have been avoided if there had been anybody in the War Department who could think for five minutes in a human instead of in a military manner. The lack of vision in the professional soldier—and especially in the professional general who has reached the paunchy, swivel-chair age—is incredible. His mentality is bounded by the regulations on one side, reports on another, specifications on another, and by prejudices and precedents on the fourth.

Suppose, for the purpose of illustration, there had been a measure of frankness about this question of uniforming the soldiers. Anybody who has given the matter any thought or who will give it any thought knows that it is absurd, silly to contend that a country that makes clothes each year for fifty million men, and for a good many million women in approximately a male manner—coats, that is—could not make two or three million uniforms, or ten million, in a few weeks. There came delays, maybe for good reason, maybe for bad, but delays; and instead of being frank about it to the people the War Department tried to cover up the shortages, while every boy in camp who didn't have a uniform was writing back home of his lack and the lack of his comrades.

Why not say there were delays, and why not scrap the part of the machine responsible, instead of patching and tinkering and subterfuging and hanging desperately to the archaic methods and men responsible? The people would have been tolerant; but they were not tolerant when they found that what they had been promised by grandiloquent press agents was not true. If a statement had been made that some of the boys would not have uniforms for a time there would have been an end to it, for it would have been held popularly as one of the fortunes of war; but that statement was not made, and the country was led to suppose that some of the billions spent had been productively spent for uniforms; and when the truth did come out about that and other concealed things the uproar rose that has caused the reorganization of the War Department that is in progress as I write, and that probably will get results.

Things That Can be Told

Like every other similar protest this protest was extravagant, for it was based on instances instead of on a completely measured accomplishment. The truth of it is that even with all its deficiencies the War Department has done many big things in a big way, and though there have been many stupidities, many mistakes, many errors of judgment and accomplishment—there too have been many phases of its work that deserve both respect and admiration. There is no other department of the Government where the middle-of-the-road consideration is so well justified, and no other department at present from which that consideration is so far removed. And the fault is not with the War Department itself. A policy of frankness would have allayed much of the protest and criticism, for the Americans are good sportsmen and are willing to stand by if they know what is going on. Once, however, they find they have been misled, they are likely to be vicious.

The professional answer to all this will be and is that frankness in such matters is not possible because of military inhibitions. There seems to be a lurking fear in the minds of most of the men in the War Department that if Germany should discover that the United States is actively in this war, and doing things, Germany would immensely profit by the information, and America lose in exact ratio—that is, the military mind fails to distinguish between information of benefit to the enemy, and information of any sort—classing practically all information except of the most general character as detrimental to our national endeavors. That, of course, is absurd, but it is military.

Germany has been at the war-making game for the past forty years, and it is an odd sort of mind that will conceive Germany to be in blank ignorance of the fact that if a country like the United States goes to war that country will raise an army and prepare that army for war. It is not my contention that any information of value to the enemy should be given out, but it is my contention that the War Department idea of what is of benefit to the enemy, and what really is of benefit to the enemy do not jibe. I contend that Germany knew of our mistakes as soon as we did, and that a mistake confessed is more than half palliated. It would be ruinous to tell where and how our troops, for example, are transported; but inasmuch as Germany knows to the last man how many men we have transported where's the harm in telling the American people what is doing in France on a certain day?

This situation has been apparent elsewhere, in other departments actively engaged in war-making—the Navy, for example. Now the Navy has justified every hope, and so has the Navy Department. Josephus Daniels, who was lampooned mercilessly for several years prior to the war, but who was sportsman enough to take his punishment without whimpering, has been a success. To be sure, he had an advantage at the start, for he had his fighting machine at hand, or largely so, whereas the army men were forced to build theirs; but even so, he has made a success; and the reason for it has been that he did not try to patch and tinker his machine. If a piece of his war-making instrument bent or showed weakness under the strain that piece was immediately discarded. He was no respecter of personal vanities or personal obsessions. If one man didn't do the work out he went and in came another. The result has been that the Navy is what the Navy—our Navy—should be to-day, and that it is getting better every minute. The task was not so great, but the results show how the war task might have been handled.

At that, there is not enough known of the Navy by the American people. They have heard in a vague way that the Navy is in fine form. They have not been harassed by stories and rumors and charges about the Navy, as they have been harassed about the Army. Still, it is my contention that many things about the progress of the Navy that have been held secret should have been given out and should be given out now. The people want to know about the Navy, and they should know. It isn't necessary to tell them our fighting strength, or our disposition of ships, or any information that would aid the enemy; but it is necessary to tell them just what is going on, so far as that is compatible with public interest, and to meet the public halfway.

The thought that mistakes can be held undiscovered is erroneous. Always there must come a day of reckoning.

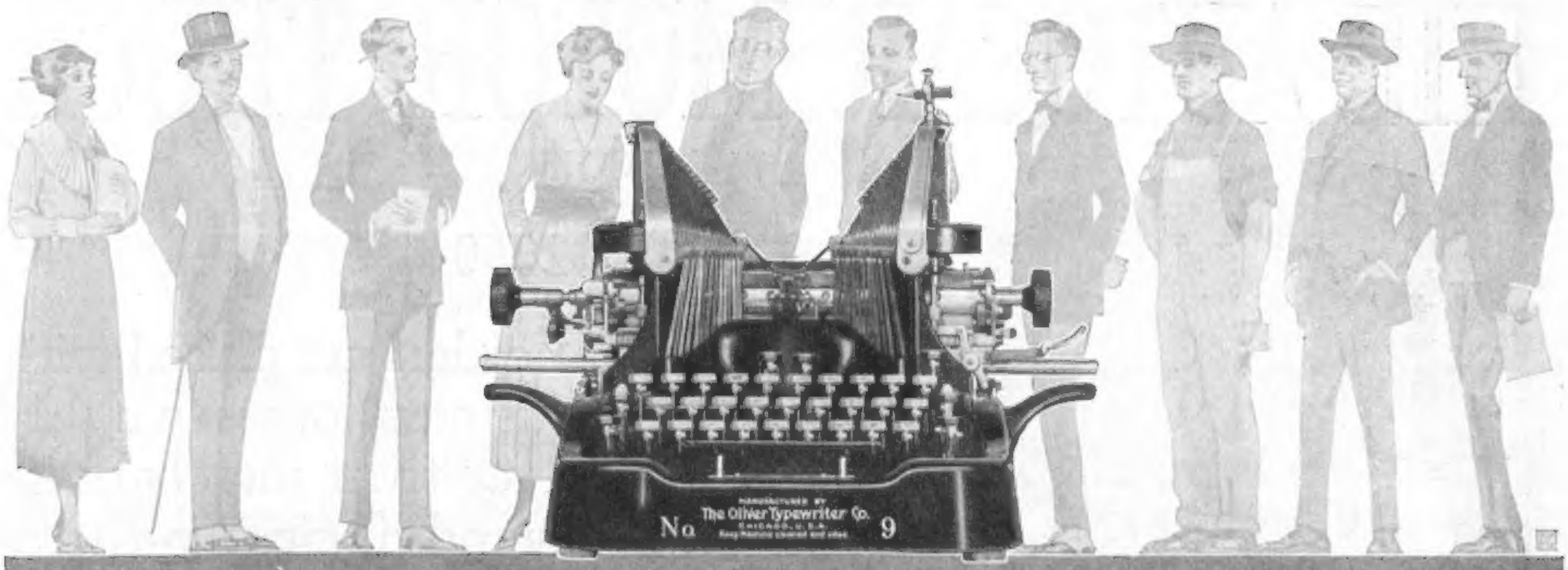
The American people are, in the large way, sportsmen—that is, they will give their support to the man or men who have courage enough and vision enough to state their case frankly, and who do not seek to condone their faults by subterfuge or cover.

The Safe Middle Ground

Much of this present-day clamor about the progress of the war comes from two causes: Misinformation and lack of information. The reason is simple: When there are no facts at hand the rumors and the misstatements take the guise of facts, and so far as results are concerned are facts. Thus, when a story comes that a boy has no overcoat in a camp, unless it has been anticipated by frank statement by the authorities that there is a shortage of overcoats, and the reasons given, the lack of that boy becomes a universal lack in the minds of the people throughout the country. And so with all phases of our war-making. This frankness will wreak havoc with personal vanities and with reputations and with ease and comfort in swivel chairs, and with carefully constructed machines, and with logrolling and service caste; but is there any man in the United States who is big enough or important enough to be protected when the welfare of the country is at stake? There is not one.

No man can measure the task of the President. No man is justified in assuming that the President is not doing all that humanly can be done to win this war and to bring about lasting peace in this world. No man knows what is needed, what can be done, what has been done and what will be done so well as the President. But the President is human, and not omniscient, and the condition has risen where by the very lack of frankness, of telling what might just as well have been told, there is a growing sentiment that because some things have been mistakes many things have been mistakes. There is no doubt that the President welcomes just criticism; but to have him hampered because his subordinates conceal shortcomings, and refuse facts about the progress that are the great, the necessary, the essential stimuli for the national spirit that must prevail if we are to win this war, is incredible.

There is a common ground—the ground between unjustified criticism and denunciation and partisan attack on the one side, and smug complacency, patronizing sufficiency and concealment on the other. It is the middle ground—the middle of the road—the place where all the people can meet and march. The people will come to it automatically if they are given the chance. The officials will be brought to it if they can attain an understanding of the needs of the country—the middle of the road; and that is the path to victory.



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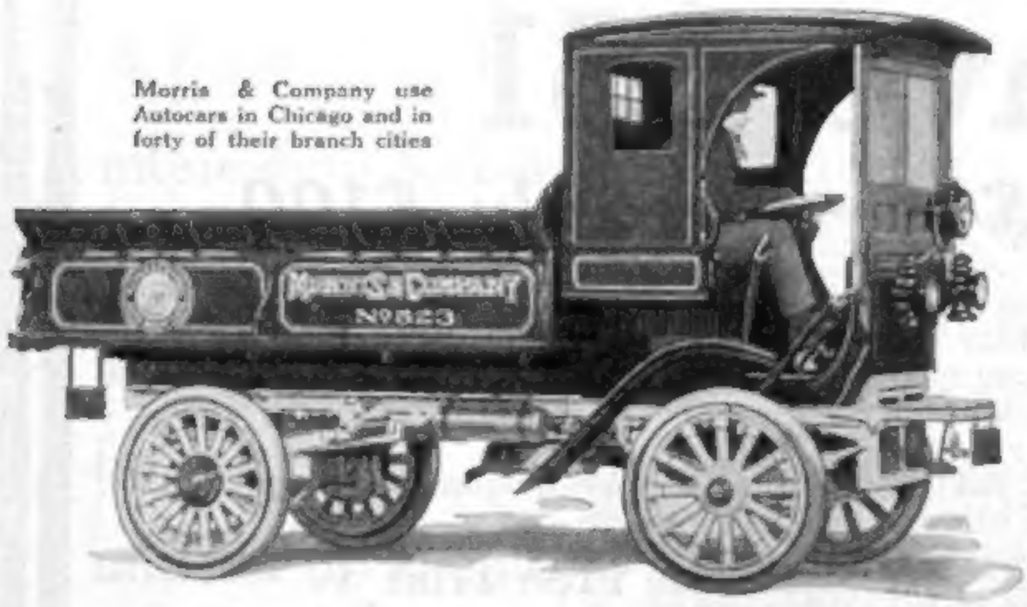

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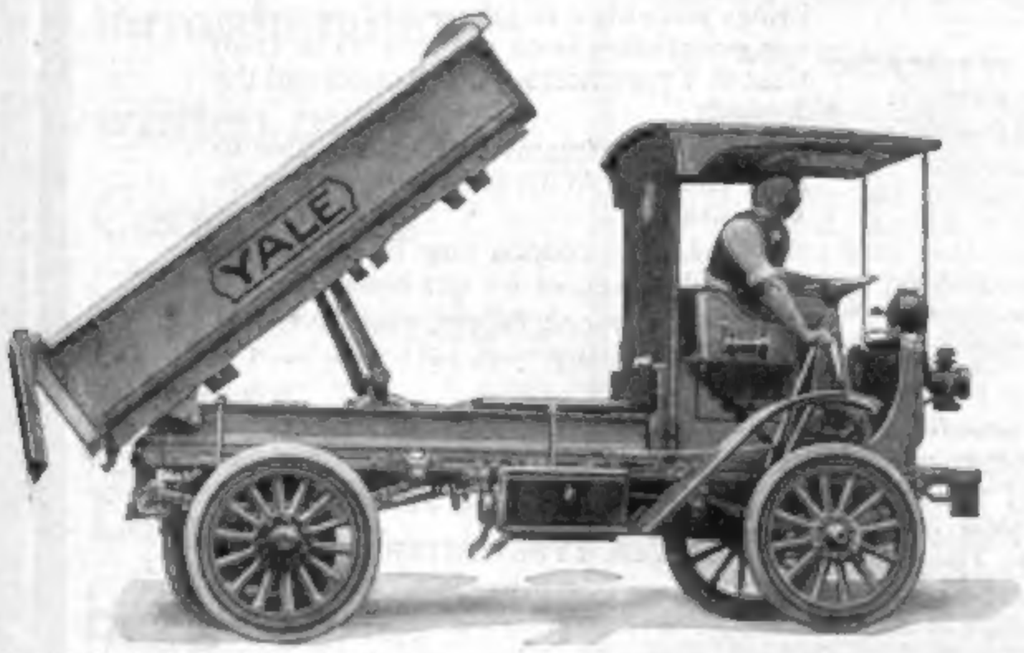

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